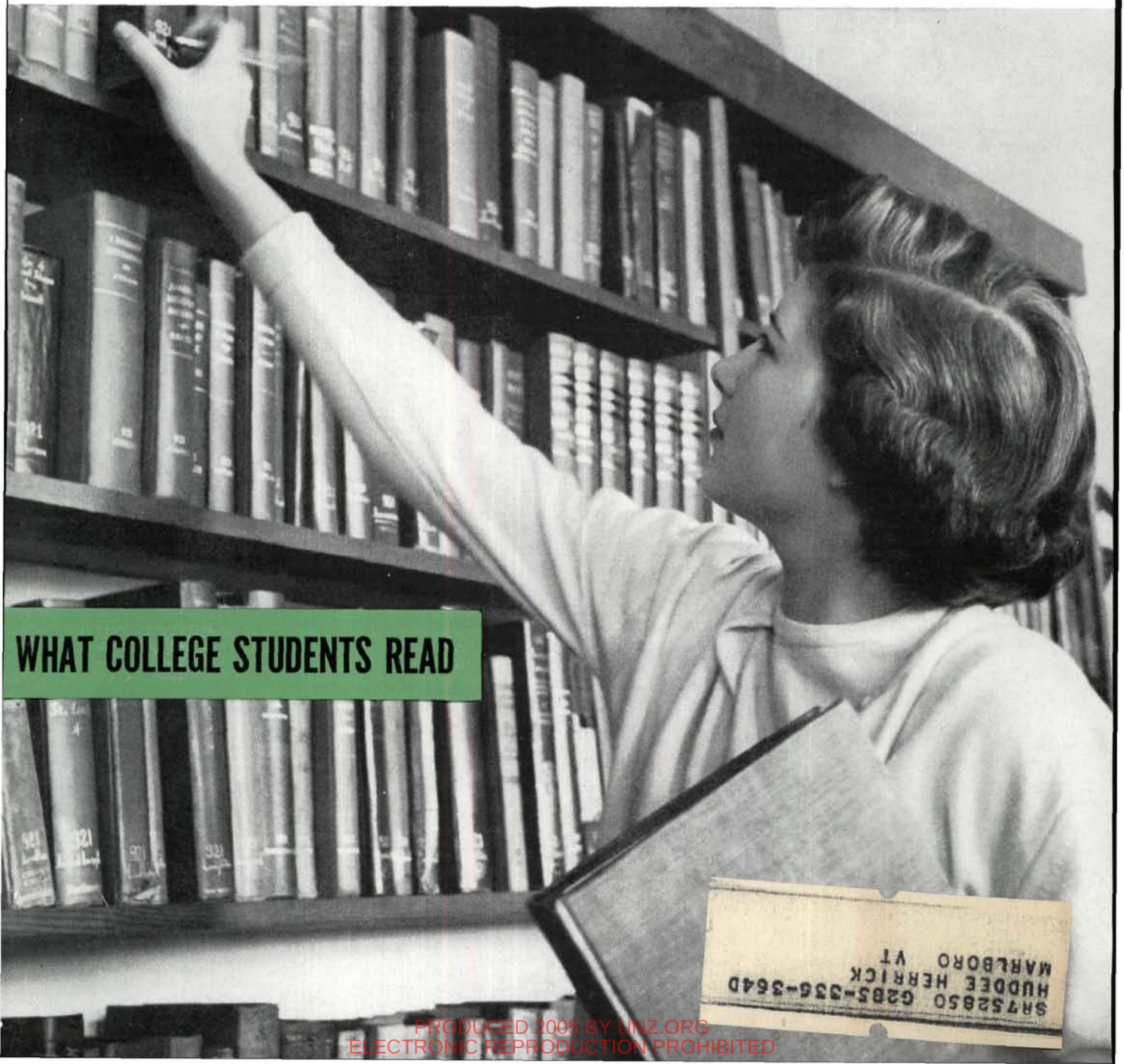
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 18, 1961 / 25¢

EDUCATION

NUCLEAR TESTING IS NOT IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST

By Ambassador James J. Wadsworth



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Photographed at Dumbarton, Scotland, by "21" Brands

A squad of geese guards Ballantine's

At Dumbarton, Scotland, thousands of oaken barrels of Scotch Whisky destined to become Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. They are guarded by a proud squad of 18 white Chinese geese, led by a crusty old gander irreverently called Mr. Ballantine. Any uninvited visitor must first deal with these stern sentinels. For one shrill cackle starts another and soon a tuneless symphony brings the authorities.

Here the 42 fine Scotch Whiskies that go into Ballantine's are brought to maturity. Rolling mists from the nearby Clyde gently wrap each barrel in a silken blanket. As the whisky in each barrel "breathes" this moist Scottish atmosphere, it slowly loses any sharpness, emerging with its characteristic sunny-light flavor.

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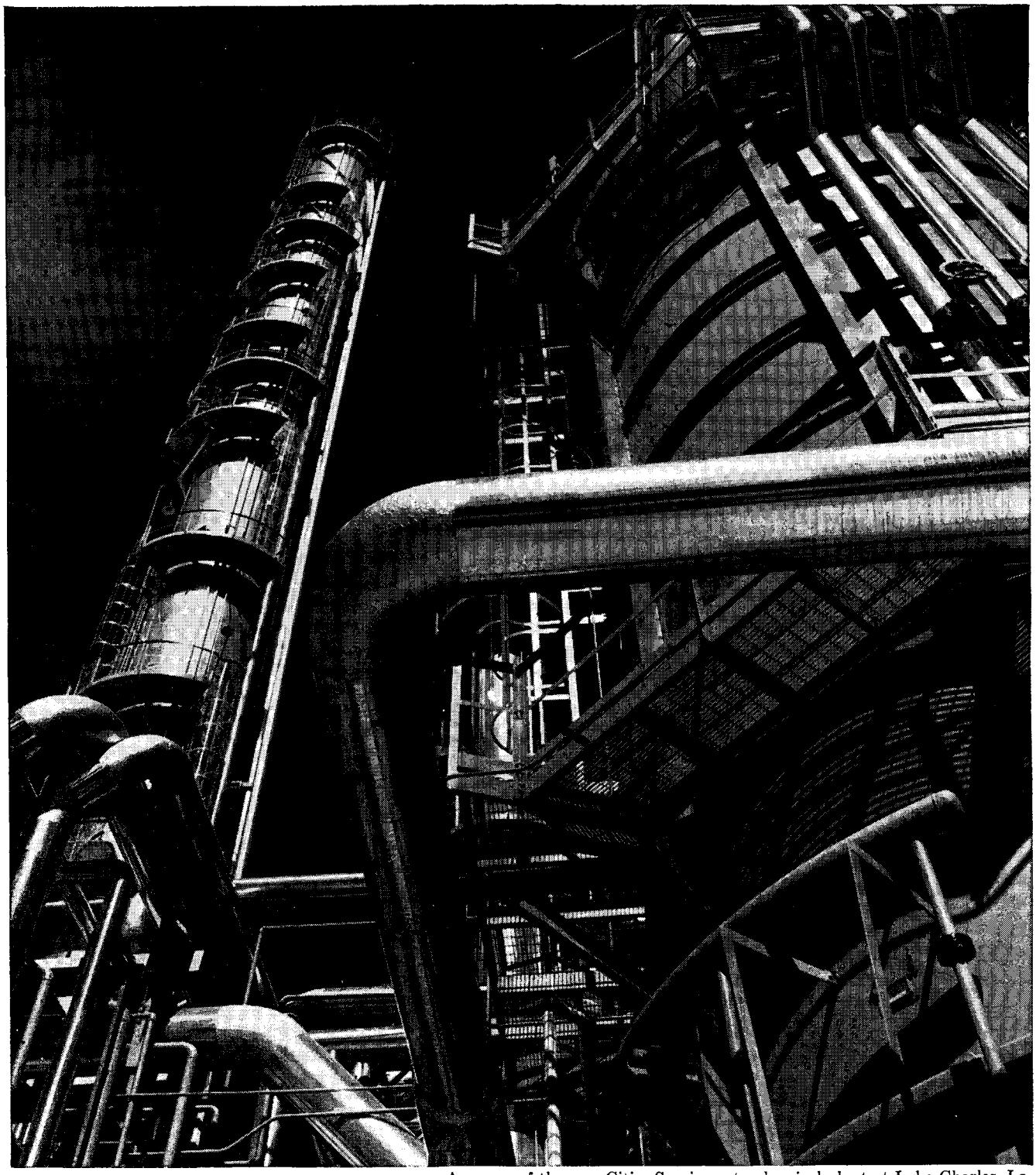

A corner of the new Cities Service petrochemical plant at Lake Charles, La.

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CITIES SERVICE

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(*Advertisement*)

I've always thought of Christmas as a time when people sing. They sing the carols and hymns we all grew up with; if they're in a choir they sing the complex, enchanting music that began in the middle Ages; or they sing folk songs and old favorites, led by an amateur guitarist.

As a strong proponent of giving books for Christmas, I'm happy to say that this year there are new books in all three categories.

If you go out carol-singing on Christmas Eve, or if your family likes a little informal singing around the tree, you can't go wrong with "Songs of Two Christmases." For one thing, it's a Dolphin paperback, inexpensive enough so each member of the group can have his own copy. For another, it contains all the very best popular Christmas songs, including *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, Adeste Fideles* (in Latin and English) and *The Twelve Days of Christmas.*

For people whose singing is on a slightly more professional level, I strongly recommend "An English Songbook," which contains nearly fifty songs for one to six voices, dating from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. A friend or relative in your church's choir would be overjoyed to find this one under the tree.

Finally, a present to brighten up parties all year long, starting with New Year's Eve, is "Folk Songs of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales." Arranged for piano or guitar, there are dozens of well- and little-known songs, including *Greensleeves, The Wearing of the Green, Charlie Is My Darling* and *Men of Harlech* (to keep the nationalists happy, I've listed one from each land).

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

All three of the books listed above, as well as other fine Christmas gifts between covers, are available from your local bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which has just opened at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 18, 1961

Cover: Max Tharpe, Monkmeyer

SR/IDEAS

16 What You Can Do, by John F. Wharton

23 A Far Cry from Utopia, by Louis Fischer

30 Nuclear Testing Is Not in the National Interest, by James J. Wadsworth; Soviet Scientists and Soviet Tests: Editorials

SR/EDUCATION

48 Men of Principle, by Louis William Norris

50 What College Students Read: Articles by Frederick DeW. Bolman, Jr., and Eugene Arden

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Phoenix Nest, edited by Martin Levin

10 Trade Winds: John G. Fuller

14 Offhand: Niccolò Tucci

25 Literary I.Q.

32 Letters to the Editor

33 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert

34 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton

37 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon

38 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin

39 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes

43 Literary Crypt

75 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi

79 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1443

SR/BOOKS

19 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Wilderness," by Robert Penn Warren

20 The Coming Fury, by Bruce Catton

21 Defeat Into Victory, by William Slim; Singapore, by Masanobu Tsuji

22 But Not in Shame, by John Toland

25 Moscow Journal, by Harrison E. Salisbury

26 A History of Russia, by Jesse D. Clarkson

27 Between Oxus and Jumna, by Arnold J. Toynbee

28 Pick of the Paperbacks

40 The Last Exile, by James Aldridge; An End to Glory, by Pierre-Henri Simon; Moment of No Return, by Stephen King-Hall

41 The Peacemakers, by Marquis Childs

42 The Cloud Forest, by Peter Matthiessen; Golden Wall and Mirador, by Sacheverell Sitwell

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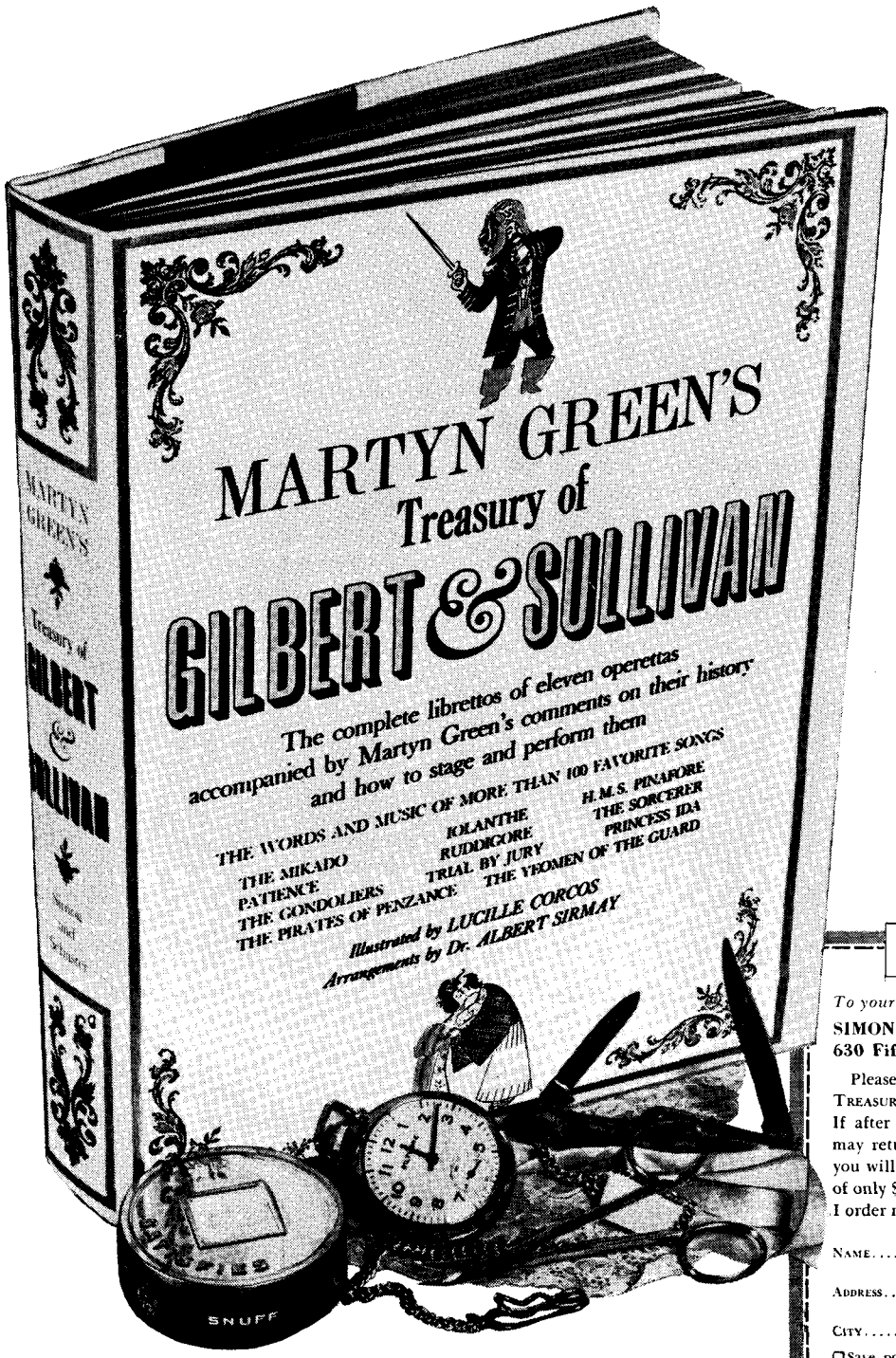

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Have Pen, Will Travel

Edited by Martin Levin

AUTUMN SONG

Here in the fall, the crickets very loud
Make a last sound before the snows appear
To end their history.
The noisy crowd
Of men are also noisier this year.
—ROBERT NATHAN.

• • •

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

AS a professional writer with a wide following inside my own family, I keep myself alerted to the mechanical advances of my trade. For years I did my best work with ordinary wooden penholders—lifted, as a rule, from post office lobbies—but I switched soon after my wife bought a television set.

The first commercial I saw, after three weeks and something over a hundred dollars spent in cleaning up the picture, revitalized my outlook. A leading company had perfected a ballpoint pen that *would write at a depth of ninety feet under water.* With one of those flashes of divination that separate the mediocrity from the hack, I saw my problem clearly: I'd been working too shallow. It was the task of a moment to buy a boat and equipment, hire a pump man, and take up a position approximately three miles east of Block Island.

In the next year, even my staunchest fans—creditors, in the main—were astonished by my success. Handling the pen easily at the depth, fending off fish and dropped beer cans, I finished numberless stories in my best genre—the filthy mystery—and was preparing to begin a pornographic novel of family life in Pennsylvania when I fell victim to a nasty attack of the bends. My wife's television set being disabled, as usual, this permitted me to catch up on some reading. What was my dismay to find that my noisiest rival, a rank opportunist, had produced a best-selling biography of Mickey Rooney. Writers have ways of digging out each other's secrets, and I quickly got to the bottom of the mess: *the fellow was using a new pen that wrote through butter.*

The simplicity of the idea made me chuckle; I wondered why I hadn't thought of it. Over a busy weekend, I sold my boat and helmet, fired the pump man and settled his contract out of court, then laid in fifty pounds of butter and the new instrument. The gap immediately began to close. Without realizing it, I'd become a little waterlogged on the old system; now I forged ahead with celerity. Indeed, I outstripped the bounder, for, with a sense of false security, he had taken to substituting margarine for all of his first drafts. Confidently awaiting an announcement of the Nobel Prize for literature, I was stunned when it went to a Pole who brazenly admitted to owning a pen *that was guaranteed not to leak when used in an airplane at an altitude of 20,000 feet.*

My first act, upon regaining my aplomb, was to vow never to miss another television commercial. For several months I learned how to seal off sweat glands, avoid unpleasant odors, gentle tobacco smoke, quiet mallets pounding in my head, and strike quickly through closed valves at the acid bubbling in my stomach. Then came the development which, all unaware, I had awaited throughout my career: a pen had been invented so tough that it could be used *either as a drill or as a dart shot from a bow.* I dislike to confess it, but I bought out the entire available supply. Warming up, I drilled some holes between the men's and women's dressing rooms at the Country Club, shot two neighborhood children, then settled down to write the words that have since attained classic stature, employing a variety of *noms de ball plume.* I shall not here bore the reader with a full recital, but students of belles-lettres may be interested to learn that for "The Coming Fury" the drill system was used, on quarter-inch plywood; "Advise and Consent" was the product of darts, at roughly twenty paces; and "Franny and Zooey"—but perhaps its technique should remain the author's secret. In any case, I see they're bringing in the television set from the repairman's again. Back to business.
—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR.

• • •

MY HOBBY

SOME people collect coins. Some people play at golf. Some people buy rare books. Some people murder animals. All this can run into an amount of money not unlike the national debt.

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Wall of Governor's palace, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico, delightful place to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

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Credit men who know their business, too. They distill their rum at high proof—for lightness. Every drop is charcoal filtered. Then aged in oak—that's the law in Puerto Rico.

Almost everybody enjoys a great Daiquiri. To be sure, there is still a staunch band of purists who insist that Puerto Rican rum should be tossed down neat. To them we say, "Salud!"

THE RECIPE: Juice of half a lime (½ oz.); scant tsp. sugar; 1½ oz. white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice. Where available, use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix and just add rum.

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Enlarged portion shows the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-Maryland power "pool" and interconnecting lines. It serves a population of 18,400,000 in an area of nearly 49,000 square miles. Similar projects of investor-owned companies link communities . . . areas . . . whole states throughout the nation.

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Those magnified lines show one example of a fast-growing method used by America's investor-owned electric light and power companies to bring ever more power to homes and businesses—and to keep the cost low.

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By JAMES JOLL. Must an intellectual in politics always be doomed by his virtues? A noted Oxford historian examines this question against the stormy public careers of Leon Blum, Walther Rathenau, and Filippo Tommaso Marinetti. $4.50

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But my hobby is dedicated to not spending money.

I collect free things.

Like for instance I sent in a football ticket envelope and I got a free copy of *Sporting News*. I sent in a coupon and got a free copy of *American Heritage*. You see how this type of thing can broaden your interests? Now the idea here is something *completely* free; not something where you drop a card within ten days to cancel any further orders or where you enclose ten cents for postage (though I may weaken on that last soon). And it goes without saying you don't want salesmen. I've made mistakes though; once I foolishly sent for an illustrated booklet with excerpts from the Encyclopedia Britannica and an unfortunate salesman was forced to come. What did I want with an EB advertisement? Why, might as well ask what did I want with a free picture of Paul Anka. I don't drink or take dope; it's just that something for gratis gets me every time.

As a sideline, whenever I see one of those advertisements that says "Any Three Free!" I stop and select my three. I don't do anything about it for this is actually far from something for nothing. But still I pick them out.

Now about the moral question. When you send away for something you know you won't buy more of and it comes and you read it or eat it or feed it, depending, isn't this decidedly uncricket? Isn't this cheating? No. Because, when I finally do run into that eccentric old millionaire who likes to dress like a hobo and I give him a sandwich and with a tear in his eye at his first sight of human goodness he hands me a magnificent check: then I'll have lots of money. And when I get lots of money, I'll make everything aright.

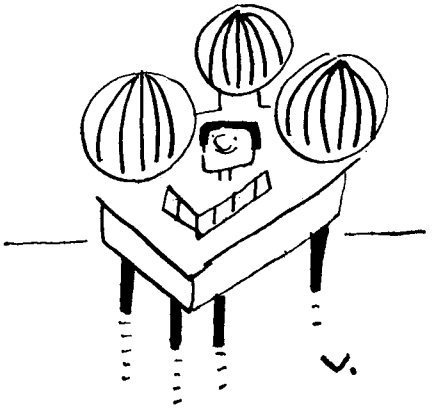
I'll buy a subscription to *Sporting News*.

I'll buy a subscription to *American Heritage*.

I'll buy a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Don't know what I'll do about that picture of Paul Anka, though.

—LEE PROJECTOR.



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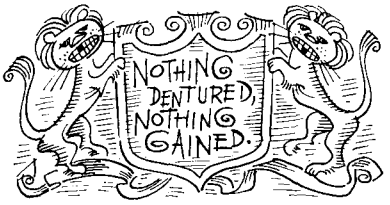
TRADE Winds

LEN SAFIR, long-time television producer and *boulevardier,* has announced that he at long last has perfected a slogan for the American Dental Association: Nothing dentured, nothing gained.



WHEN NEW YORK *TIMES* correspondent James Reston went back to his alma mater, the University of Illinois, to receive the Illini Achievement Award for "notable contributions to the nation's daily understanding of its government" it was not officially mentioned that when Reston was in college in '29 and '30 he received: (1) a shaky C average for History 33A; (2) a steady D average for History 33B; (3) a record of thirteen cuts from class.

WE ASKED Merla Zellerbach, a San Francisco housewife who looks amazingly like Liz Taylor, and who wrote Doubleday's recent "Love in a Dark House," how she happened to turn suddenly to writing after never having done so in the past.

"I got a little bored with everything," she said, "and decided to do something about it. But after working on the novel a couple of years, I discovered I didn't have enough meat to the story. Then I fell back on my college major in psychology, wove this background into the theme, and finally came up with something Doubleday would accept. Right now I'm happy—but exhausted from ten days in New York City!"

ALSO FROM DOUBLEDAY comes news that H. Allen Smith has turned in a manuscript ahead of deadline for the twenty-fifth time in twenty-two years. "This raises havoc," Smith says. "Publishers' schedules simply cannot cope with authors who make deadlines."

ON THE SPORTS FRONT, John Hersey's redoubtable bowling team (including Atheneum's Hiram Haydn, *The New Yorker's* Whitney Darrow and Jim Geraghty, and this writer) has suffered two smarting defeats at the hands of Nagy's De Luxe Restaurant and the West Bank Chevron Garage. At one point in a game, Geraghty remarked: "They may be 100 pins ahead, but we've got 125 years on them in age." Said Whitney Darrow, when he missed a spare: "I'm trying to convince myself that there are more important things in life than bowling, but I can't." Later, Darrow's wife reported that he hurt his right hand working in the garage, giving her considerable concern about a backlog of cartoon deadlines. Said Darrow when the accident happened: "Ouch—my bowling hand!"

J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD is feeling happy these days about the reception accorded his new "Love in Five Temperaments," which covers five women operating in the fleshpots of eighteenth-century France. Regarding the unchurchlike behavior of many of the Church's avowed exponents of the time, Herold told us: "This is something I'll never quite be able to understand. Maybe the explanation lies in the attitude of the Duke of Orleans. He didn't believe in God—but he certainly *did* believe in the Devil!"

Herold speaks three languages fluently—German, French, and English. "I learned English as a boy while visiting my grandfather, the pianist Artur Schnabel, in Lake Como. There were several pretty American and English girls there, and the learning came easy. Grandfather, though, made me prac-

tice Shakespeare's 'Speak the speech, I pray you . . .' hundreds of times with a pencil in my teeth. This is *not* easy."

At the age of twelve, Herold's father—one of the pioneer psychoanalysts—used to visit Freud, and Herold had the distinction of nearly driving Freud crazy pedaling a bicycle near the spot where Freud was resting in a deck chair.

Herold's research carried him all over Europe, where he visited many libraries to track down the lusty details of his subjects. "I'll never be able to solve the riddle," Herold says, "of how Mlle. Clairon, at the age of seventy, managed to ensnare the Swedish ambassador, who was twenty years her junior."

Only one thing bothered his research work to any extent: the "No Smoking" rules in most of the libraries.

"On the other hand," says Herold, "I

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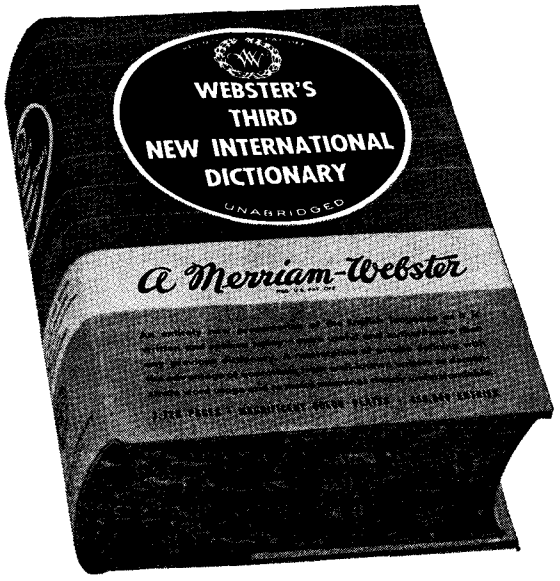

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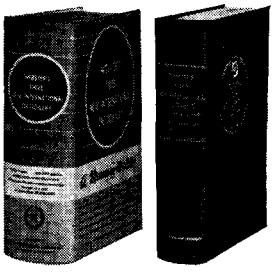

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"Well," said Wise, "there are you and Einstein, and then—Weizmann and Brandeis."

"But what about yourself?" asked Freud.

"No, no, no, no," said Wise with great emphasis.

"It seems to me you protest too much," said Freud.

"So," Wise recalled later, "I got a free analysis."

Lieberman tells a different psychiatry joke about a wife who despaired

about pleasing her husband with her cooking. When the psychiatrist asked what she fed him, she said:

"Well, I bought a twelve-pound rabbit. Monday I gave him rabbit steak. Tuesday, rabbit's feet. Wednesday, barbecued rabbit spare ribs. Thursday, rabbit hamburger. Friday, goulash à la rabbit."

"That's interesting," the analyst remarked. "What did he say on Friday?"

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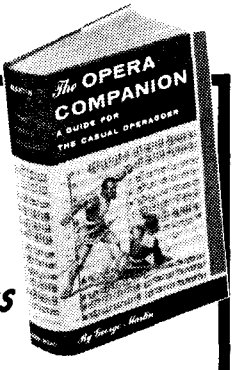

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Offhand

THE TIME HAS COME for us to separate the ink from the blood in our veins, give to the editor what belongs to the editor, and leave the rest for the undertaker, if he still is in business after the bomb has poisoned the oxygen, the earth, the oceans, and the seed in our loins. This way life is impossible and death not less than life. The means of warfare are so much bigger than the ends, the half-lives of these horrors so much longer than the lives of entire civilizations.

✓ ✓ ✓

THE RUSSIAN TESTS, now safely in the hands of the winds, show that the future of our children just is no testing ground, and whoever uses it for that purpose cannot win, because a healthy fear, a universal indignation, isolates him from mankind and makes all future leadership impossible for him.

✓ ✓ ✓

MORALLY, TOO, the bomb is radioactive. The opinion of the world still counts, no matter how much some may try to belittle this issue. If we had only insisted on making the truth known all these past years, if we had only taken into our confidence the Parliament of Man, the whole public opinion of the world, instead of putting the real issue into quotes, "fallout." Those who have done this in the past are now opening their eyes: They have the courage of their fear, this fear of harming others and of bringing the curse on their own house. Let us not accuse them now, but let no one silence us any more, who have a vested interest in the continuation of the world.

✓ ✓ ✓

WE ARE ALL under the same boat. But we can all still swim ashore, and wait for this criminal madness to subside. The future will be ours: years of fallout will bring cancer to many, but also Khrushchev will fall out and the lies of his system will fall out. Only those who have not touched this fruit of Evil will not be morally contaminated.

✓ ✓ ✓

INTELLIGENCE without will power serves only to collect better reasons for suicide and shame.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.

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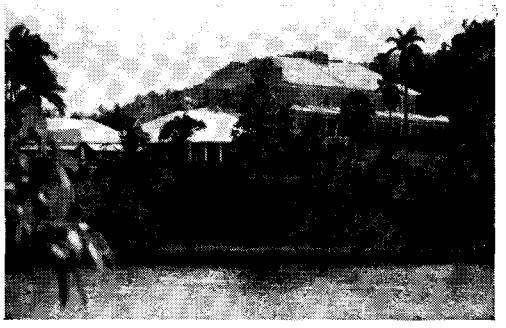

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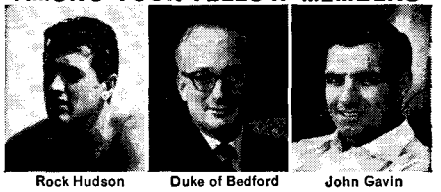

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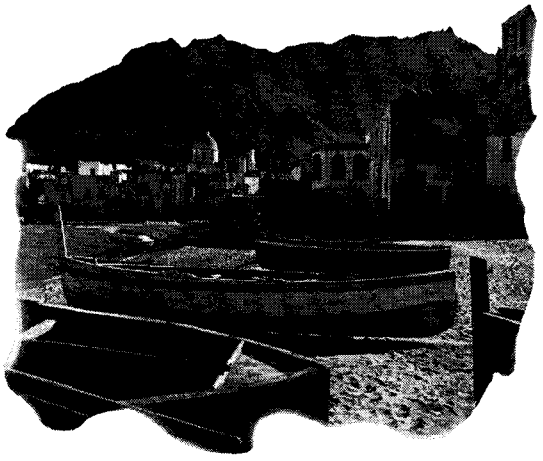

Author Shirley Elizabeth Warren reports on the island of Ischia to members of *Islands in the Sun Club.*

"One resident sees Ischia as a battlefield between good and evil. The hot, neurotic sirocco blows its soft call to madness for days on end, until even old peasant women, long trained to patience, suddenly begin screaming without cause and have to be taken away for quieting treatment. Elsewhere on the island, visitors bathe in Ischia's miraculous healing waters, said to cure anything from sterility to baldness—and too often effective to permit one to scoff."

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WHAT YOU CAN DO

"It seems to me . . . that Doctor Valkonen's pessimism concerning man's mechanical defenses and his optimistic faith in man himself have been justified by events. The Mannerheim and Maginot lines have gone. But the individual human spirit still lives and resists in the tortured streets of London." —Preface to "There Shall Be No Night."

By JOHN F. WHARTON

ROBERT SHERWOOD wrote the foregoing words before Hiroshima and Nagasaki; they are doubly meaningful today. Man cannot defend himself against nuclear destruction just by building more and bigger nuclear explosives. What is happening in Berlin and other trouble spots should make this plain. Don't mistake me; I am not arguing that we should lay down our arms. I am saying force alone is not enough. As President Kennedy so wisely said, there is no security for anyone in a spiraling arms race. First come the threats, then one side moves up arms, the other brings out heavier arms, and so on, until the nuclear engines begin to throb.

But the individual human spirit still lives and resists. I pin my faith on it. I believe the two billion adults on earth *can* suddenly and miraculously develop the will to resist their own destruction. When they do, a force will be created that may well be the greatest in the world. As soon as I came to this belief, ideas began to germinate about what I might do.

These ideas involved a change inside myself—a change that brought forth a strange mixture of reason, faith, and action. Most people simply want to be told to perform some physical act, and ideas concerning such acts are what interest them. My first ideas, on the contrary, involved the belief that effective action needed preparation; one should have facts and faith on which to build a plan.

As a first step, I felt I must, since this is a world-wide problem, learn to shift the *quality* of my thinking; I must think in global terms, which require different assumptions from nationalist terms. Let me illustrate. Over 2,000 years ago an Alexandrian named Euclid developed a geometry based on certain assumptions, such as the assumption that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. In the nineteenth century a gentleman named Riemann developed a geometry that was based on the assumption (among others) that the shortest distance between two points was a curve. Both geometries are useful. But their fields of use differ. Euclid is better for small-scale problems, such as the laying out of a garden; Riemann is more useful for large-scale problems, such as computing the path of light in space.

If you think in small-scale nationalist terms, you will act on the assumption, for example, that atomic testing is desirable for any nation if it gives that nation a better chance to defeat some "enemy"; in global terms you consider *also* the effect of fouling the air breathed by three billion souls. Note the word "also"; global thinking does *not* exclude nationalist thinking any more than Riemann excludes Euclid.

In nationalist thinking, the United Nations organization is conceived of as sort of a gentleman's club where the majority should try to blackball candidates of whom they disapprove. In global terms, it is an organization (sponsored by our own country) whose purpose, as Secretary Rusk recently reminded us, is to secure peace among *all* the peoples of the world.

As soon as I began really to think of global peace, I realized I needed to know more facts; I needed to know more about many peoples. My schooling had omitted any Russian, Chinese, Mohammedan, Indian, Indonesian, or African history. How could one estimate what these peoples would do in the future if one knew nothing of their past? How could the West plan its own future without such knowledge? Even on non-global terms, one could paraphrase Kipling and ask: "What can they know of Europe who only Europe know?"

I began, and have continued, further

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several weeks ago an article in SR contained the startling statement in its opening paragraphs that "barring a miracle, the United States of America will be devastated by nuclear and CBR warfare not later than 1970." The article then went on to say that such a miracle was within the reach of the American people. It also made the point that government, by its very nature, could not address itself to the task of effective survival without the fullest possible participation by the American people. The article was called "Diary of a Man Struggling With Reality," and was written by John F. Wharton, a New York lawyer and author. It produced one of the largest responses in the history of the Saturday Review. People insisted that Mr. Wharton write a companion piece in which he would state specifically what the individual could do. For the past few years the question "What Can I Do?" has been asked consistently and insistently by countless numbers of Americans. The editors are therefore especially pleased to present Mr. Wharton's response.*

study of world history. It is fascinating and exhilarating. It has strengthened my belief that a worldwide interdiction of chemical, biological, and radiological arms is possible.

Surveying the known history of the human race, one wonders how it survived at all, let alone increased in number. I could only account for it by a theory based on faith—faith that along with man's hatreds, sadistic impulses, and drives for destruction, there is also a subconscious sense that life is better than death, love better than hate, and creation better than annihilation. Call this sense the Soul, or the Divine in Man, or the Life Force, or the Ego—in any case it is what gives us that occasional transcendent feeling that we are part of something greater and better than ourselves. This sense tells us that when we are consciously or unconsciously obeying that "something's" law, we are doing "right," despite all man-made laws to the contrary. When and *if* this sense is fanned into flame we can accomplish what we call miracles. Up to now it has been fanned into flame at every crisis of the human race. Will it be today? I believe it can be, but we must work at it.

Not only is a knowledge of history needed; more knowledge is needed of what is happening today—particularly inside the so-called Iron Curtain. The search for this presents enormous difficulties, because of a movement that began over forty years ago.

Most people have forgotten, or did not experience, the fanatical attack on what was called Socialism which occurred after the First World War. Anyone called a Socialist risked jail or deportation; the New York State Legislature denied seats to three duly elected members on the grounds that they were Socialists. This was the beginning of the campaign, which has flourished and faded and is now flourishing again, to paint everything that can be called Socialistic or Communistic as something evil which must be, and can be, destroyed, by force if necessary. It is a repetition of Marcus Portius Cato's *"Cartaga delenda est"*—and let the strontium 90 fall where it may. I detest the Communist system as much as any of these fanatics, but I believe their propagandists are performing a disservice to our country by distorting the facts.

OUR media of mass communication are flooded with people who are part of this campaign. Twenty-five years ago these people were telling us that the Soviet people were striving to throw off the yoke of some mythical "masters"; when this became apparent nonsense, they told us that the Russians (despite one of the most distinguished scientific academies of history) could never learn to make an atomic bomb, let alone a space missile; when this proved untrue, they concentrated on the horrors of Communist indoctrination—although every government and church in history has always indoctrinated the young. These people are now going through the same cycle with China—although hardly one of them has ever been there. (The English, Canadian, and French writers who have been there tell quite a different tale.) One should read these people because they have an enormous impact on national thought; they are, however, hardly good sources of factual information. They have utterly confused our foreign policy. They declared "Communism" was a man-eating tiger, but they lulled us to sleep with stories of his impending death—and insistence that he had no real claws and couldn't grow any.

THERE is a much smaller but equally untrustworthy group that consists of fellow travelers who write for small-circulation media. Their nonsense is usually easier to spot, for they go to ridiculous lengths to try to prove that all is Utopian perfection behind the Iron Curtain.

In between are a number of responsible writers and speakers, of whom Mr. Walter Lippmann is a good example, who regularly seek the truth and try to present it to their readers. You should read these people religiously, but there is something everyone can do in addition. Secure and read some English-language publications from abroad. These will teach you what some of the 2,800,000,000 non-Americans are thinking—including what some of them are

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thinking about us! And much of this will astonish you.

So much for history, past and present. Another vital subject on which I needed more information was CBR weapons and their use. I had tried to follow their development ever since Mr. Cousins sent me, fifteen years ago, his book "Modern Man is Obsolete," but there was still much to learn. I began reading; more important, I began inquiring. I tried to get groups of people to discuss these weapons.

I FOUND that such group discussions invariably came to include the other subjects: global thinking, world history, current affairs. Then a startling revelation came to me. Simply by getting people to talk about these subjects, to face them honestly, to take their heads out of that sandy stretch where my own head had been—this was *action,* action that might promote the miracle. Therefore I beg every reader of this article to seek information, re-examine his faith, and try to get his friends and neighbors to discuss it. You will be acting just as truly as if you were doing something physical.

However, this is only one phase. Again using global thinking, I resurveyed the problem and decided some way must be found to reach and gain the attention of two billion adults, *including* those who might be actively opposed to ideas that contravened their own. How do you get people to listen to each other if they don't want to? It is hard to do it here, in this country, where we all speak English. How do you do it in countries where there are barriers of speech and illiteracy? At first the hurdles seemed insuperable, but nothing is insuperable if one has faith. One idea came to me very quickly.

This idea is special to me in my situation; hence I shall deal with it briefly. I have been associated with the entertainment industry for forty years; as an attorney, I have also served clients in the world of finance. It occurred to me that people everywhere will listen to you if you are entertaining them and that if you do the entertaining by pictures the language barrier falls. I decided, therefore, to try to arrange for the financing and production of a motion picture which, by worldwide distribution, would make all people understand the problem of CBR war. No sooner had a few of us started work on this project than we discovered that our biggest fear—the fear that Iron Curtain distribution could not possibly be arranged—was very likely groundless. But this is a special story. I present it here only as an illustration that global communication today *is* possible, and, if one can do a proper job, global attention *can* be secured.

There are other ways that are open to everyone. People will listen to other people with whom they share a common interest. I decided to look for some worldwide movement along these lines; sure enough, it existed. The people-to-people hobby campaign. If you are interested in doing something along international lines, look into this movement. It isn't propaganda; it *is* the establishment of empathic communication, which is the first essential.

Readers of my earlier article have come forward with various original ideas. This has served to confirm my belief that when one decides to act, ideas of his own will germinate.

Action generated by your own ideas is always your most effective action. At the moment the need for such action is tremendous. There is a possibility of getting the whole world to listen because there has come forward a speaker who can command worldwide attention. This, however, depends on what millions of peace-loving Americans do, *now* and in the *immediate* future. What you must first do is one of the oldest, tritest, and seemingly frustrating forms of action, for it has suddenly assumed a new and unique importance. It is writing to the President and Congressmen. I am aware that all too often such letters elicit the type of reply quoted by one correspondent: "There, there, my dear, of course no one wants war." This is infuriating and happens all too often. Don't let the fear of this deter you.

Today the failure to write a letter for peace is equivalent to a vote for war.

ON September 19 of this year President Kennedy made a remarkable two-part speech before the United Nations Assembly. For the first time since the invention of nuclear weapons our national leader declared to the world that the use of such weapons was morally wrong—wrong by Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Confucian, Marxist ethical standards—and should be stopped; that the best path toward the goal of cessation was through the United Nations. This first part of the speech was revolutionary. The second part of the speech was not; indeed it was a retreat to a position very like the most popular one since nationalism began: "Force is enough."

Support for the second part was instantaneous and widespread. The *"Cartago delenda est"* campaigners sounded off in chorus. But they added a new note. They *derided* the first part of the speech, particularly the notion that the United Nations should be used as an instrument for world peace (as the charter *we* wrote declares). The President perforce must now watch and see what support there is for the first part, and the supporters of that part are the disorganized millions. Hence, that old device of writing to the President and Congress has suddenly become of vast and unusual importance; it is the only way to be heard. *Failure to write* can be interpreted by the White House as approval of "force is enough." Therefore, every person who wants to support Mr. Kennedy's peace race, and who can take pen or pencil in hand, should do so at once and write: a three-line letter will do. And write every time he makes a peace proposal.

There should be *organized* support for the President's peace drive. It should spring from the so-called grass roots up as well as from the so-called opinion makers down. Here, once more, I must urge that you call on your own ingenu-

(*Continued on page* 76)

"Gee, we're lucky—they're always feeding us. We should set aside a day to give thanks."

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Crusader in a World of Chance

By Granville Hicks

ROBERT PENN WARREN's new novel, **"Wilderness"** (Random House, $4.95), bears as subtitle "A Tale of the Civil War." This is enigmatic, for not one of the major characters in the book is a soldier, nor is there any account of military action. The war, to be sure, is always in the background, but there it stays, even to the end.

"Wilderness" is the story of Adam Rosenzweig, a Bavarian Jew with a twisted foot, son of a poet who had been imprisoned for his part in the uprising of 1848. In spite of his handicap, Adam decides to go to the United States to fight for freedom. After misadventures on shipboard, he reaches New York in the midst of the draft riots and nearly loses his life. A wealthy man, to whom his uncle has given him a letter, helps him to reach the Union Army, but in a civilian capacity. Finally he does fire a shot and does kill a man, but it is by no means clear that he has struck a blow for freedom.

Again and again Warren's characters have sought for the meaning of life: Jack Burden in "All the King's Men," Jeremiah Beauchamp in "World Enough and Time," Amantha Starr in "Band of Angels," Isaac Sumter in "The Cave," and many others. None, however, has sought with such a single mind as Adam Rosenzweig. "I don't understand things," he says near the end of the book. "I don't understand anything. Oh, God, I want to understand."

At the outset he is an innocent idealist; he is thirty years old, but life has taught him little. As soon as he starts for America, however, the lessons rain bitterly upon him. The accidental bad temper of a recruiting agent nearly puts a quick end to his crusade, but he is helped by a whimsical sailor. In the draft riots his life is saved by a Negro, who subsequently insists that he was acting purely out of self-interest. Everything that happens to him, for good and for ill, happens arbitrarily, nor can he find meaning in what happens to other people.

The first word in the book is "If." If conditions had been just a little different, Warren says in an elaborate passage, Adam might not have decided to go to America. A little later the same rhetorical device is used with comic effect to explain why the recruiting agent persecutes Adam. Finally, looking back, Adam reflects that if he had behaved differently, this person and that might have escaped disaster. "He knew," Warren writes, "that, in the end, he would have to think every *if*—every *if* which was life." The world into which he has ventured is a world of chance.

The novel is concerned with what Adam learns. He learns not only that the motives of others are unfathomable but also that his own motives are not what he would like to think them. When he resists the temptation to abandon his cause for the sake of a woman, he comes to suspect that he has been moved not by strength of purpose but by fear of his companions' opinions. ("He asked if there was such a thing as virtue in the last private darkness of the soul.") Ultimately he learns that he is capable of violence, capable of hatred, capable of cruelty.

HE HAS teachers of many kinds, the most sophisticated being Aaron Blaustein, the rich man who befriends him because he is looking for a substitute son. "The hardest thing to remember," Aaron tells him, "is that other men are men." And again: "God is tired of taking the blame. He is going to let History take the blame for a while." Coarser men make their contribution to Adam's education. Tough Jed Hawksworth asks, "Do you think I'm free? Do you think I am? Do you think anybody is—is free?" When Adam starts to protest against a peculiarly wanton act of cruelty, saying he cannot bear it, Mose, the Negro who saved his life, tells him, "Bear. Lots of things you better git so you kin bear." And a man who has planned to take Adam's life, and says he doesn't mind much if Adam takes his, remarks, "A man gits tahrd."

Adam's experiences set agonizing questions before him. "Was no man, in his simple humanity, more to any other than a stir or voice, a sloshing in the dark?" Again: "Who cares about anything?" Yet he persists in his search, pushing on into the Virginia wilderness, where fighting is taking place. When at last he strikes a blow, the action seems as much an accident as anything else that happens in the book, but from it Adam learns something of what he needs to know. "He had done only what he had had to do, he decided, good or bad. . . . Yes, he was only human, he thought. Yes, and if necessary, he would do it all again, he decided. . . . But then cried, in his inwardness: *But, oh, with a different heart!*"

The wilderness of the title is surely not simply the scene of a battle; the word sums up what Adam finds in human hearts, including his own. It is perhaps also intended to remind us of the wilderness in which Jesus spent the forty days of his temptation. (Adam, it may be remembered, is thirty, the age of Jesus when he began his mission.) Adam sets forth with his innocence and with his twisted foot, reminder and symbol of human frailty. ("There is always something from birth," Aaron Blaustein tells him. "There is your fate to bear. There is yourself.") He encounters cruelty and indifference and sometimes kindness, always flawed by self-interest. Traditional religion attracts him, as it had attracted his father at the end of his life, but what strength he finds, he finds in himself. He has accepted the human condition and thus has risen above it in the only way that is possible.

ALTHOUGH the minor characters are vividly described and given an air of reality, Adam remains strangely abstract. This, one has no doubt, was Warren's intention. Our attention is always focused on Adam's search for the meaning of life, and nothing is allowed to distract us. The style is calm and dignified, quite unlike the racy vernacular of "The Cave." There are lively incidents, but they do not interrupt for long the course of Adam's quest. If Warren chooses to call the book "A Tale of the Civil War," it can only be because the author believes that that war—or any war—is an expression of the human condition.

In the process of rigorous abstraction Warren has sacrificed some of the qualities that have made earlier novels exciting. The book does not have the richness of "All the King's Men" nor the vitality of "The Cave." But it is a remarkable book just the same. From the beginning of his career Warren has been one of the more thoughtful of our novelists, always pushing below the surfaces of experience. Here he has tried to sum up what he has learned about the nature of man and the character of life. He has done this, of course, wholly in imaginative terms, offering an experience, not a formula. What the reader makes of it is up to him.

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The Sound of Bugles: Prelude to Fratricide

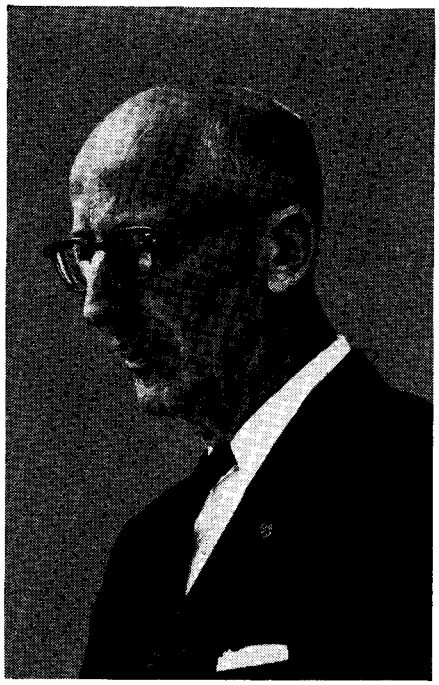
***"The Coming Fury (The Centennial History of the Civil War, Volume I)," by Bruce Catton** (Doubleday. 565 pp. $7.50), recreates the beginnings of the great conflict, from Lincoln's nomination through the first battle of Bull Run. David M. Potter recently joined the Department of History at Stanford University.*

By David M. Potter

NO VIRTUOSO of Civil War history now operating has proved able to evoke the stirring sound of bugles with a more certain and a more compelling touch than that seasoned campaigner Bruce Catton. When Catton launches the first volume of a multivolume "Centennial History of the Civil War," it is what the military historians might call a decisive literary engagement. We do not need a Book-of-the-Month Club selection to assure us that readers all across the country will soon be reliving the events of the war vicariously in Catton's pages.

The real question about this new book, then, is not whether it can bring our past to life but, rather, how does Catton do it, or, as some critics surfeited with the Civil War might ask, how does he get away with it? Here is a writer who has already traversed the Civil War three times—once in one volume ("This Hallowed Ground"), once in three (the trilogy ending with "A Stillness at Appomattox," which dealt, to be sure, only with the Army of the Potomac), and once as expert literary accompanist for a book of pictures ("The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War"). Now he is going into round four with every prospect of scoring his most resounding triumph. Will the law of diminishing returns ever catch up with this man, and what is the key to his success?

Whether the law will ever overtake him, whether the nap will ever get completely worn away from the Civil War carpet by the marching feet of all these authors—it is not for this reviewer to say. All we can be sure of is that the war has already stood up under more reiteration than almost any theme in history. But we can ask just what it is about Catton's history that has given it such immense appeal.



—*A. L. Goldman.*

Bruce Catton—"how does he make his exposition so compelling?"

Some critics have felt that it was his choice of theme—that battle scenes are naturally, and obviously, pulse-stirring, vivid, dramatic. But there are only two battle scenes (Sumter and First Manassas), occupying thirty pages out of more than 500 in "The Coming Fury," and Catton has demonstrated that his talent is not limited to military history. At times it has seemed, particularly in "This Hallowed Ground," that his style was impressionistic—calculated to evoke a mood rather than clearly to narrate the steps in a sequence of events. But again, "The Coming Fury" is loaded with factual information, and is built upon an immense base of detailed data, assembled by the researches of E. B. Long. Moreover, Catton gives considerable attention to the forces at work as well as to events. Although avoiding the terminology of historical theory and analysis, he handles effectively certain analytical topics such as the role of slavery, the progressive narrowing of the range of possible decision, and the separation of the locus of decision from the locus of responsibility. He is less sure-footed with some of these themes than with straightforward events, but most of the interpretation is first-rate, and his account is by no means all narrative.

If he does not achieve his effects by holding his focus on scenes of combat, nor by moving always at a narrative gallop, how does he make his exposition so compelling? He does it, in large part, of course, by plain literary skill and vigor of imagination. His characterizations, for instance, are curt and pungent.

Consider this: Benjamin F. Butler "was exactly the sort of man the founding fathers had in mind when they stiffened the Constitution to prevent an abuse of military authority." Or, "George Brinton McClellan had almost all of the gifts. He was young, sturdy, intelligent, and up to a certain point he was very lucky. A short man with a barrel chest, a handsome face, and the air of one who knew what all of the trumpets meant, he won [without trying much more than was necessary] the adoration and the lasting affection of some very tough fighting men who tended to be most cynical about their generals. He had too much, perhaps, and he had it too soon and too easily; life did not hammer toughness into him until it was too late, and although many men died for him, he never quite understood what their deaths meant or what he could do with their devotion. For a time he served his country most ably."

CATTON'S talent for suggesting the swiftness of action is pronounced: "The next day, after conferring with McClellan, Rosecrans led his column off to a bold flanking move up the difficult slopes of Rich Mountain; got to the top after hard climbing but no fighting, struck the Confederate rear, and drove the defenders off helter-skelter, taking prisoners, seizing guns and camp supplies, and effectively cracking General Garnett's defensive line. Garnett pulled his right wing back from Laurel Mountain; McClellan's troops followed, overtook Garnett's rear guard July 13 at Corrick's ford, on a branch of the Cheat River, smashed the rear guard, and killed Garnett himself."

But the quality that Catton seems to possess to an almost unique degree is his capacity to convey the quality of human experience. It is trite to say that he enables the reader to feel again the emotional impact of occurrences in the past, but it is perhaps worth noting

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some of the devices by which he achieves this result. For one thing, instead of telling what men did in our terms he often tells what they did in their own terms: instead of saying Beauregard wrote a demand for the surrender of Sumter, he says, "Beauregard set about the composition of the formal demand"; instead of saying McClellan was appointed major-general, he says McClellan "found himself, in the middle of May, major-general of volunteers." For another, he shows events not in isolation, but often with a flash to the future or to the past that illuminates them in perspective. Of the "first shot" at Sumter, he says, "The veterans argued that Captain James's opening gun was not really the first gun of the war; it was merely a signal gun, and the next gun was the first one fired with intent to do harm. Captain James took no part in these arguments, because he was killed in action in the fall of 1862 at South Mountain."

To convey the meaning of experience, the writer may project it directly at the reader, by vivid description. But this technique involves a use of the imagination that is usually unhistorical, and sometimes the reader cannot feel an experience if he has had no equivalent in his own life history. Very often, therefore, we can apprehend the meaning of an experience best, not by receiving a description of the phenomenon, but by receiving a description of its impact upon the persons involved. Catton has sensed this, and he constantly looks at events, not directly but in terms of what they meant to individuals whose feelings we can share.

Thus, of Francis Bartow's death at First Manassas, Catton says only, "Then a Yankee bullet found him and he fell dead." Since none of us have died, we cannot apprehend Bartow's experience. But most of us have lost someone we loved, and we can feel the meaning of the event through its meaning to Mrs. Bartow. Catton says, "Varina Davis had to go and tell Mrs. Bartow that Colonel Bartow had been killed . . . Mrs. Bartow saw the truth in her caller's eyes and sank down on a chair, pulling a shawl over her face, asking quietly, 'Is it bad news for me. . . . Is he dead?' . . . Hundreds of thousands of women, before the war ended, would feel as Mrs. Bartow and Mrs. Bullen [widow of Major Sullivan Bullen] felt."

The operative word here is "felt." Catton's history is not primarily a history of facts, although it is better furnished with facts than many factual histories. If it were first of all a factual record, the repetitive quality would be intolerable, for facts do not bear repeating and we would all complain that Allan Nevins has already written on a grand scale all the facts necessary about the year the war began, and that two full-dress histories are one too many. But Catton has seized upon a basic feature of the Civil War, namely that, for some reason, the human factor in history reveals or seems to reveal itself in this conflict far more readily than in most historical situations. This is why we have remembered the war of Lee and Grant even while almost evading the memory of the more recent, more terrible, and more crucial wars of Pershing, and Eisenhower, and MacArthur—wars in which the life of men and the play of events seem so irrationally far apart.

Somehow, the Civil War has been a kind of showcase where we find human experience in a form that we can grasp. Because this is so, the Civil War can turn a poet toward history, as it did Stephen Benét, or turn a historian toward poetry as it has Bruce Catton in some of his finest passages. So long as this is so, it will be vain to propose a moratorium on histories of the Civil War—as vain as to propose that we stop playing Hamlet because the quotations are already familiar, or that no one should tell again the story of the Odyssey because it has been told often enough before.

Thunder Over Burma

***"Defeat Into Victory," by Field Marshal The Viscount William Slim** (McKay. 460 pp. $6.50), and **"Singapore: The Japanese Version," by Masanobu Tsuji** (St. Martin's Press. 352 pp. $5.50), record memories of World War II in the Far East as experienced by officers of the opposing camps. Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall was chief U.S. historian of the war in the European Theatre.*

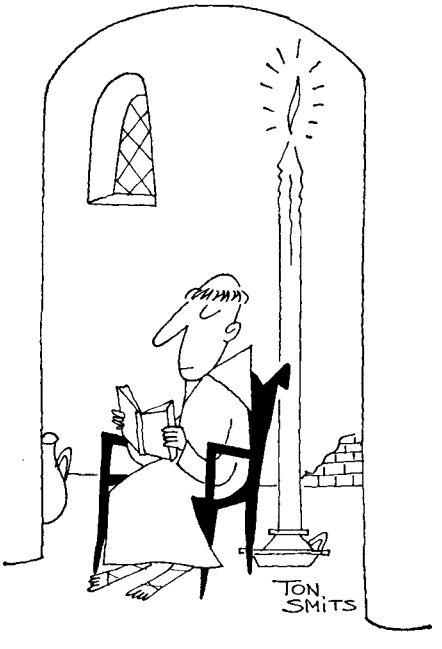
By S. L. A. Marshall

ON ONE count at least, American soldiers bow to the superiority of British generals and behold their works with envy. When they write, the field is all theirs. For beauty of style and the ability to deliver warmly of their personal feelings they have no peers west of the Atlantic. Their pens are mightier than their swords; they have no need to rely on ghosts.

In the American services there is no tradition of letters. Senior commanders too quickly take the lazy way out and assign to some bright lad on the staff the writing of their letters, directives, and dispatches. In our forces, to become tagged as a writing fellow is the easy way for a junior Napoleon to get sidetracked. But for the talents of the anonymous scribe, the U.S. memoir crop out of the Second World War would be starvation thin.

But bless the British; as warriors they hold high the importance of the king's English. They write with mellowness of spirit, and a sure sense of sound martial values. The personal character of the author shines through in the memoirs of Lieutenant General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Morgan, Major General Sir Francis de Guingand, Major General Sir Edward L. Spears, and Major General Sir John Kennedy. Now Field Marshal The Viscount William Slim qualifies for this select company. His "Defeat Into Victory" is wonderful fare, lengthy as it is meaty.

Slim is the No. 1 soldier of the Burma campaigns. Many other luminaries worked that ground, "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, and General Albert C. Wedemeyer among them. Many odd characters, like the inscrutable Orde Wingate, also flash in the Burma story. Still, it is uniquely Slim's field of fame. He was in on the mournful beginning, and at the end he directed the conquering armies. The others came and went; only



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Slim lasted. The book reveals why: Heaven blessed him with a saving sense of humor, charity toward his fellow men, and a becoming modesty which must have been winning. Here is a general so little attracted by the struggle for power and place that he could manage his battles and his people in detachment.

Burma's place in the war, and the postwar reporting of it, present a paradox. No campaigns were more obscure at the time. Strategically, it is a good question whether the conclusive effort there was justified. The average person retains little impression of what happened in Burma and cares less. Yet it is peculiarly the case that, from Jack Belden's "Retreat with Stilwell" to Charlton Ogburn's "The Marauders," more inspired prose has been written of the Burma campaigns than of the war in any other theatre. Even so, Slim's memoir is the first panorama; its sweep and its eloquence will spoil the subject for the historians who will try later.

He was at Lake Habbaniyeh in Iraq, commanding the 10th Indian Division, when the call came to fly to Burma, and he was reluctant to go. He tells it: "We had bought our beer in Haifa and drunk it on the shores of the Caspian. We could move, we could fight. We had a good soldierly conceit of ourselves. It was exhilarating to go bucketing about, a hundred miles a day, sweeping our field glasses around. The desert suits the British. So does fighting in it. You can see your man." Well, as the saying goes, here's copy and, surprisingly, he maintains this pace throughout. The sentences fairly crackle, conveying much in few words, whether Slim speaks as firsthand observer or reflects on the business of soldiering:

"Gunners who had lost their guns, the most pathetic people in the world."

"The British looked worried, the Indians puzzled, the Burmese sulky."

"Success is the easy foundation on which to build and maintain morale—if you have it."

"A commander, if he is wise, will see that his own troops know him before the press and other cymbal clashers get busy."

"Americans have a respect for seniority only equaled by our Navy."

"A new idea should have something to commend it besides just breaking up normal organization."

"Soldiers must be trained before they can fight, fed before they can march and relieved before they are worn out."

The book could be loved for its epigrams if there were nothing more. But there is much. Command problems at division, corps, and army level—the controlling facts of ground, the object and its evaluation, assessment of the balance in forces, etc., etc.—are nowhere more lucidly analyzed than in this account of the Burma campaigns.

Don't expect too much at the beginning. It was a chaotic blackout. Units were smashed not knowing where they fought. Communications with higher HQs were feeble at best. So Slim started by walking in fog, and the fighting of the first campaign is represented by fragments, with the heavy emphasis on one man's shock experience.

Very likely, the chief appeal of this writing to nonmilitary readers will be its cleanly etched portraiture of the author's well-known contemporaries, always done generously, though sometimes with a touch of roguishness, as when Slim tells of putting the photo of General Kawabe, his opponent, on his wall: "It showed what might have been a typical western caricature of a Japanese; the bullet head, the thick glasses, and prominent teeth were all there. . . . When I needed cheering, I looked at it and told myself that, whichever of us was the cleverer general, even I was, at any rate, the better looking."

He writes fondly of practically every American with whom he soldiered, not even excluding Vinegar Joe, that "dour old man," who, however crotchety, always kept his word. Wingate he dismisses with this perfectly aimed cut: "It was impossible not to differ from a man who so fanatically pursued his own purposes without regard to any other consideration or person."

Slim loathed the Japanese for their barbarous treatment of prisoners. Masanobu Tsuji, another author of the season, should make his hackles rise. His "Singapore: The Japanese Version" is a quaint exposition of the Japanese military mind, filled with all kinds of sloppy sentiment for fellow soldiers, dreaming of shedding blood for the Emperor, and despising every normal value.

Tsuji was an operations officer in the Malayan campaign. He justifies his authorship as a duty before his superior, General Yamashita, went to the gallows. His main point is that the Japanese had not trained for jungle fighting (though this legend still persists) and that such special planning and training as made the swift march down the peninsula possible came of last-hour improvisation. This is thoroughly credible. The Japanese lead a more rugged life than Westerners and their troops trained like Spartans. Of that came the edge.

The book has authentic flavor. Some of the expressions, the images, and the ideas are reminiscent of Hashimere Togo. But he was intended to be funny.

Battles and Blunders

***"But Not in Shame: The Six Months After Pearl Harbor," by John Toland** (Random House. 402 pp. $6.50), explodes myths, uncovers blunders, and reveals how close the U.S. came to swift defeat by the Japanese. Arthur Pearlroth has written four books on military tactics.*

By Arthur Pearlroth

IF THE ordinary American had known quite the peril of his country during those first few months after Pearl Harbor he might have grieved for more than rations. The Japanese—an island nation smaller than California that had warred with bows and arrows until 1853—had ripped numerically superior British and American forces apart.

Completely surprising U.S. forces in Hawaii, the Japanese lost twenty-nine planes and sixty-five men in exchange for 2,403 Americans killed, 347 planes, and eighteen fighting ships. "Because of an almost incredible series of errors, mischances, and coincidences"—*but not in shame,* as John Toland titles his painstaking, human history of the early disastrous battles in the Pacific—"the Pacific fleet . . . was crushed."

Toward British Singapore, General Yamashita led 26,000 men against the 86,805 under rabbit-toothed Lieutenant General Percival. After two years of war with the Germans, English commanders could not even use the American excuse of inexperience and ill-preparedness. They spent a quarter-billion dollars on sea defenses but neglected to fortify the city against land attack. Hong Kong, Guam, and Wake also surrendered.

General MacArthur in the Philippines outnumbered the enemy, too. He lost his air force on Clark Field, refusing until too late to permit General Brereton to bomb Japanese bases in Formosa. Still, it took the enemy four full months to pry his troops out of Bataan and Corregidor.

Two empires were lost. Only Colonel Doolittle's raid over Tokyo put a stop

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to high-level hysteria and defeatism, though it accomplished little else. One Washington official even begged Roosevelt to pull U.S. defenses back to the Rocky Mountains.

But it is not simply a battle history that Mr. Toland lays before the public. War is made up of men, mistakes, and myths, a potpourri of curiosa meaningful and enlightening to the least war-oriented reader.

The outstanding myth of World War II, because of which tens of thousands of Japanese Americans were peremptorily incarcerated, was the supposed plethora of Japanese spies and saboteurs. In all Hawaii, however, only one tried to gather information. The entire Japanese community there refused to help him.

Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., did not dash his plane suicidally into the smokestack of a battleship, as a generation of Americans wanted to believe; there wasn't a battleship within a hundred miles of him. He died because he stayed at the controls, when set upon by ten Zeros, until his crew bailed out.

Nor did Wake Island's Major Devereux ever issue that braggart's message "Send us more Japs." A reasonable man, the major preferred the Japanese elsewhere.

On December 14, 1941, the New York Sunday *Times*, among others, reported a three-day, mauling Japanese defeat at Lingayen Gulf. MacArthur's press chief in Manila confirmed the story. It never happened. A small Japanese reconnaissance boat had appeared, hundreds of guns had roared, so the boat left, unhit—perhaps because our ammunition was defective more often than not.

One could go on forever recounting delightful and ghastly bits of information from Mr. Toland's exhaustive enterprise. He has written a "did-you-know?" conversation piece for those moved by history. Did you know that General Homma, who was executed by General MacArthur for war crimes, had been sent into disgrace by Premier Tojo because he was pro-Allies, humane, and enlightened? Did you know that the Japanese people fought so that "the damage done by Western concepts of individualism and materialism" could be undone? There are hundreds of such informational gems in Mr. Toland's work.

We will content ourselves therefore with only one more citation, a profound glimpse into the way men find the courage to fight: "Suddenly a small eighteen-year-old with glasses, a clerk named Fish, jumped up and yelled, 'What are we sitting on our asses for?' He grabbed his rifle and charged out of the shelter; the others lumbered dazedly after him."

TODAY'S ADVERSARY

A Far Cry from Utopia

By LOUIS FISCHER, *author of "Russia, America, and the World" and "The Soviets in World Affairs," among other works.*

TOPOGRAPHICALLY, most of Russia is flat. But a graph of the Soviet regime's performance during its forty-four years would consist of high peaks and deep gorges: remarkable flights through space and many thousands of families living in cellars; great military power and great poverty, inefficiency, and waste. If my eyes had not seen this in Kiev, and in Moscow, I could have learned it from the mouth of Khrushchev about this and other cities.

The Soviet Chairman, addressing a session of the Central Committee early this year, recalled that to accommodate the World Youth Festival a giant sports arena called Luzhniki had been built in Moscow. "Now what," he asked, "did the Ukrainian leaders do? They decided to erect the same kind of palace, their own Luzhniki, although Kiev has a hall seating 3,500 which, for the moment, is enough for a town of a million inhabitants."

At a public meeting, Khrushchev gave Podgorni, the Ukrainian Communist boss, a verbal lashing for this lavishness. On that occasion, Comrade Mzhavanadze, the Georgian Communist leader, was also present, Khrushchev said, "and kept quiet, but literally that very day the newspapers reported that Tiflis [the capital of Georgia] was likewise constructing its Luzhniki with 6,000 seats."

"Do we need such buildings?" Khrushchev continued. "Nobody is going to deny that they are necessary. But is this the time for them? Of course it is not the time. We still do not have sufficient housing in cities and there are also dwellings where people live in cellars. Some children attend school in a second—or even a third—shift. We still do not have enough hospitals,

"What do you make of this 'Red or dead' business?"

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maternity wards, crèches, and kindergartens. All these are far more necessary than a Luzhniki in every city."

This hard-hitting Khrushchev attack on Soviet conspicuous construction reveals several significant facts about the Communist system:

1. Soviet society is not the orderly system many imagine it to be, in which everything works according to plan and everybody obeys the slightest hint from the master in the Kremlin.

2. The ancient Russian proclivity that manifested itself, according to story, in the false-front villages Prince Potemkin put up to fool his beloved Catherine remains very strong. Today's buildings give the same false impression of opulence and progress but they are real and hence more costly.

Moreover, not everything that impresses the foreign visitor, or even the Soviet citizen, is as real as he may think. In Moscow, for instance, and in many other cities, large blocks of apartment buildings have risen in recent years. Khrushchev, one concludes, is solving Russia's housing problem. But he himself declared at a meeting in Moscow on January 17, 1961, that "in the last five years the population of the Soviet Union increased by 18,000,000, of whom 17,000,000 live in the cities." It is obvious from Soviet figures that new living space is far from adequate to accommodate this growth, especially since old apartments dating back to the czarist period, which constitute the bulk of Russian housing, steadily deteriorate and become unfit for habitation.

Though the Soviet individual is getting more for his work, the old Stalinist trend of vast state spending on armaments, on heavy industry which does not produce consumer goods, and on propagandistic extravagance, plus the high cost of mismanagement, corruption, and slovenly output due to lack of personal interest, continues to depress the standard of living and make it one of the lowest in Europe.

The Kremlin, therefore, is allergic to concrete data on wages and salaries. The statistical yearbook entitled "The USSR in Figures, 1960," published in Moscow, gives the exact number of tractors in Turkestan, of sheep in Latvia, and of cows in Armenia, but less than two of its 371 pages are devoted to the earnings of industrial workers, and even these present only the percentage increase in current pay envelopes over 1913's, but no definite figures in rubles and kopeks.

Moscow's reluctance to publish income statistics in comprehensible arithmetic is due to a desire not to let the world know how poorly the proletariat is paid under the dictatorship of the

proletariat. Khrushchev, however, is a compulsive talker, and he frequently crashes through the curtain of silence in which the Soviet bureaucracy wraps itself. He said on May 5, 1960, that the 1959 minimum monthly wage of 27 rubles would be increased to 40 or 45 rubles in 1962, and to 50 or 60 rubles in 1965.

Last year the ruble was stabilized at 110 U. S. cents. Accordingly, the Soviet minimum wage in 1959 was about $30 and the target for 1962 is $44 to $50 a month. Judging by computations made in 1956, one-third of the Soviet working force receives the minimum wage. This brings down the average.

No Soviet source gives average wages and salaries. The observer is therefore forced to glean occasional bits of information from Soviet publications and personal conversations. Moscow *Izvestia* of May 24, 1961, mentioned an "experienced engineer with special education" whose monthly salary was 140 rubles, or $155. A Japanese social worker named Ayako Ishigaki learned, according to Tokyo *Yomiuri* of August 8, 1961, that Mrs. Clara Ivanova, who majored in French literature at a university and directed the French department of a Soviet library, now receives 120 rubles a month from a publishing firm. An Intourist driver who takes foreigners on excursions told me in Moscow he earned $140 a month and his wife earned $66. I spoke to two Moscow scientists, husband and wife, whose combined income was $330 a month. Analyzing these and other data, it is generous to conclude that the average monthly pay of a Soviet workingman is about 80 rubles or a little less than $90.

What is the value of this money in real terms of food, clothing, housing, entertainment, etc? Rents are low—approximately 5 per cent of income but much more if one sublets a room in somebody else's apartment. Prices are extremely high. In Moscow, Kiev, and Yalta women's shoes cost from 21 to 33 rubles a pair. Men's shoes were two or three rubles cheaper. A woman's coat in Kiev carried a tag of 150 rubles. In the same city a man's wool suit was marked 159 rubles. "Who can afford to buy such an expensive garment?" I asked the shop manager. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "My job is to display it."

I made note of the following prices in the Soviet cities I visited: Men's shirts of poor-quality cotton, 5 rubles, 25 kopeks; 5 rubles, 95 kopeks; 7 rubles, 55 kopeks; and 6 rubles, 35 kopeks. The Intourist driver told me he owned one suit of clothes that had cost him a month's salary. Bought six months ago, it was already falling to pieces.

Owing to the confirmed Soviet policy of emphasizing the production of armaments and of iron, steel, coal, petroleum, machine tools, trucks, and other non-edible, non-wearable commodities, and, more recently, of sputniks, luniks, and space ships that cost billions, the Soviet public has become accustomed to shortages. Indeed, the day Yuri Gagarin went into orbit around the earth there were long food queues in Moscow.

Such conditions make most Soviet people skeptical about Moscow promises. There is a Soviet joke about the Communist slogan of "catching up and getting ahead of America." A Soviet citizen says, "When we catch up with the United States, let me off there and you can go on without me."

THERE are also serious problems in Soviet agriculture, which still employs 38.8 per cent of the nation's working force. (In the United States the figure is nearer 9 per cent.) Although farm collectivization, launched by Stalin in 1929, was heralded as the final solution of Soviet food and fiber problems, Communist agriculture is now in a grave crisis the end of which cannot be glimpsed. The justification for this pessimism is available in "The USSR in Figures, 1960." There one finds that the money value of Soviet farm products in adjusted prices, taking 100 as the base for 1913, was 218 in 1958, 219 in 1959, and 219 in 1960. In other words, while the population was rising by 3,500,000 per year, or 1.5 per cent, the value of food and fibers increased less than 0.5 per cent in 1959 and less than 1 per cent in 1960. Agriculturally, therefore, the Soviet Union is falling behind its own population growth.

Chairman Khrushchev is visibly and rightly alarmed, and he has been travelling up and down the country delivering amazingly frank, blistering speeches to Communist Party officials and others. On January 28, 1961, for example, he addressed the Party leadership of the Ukrainian Republic (population 43,000,000), long regarded as Russia's

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Ice Age of the Kremlin

"Moscow Journal: The End of Stalin," by Harrison E. Salisbury (University of Chicago Press. 441 pp. $6.95), describes the scenes, smells, and specters of Moscow in the last years of the aging dictator and the first months "without Stalin." Philip Mosely, Director of Studies in the Council on Foreign Relations, wrote "The Kremlin and World Politics."

By Philip E. Mosely

IT WAS a happy thought of Harrison Salisbury's to relive with his readers the ominous climax of Stalin's long rule and the murky transition to a new stage of Soviet development. To perform this service he has drawn upon his own writings of the years 1949-1953: his diary, letters, memoranda and notes, and numerous dispatches to the New York *Times*, including many that were either killed outright or drastically mutilated by the Soviet censors. And he has retold the grim record of those years of obscurantist terror with a sharply observing eye, a real talent for fixing the important and typical in a vivid phrase, and a sympathy for living and suffering people.

This is really three books in one. One of its most valuable services is to present in concrete detail the dilemma of an honest and inquiring newspaperman attempting singlehandedly to present as accurate a picture as he can of what was happening in one of the two major power centers of world politics, and in the process struggling against an omnipresent system of concealment and multiple controls. Should the reporter, responsible primarily to his conscience and his readers, withdraw a badly mutilated dispatch? Or should he send through what he can, hoping that a few experts back home will catch his desperate signals that something important is brewing? If he is not permitted by *Glavit* to report factually even those items that have appeared in the completely controlled Soviet press, should he hand in his card and ask for his exit visa?

The answer, which is also highly pertinent to the question of whether we should persist in trying to establish a press exchange with Communist China, emerges gradually and indirectly from this straightforward record of a reporter's experiences in Russia. Only by having skilled journalists on the ground to observe many small changes in things and people can Western opinion have the benefit of that added dimension of perception. Only in this way can unwritten fears and hopes be sensed and recorded, if not always reported. This additional advantage of on-the-scene perspective was enhanced, in Salisbury's case, by his wartime experiences in Russia, where life was incredibly hard and brief, but human relations were often warm and trusting, compared with the ice age of Stalin's last years of indefinable fears and miasmic phobias.

It is not clear as yet how much difference has developed in the reporting situation since Moscow officially abandoned its censorship of foreign press dispatches in April 1961. Other elements remain—among them, "self-censorship," competition for news sources and travel favors, the possible denial of a re-entry visa—though probably with diminishing effect. In any case, Salisbury's repeated recommendations to the *Times* that each of his dispatches be preceded by the warning "This dispatch has been passed by the Soviet censor" is no longer applicable.

A second and fascinating aspect of Salisbury's book is the evolution of his views on the nature of the Soviet system and on the political struggle for the succession and then for Stalin's power. Here the author makes it clear in numerous footnotes that being in Russia but surrounded by Soviet controls gave him no great advantages over analysts who were peering at the Kremlin mysteries from a distance. He too had to wait for later "revelations" to learn of the "Leningrad purge" that followed the death of Andrei Zhdanov. Returning to Moscow in September 1950, he saw no signs of a shift to a war economy, though we learned later that in August and September of that very year drastic and unwholesome changes were being made to get the Soviet Union ready to face an all-out war by the West.

Salisbury's observations in 1950 and other years confirmed the official claims

—*Harrison E. Salisbury*

"The dilemma of an honest and inquiring newspaperman."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ERE, NUN, DID, EKE, FOR INSTANCE

Each of the definitions below refers to a palindrome. A palindrome is a word which reads the same backward or forward. Dr. Joseph E. Morsh of San Antonio, Texas, asks you to name the words. Answers on page 41.

1. A short blast
2. Behold (L.)
3. Midday
4. Show slightly
5. An Indian coin
6. A gullible person
7. Looks at
8. A Holy Roman emperor
9. An act
10. The after section of a ship
11. Divisions of organisms
12. A half note
13. A radio testing device
14. A belief
15. An Eskimo canoe
16. Performances without partners
17. Direct attention
18. Polite address to a lady
19. Part that revolves
20. Horizontal condition
21. More revolutionary
22. Wife of Elkanah
23. A ring for a leash
24. That which restores
25. Cover again

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of steady progress in agriculture, claims that were then severely deflated by Malenkov in September 1953, the month the author was preparing to leave Moscow. Salisbury was convinced (on what evidence?) that the Soviet leaders, in developing atomic power, would concentrate on producing tactical rather than longer-range strategic weapons. In October 1952 he predicted, along with George Kennan, that after Stalin Russia would "rest from its labors," cut back its foreign-policy goals, and become relatively passive and almost isolationist. And in April 1953 he rejoiced with Ambassador Kennan that the cold war was now almost over!

Side by side with these difficulties of observation and interpretation, Salisbury, be it noted to his credit, was drawing attention in 1949-1951 to the growing prominence of Nikita Khrushchev in the fields of housing and agriculture, and he accurately traced his rising star in the Kremlin firmament between March and October 1953. He also showed an acute understanding of the "doctors' plot" of late 1952 and was among the first to unravel its obscure interweaving with the struggle for Stalin's succession.

Finally, there is the Salisbury of the sharp eye and pen, with his gift for vivid reporting of sights and smells, his quick sympathy for all Russians except the most repulsive bureaucrats, his understanding for the many talents, the self-sacrifice, and the selfless aspirations of many Soviet people. These gifts will make his book a rewarding experience for those who want to understand the system of rule that, changed in some important respects as it is, has shaped the main contours of Soviet life and Soviet psychology of today.

The State That Rurik Wrought

***"A History of Russia," by Jesse D. Clarkson** (Random House. 756 pp. $10), traces the evolution of the modern Soviet Union from the first Russian state established eleven centuries ago. Sidney Heitman is co-author of "Revisionism," a symposium on Marxism to be published in England.*

By Sidney Heitman

THIS latest addition to the new series of Russian studies recently inaugurated by Random House is indeed a worthy companion to the five excellent volumes that have preceded it. While it deals with the traditional story of Russia's evolution from Rurik to Khrushchev, it is in no way simply another eclectic or encyclopedic survey but, rather, a scholarly and distinctive interpretive study based on more than thirty years of teaching and research by one of the leading American specialists on Russia, Professor Jesse D. Clarkson of Brooklyn College.

The book's uniqueness is most evident in the first half of its 756 pages, which is devoted to the thousand-year period between the founding of the first Russian state in the ninth century and the collapse of the Romanov dynasty in 1917. Two themes dominate this portion of the book—namely, that Russian history "is here viewed as a continuum, in which any given 'present moment' is but the algebraic sum of the cumulative past, immediately itself becoming part of the past and contributing to condition the new present throughout all future time," and that the historic issue of whether Russian civilization is essentially Asiatic or Western must be resolved in favor of the view that "strongly individual as Russia's history has been, Russia's kinship is to Europe, not to 'Asia.'"

While there is little reason to take issue with the first of these premises, the second is surely bound to evoke considerable debate among other students of Russia—particularly over the supporting contentions that during the formative centuries of Russian development "absolute monarchy in Russia bore no inner relation to Byzantinism or to Mongol-Tatar despotism"; that "Russia, like Western Europe, though more belatedly, experienced a feudal regime"; that "'the Tatar yoke,' catastrophic though the term sounds, made remarkably little difference to the history of Russia"; or that "Peter's reforms in their essence and in their results did not constitute a revolution."

Only somewhat less controversial are those chapters that deal with the decline of the Russian monarchy during the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth. But for the incredible blindness and moral degeneration of those in the highest places, from the throne downward, the author holds, not only could revolution have been averted—if not in 1905 then in 1917—but Russia might well have evolved toward parliamentary liberalism and democracy. In the last analysis, however, the strains of the First World War proved the undoing of the system. Weakened from within by inept and corrupt leadership, resting upon a flimsy economic foundation, and assailed from all sides by mounting discontent, war led to revolution, revolution to chaos, and chaos to Communism. It is debatable, however, whether the moral and political bankruptcy of the czarist regime and its suicidal involvement in the war were, in fact, the causes of its demise or rather the outcome of the utter incapacity of the anachronistic monarchy to adapt under any circumstances to an age into which it had somehow survived but to which it had never become reconciled.

Following an excellent description of the tumultuous events of the year 1917, the remainder of the book deals in a conventional manner with the formation of the Soviet system and its evolution during the successive stages of war Communism, the New Economic Policy, the Five-Year Plans, the Second World War, and the post-Stalin era. Especially noteworthy are the author's cautiously optimistic speculations at the end of his study regarding possible future Soviet developments. On the one hand he believes that, despite the changes that have occurred since Stalin's death, the Soviet leadership is still committed to world domination through the spread of Communism by fair means or foul. On the other hand, however, he projects the possibility that past changes in both the ideology and the practices of the Communist world may portend still further change and that while "it is, of course, too much to expect that Russia will discard Marxist jargon for Jeffersonian phrases . . . or embrace 'Anglo-Saxon' tradition," the essential differences between Russia and the West do not necessarily "mean irreconcilable conflict." One cannot help but wish the author well in the fulfillment of this prognosis, written, it is true, after Russia's acquisition of nuclear weapons and conquest of outer space but before the current crises.

IN summary, while Professor Clarkson advances some judgments on Russian history that may be debated by other experts on the subject, there is no issue regarding his obvious command of the voluminous literature and sources of information on Russia's past, which constitute the basis for his views, or his solid scholarship in analyzing and interpreting the complex forces that have shaped Russian development for the past eleven centuries. Accordingly, this book is highly recommended to those who already possess some knowledge of Russia's past and wish to deepen their understanding of it with the benefit of the author's particular insights.

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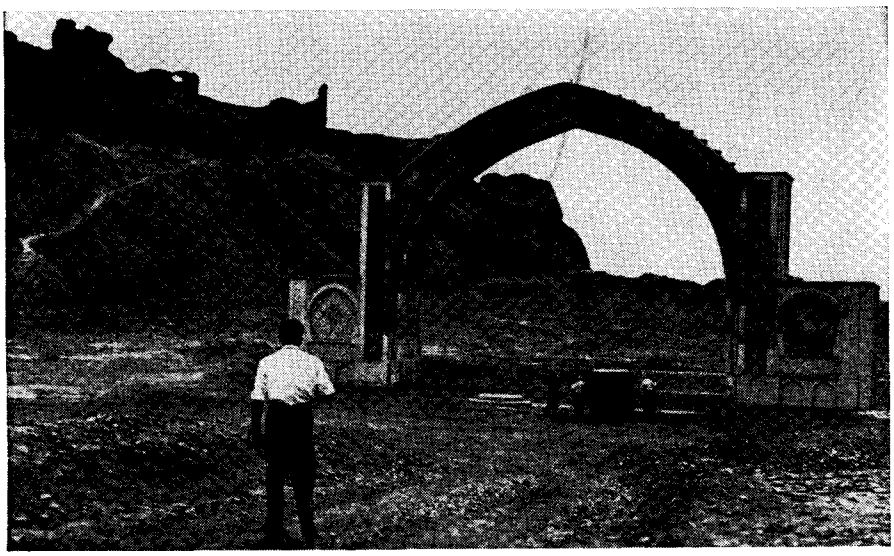
From the Snows of the Hindu Kush



—*From the book.*

Qala-i-Bisht: The Arch—"travel-in-depth."

***"Between Oxus and Jumna," by Arnold J. Toynbee** (Oxford. 211 pp. $5), illuminates the past and present of a fascinating region that has been the scene of vital chapters in world history and prehistory. Santha Rama Rau's writings on India include the recent "Gifts of Passage."*

By Santha Rama Rau

ERUDITION and a sense of adventure make a rare and wonderful combination. When they merge and emerge in a man as distinguished as Arnold J. Toynbee, one can only be grateful for a lively exploration of a part of the world that seems to most of us wildly inaccessible and exotic. Between the River Oxus and the River Jumna lies an enthralling region, Afghanistan, West Pakistan, and a tract of India extending to Delhi and Udaipur. It includes such famous places as the Khyber Pass and that most treacherous stretch of the Himalayas, the Hindu Kush. It takes in Kashmir and Kabul, Quetta and Qandahar, Jaipur and Jodhpur—a long list of magical names studded all through an area that Mr. Toynbee describes as a "theatre of decisive events in mankind's history."

Mr. Toynbee has, he tells us, been studying this chapter in the world's history for fifty years. His scholarship extends back through the early centuries of the Christian era when the great Kushan Empire controlled the territory between the Oxus and the Jumna, and was "one of four powers that divided the civilized world between them. On land it marched with Parthia and with China, and it traded with the Roman Empire across the Arabian Sea." His mind ranges even beyond that distant time to the prehistory of the great migrations eastward and westward from Iraq thousands of years ago. When he accepted invitations to lecture at Indian and Pakistani universities in 1960, at last he found an opportunity to journey through this richly rewarding territory and write about it from firsthand experience.

THE result is a most unusual travel-history book, illuminated by a kind of double vision that gives one a deeply informed view of the past and simultaneously a limpid look at the present. For instance, after a hair-raising lorry ride over the unsurfaced mountain road to Kabul, "kind hands extricated me from the lorry, raised a whiskey-and-soda to my lips, and then put me to bed with a hot-water-bottle, log-fire, and paraffin-stove." As a counterpoint to such prosaic details, in the next paragraph we find Mr. Toynbee standing on a terrace at Istâlif, gazing out over the Koh-i-Daman plain and the snows of the Hindu Kush, describing the scene with clarity and grace, and musing about the human events that have been enacted in the passes ("practicable for men and donkeys"), or on the "eagle-baffling" mountains. Casually, he leads us back to the sixth century B.C. and the importance of the valley then. Effortlessly he introduces us to Darius, to the nomads from Central Asia, to the Kushan Empire.

> And, as I . . . feasted my eyes on that magnificent landscape of plain and mountain, my mind was running on the exploits of Alexander and Demetrius and Hermaeus. When the Greeks reached the land of the Paropanisadae after crossing South-West Asia from the Dardanelles, they felt at home again here for the first time. This mountain-girt plain reminded them of their own Eordaea or Thessaly, and the vineyards convinced them that their own god Dionysus must have forestalled Alexander's conquests.

Later he remarks, "Here . . . I had been able to take it all in at a glance; and that one glance told me more than my fifty-years' book-work had." To this, I think, most readers would have to reply, with gratitude, "One book has told me more than fifty-years' glancing could."

Probably, from many Indian readers Mr. Toynbee will get arguments and complaints about some of his opinions. For instance, he seems to promote the unpalatable idea that the merging of church and state in government is useful, even desirable. He cites Pakistan, a nation founded by Muslims specifically for Muslims, as a successful case in point. (This in turn, of course, affects his view of the Kashmir situation.) In India we are committed to the feasibility and value of a secular government. Consequently, when Mr. Toynbee tells us that those Muslims "whose homes in the Sub-continent lay outside the frontiers of Pakistan had proved their sincerity doubly [to their religion and to a religiously-based government] by pulling up their roots and sacrificing their homes and their property for the sake of living under a Muslim regime," I must add a mild reminder that something over forty million Muslims still live unmolested in India. A comparable statement for the Hindus cannot be made of the rigidly Islamic government of Pakistan.

Equally, when Mr. Toynbee, first citing Russia and China as examples,

(*Continued on page 42*)

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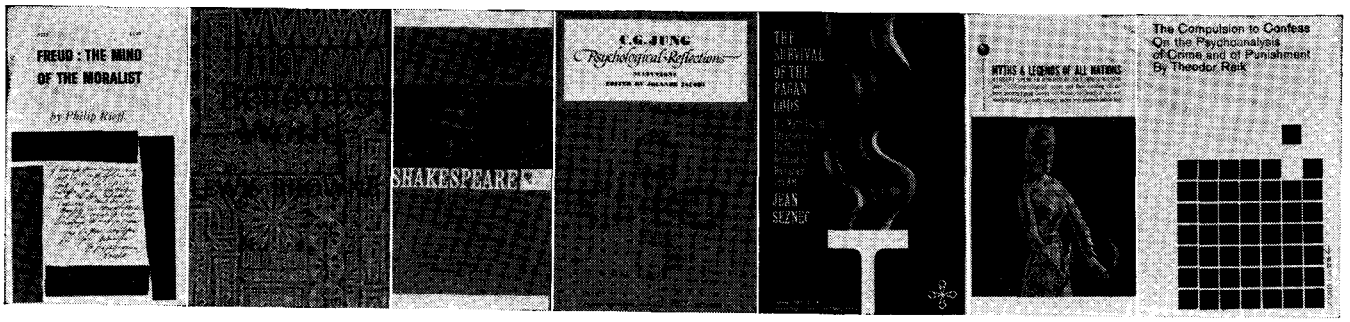

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: Praeger, a publishing house with a keen ear tuned toward current affairs, is trailblazing in paperbacks about today's Africa written by the new men-in-command. Last month they published Kwame Nkrumah's heady **"I Speak of Freedom"** ($1.95): "Africa is on the march. There is no turning back." And now Praeger has just released, in both paper and cloth editions, **"The African Nations and World Solidarity"** ($1.85), a vigorous political statement of Mamadou Dia, Prime Minister of Senegal, who proposes that the new African countries should unite to form an independent and all-powerful third world force . . . . The Bantam Classic series began in 1958 with Huxley's **"Brave New World"** (50¢), and now they are celebrating their 100th volume with the publication of **"Hamlet"** (50¢), the first in a promising Shakespeare series . . . . Sometimes it seems that books on Communism are going to outnumber the mysteries and westerns on the paperback racks. The University of Michigan has a fine new program for publishing classic Soviet works, and among the first offerings are Berdyaev's **"Russian Revolution"** ($1.75) and Trotsky's **"Terrorism and Communism"** ($1.95). It's ironic that Trotsky wrote the famous defense of terrorism not too long before he himself became a victim of Bolshevik techniques . . . . The most impressive paperback set to come our way recently is **"The Memoirs of Jacques Casanova"** (Dover, $6 the set), three boxed volumes totaling 2,216 pages, in which Jacques Casanova de Seingalt recalls in meticulous detail his riproaring adventures in eighteenth-century Europe. A man who claimed to live only for his senses, he also managed to write history books, become a journalist, a diplomat, and even director of the Paris lottery. Love, for M. Casanova, was only the least of it. This one is a paperback collector's item. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

FICTION

The new Collier Books certainly look promising. The first list has such diverse fiction offerings as Italo Calvino's **"Italian Fables"** and Sholom Aleichem's **"Adventures of Mottel the Cantor's Son"** (95¢ each). Calvino, a young, contemporary Italian writer, has retold with great wit and charm classic tales from Italian folklore. Aleichem's book, translated by his granddaughter Tamara Kahana, follows the picaresque path of Mottel, "the Yiddish Huck Finn," from Europe through some hilarious episodes in New York.

Boris Pasternak's **"The Adolescence of Zhenya Luvers"** (Citadel, $1.25), written in 1925, is a lyrical and almost plotless tale of a young girl's growing up. It looks as if everything Pasternak ever wrote—good, bad, or, like this mild effort, just indifferent—will eventually appear in paperpack in this country.

Henry James's **"Lady Barberina"** (Universal, $2.25) reverses the usual Jamesian theme of the innocent American girl who marries a nefarious European; here, a young, aristocratic Englishwoman settles down with a New Yorker. Also in this volume are "Glasses," an early (1875) tale, and "Benvolio." None of these have been reprinted in the past forty years.

When Richard Wright's novel **"Native Son"** (Signet, 75¢) first appeared in 1940 it created a literary sensation. In many ways it's a crude book, but the author's raw energy and youthful anger has lost none of its brilliance in the succeeding years. Richard Sullivan has written an excellent afterword to the book and a moving tribute to Wright, who died last year in Paris.

MYTH AND RELIGION

One of the most fascinating areas of study is mythology, with its close connection to the mind of primitive man, to his religious beliefs, his heroic ideals, his customs embedded in magic and ritual. We are after all not so far from that ancient man. With all our sophistication, we still refrain from walking beneath ladders, skip the thirteenth floor when we build skyscrapers, and invest some magic properties in the number seven and the color of a cat.

Paperbacks have made available a large group of important works in the field: Jane Harrison's **"Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion"** (Meridian, $2.75); Jessie L. Weston's **"From Ritual to Romance"** (Anchor, 95¢), which strongly influenced T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," and Homer Smith's **"Man and His Gods"** (Universal, $1.45).

Among the new releases is **"The New Golden Bough"** (Anchor Magnum, $1.95), which the eminent classicist Theodor H. Gaster has edited from Sir James Frazer's eleven-volume turn-of-the-century work into a thoroughly absorbing single volume. Professor Gaster himself is impressively on the scene with **"Thespis"** (Anchor, $1.45), which in almost encyclopedic form traces the rise of drama as myth from the bed of ritual and early religion.

No mention of myth can overlook the new edition of Robert Graves's **"The Greek Myths"** (Pelican, 2 vols., $1.45 each). They are poetic, crammed with brilliant insights, and delightfully constructed. The books begin with the earliest creation myths and end with the mythological origins of "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey." In each case Graves presents the various stories that compose the myth, and afterwards, in a separate section, he attempts to trace them back, usually to some form of ancient matriarchal society.

A small encyclopedia, **"Myths and Legends of All Nations"** (Bantam, 50¢), by Herbert S. Robinson and Knox Wilson, briefly describes the myths of various ancient civilizations. **"Gods and Goddesses in Art and Legend"** (Washington Square Press, 60¢) is a pretty

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little book by Herman J. Wechsler, who has chosen a number of illustrations of Greek myths from paintings by such well-known artists as Botticelli, Rubens, and Turner.

For those interested in how the gods and heroes of Greece and Rome outlasted their civilizations and lived on into the Renaissance, there is a handsomely illustrated edition of Jean Seznec's **"The Survival of the Pagan Gods"** (Torchbooks, $2.25). It's far too special for casual browsing.

A long time before Homer sang of the antics on Mt. Olympus, the Sumerians had already written down their own myths in cuneiform script. Samuel Noah Kramer's **"Sumerian Mythology"** (Torchbooks, $1.45) discusses these precocious people and their gods.

Three readable, unpretentious books on religion are Lewis Browne's **"This Believing World"** (Macmillan, $1.75), an elementary account of world religions; Joseph Gaer's **"The Wisdom of the Living Religions"** (Apollo, $1.95), a compilation of proverbs showing how quotable religious founders are; and, finally, **"The Great Religions by Which Men Live"** (Premier, 50¢), by Floyd H. Ross and Tynette Hills, a straightforward introduction to the ideas of the leading faiths.

THE MIND

Scarcely a month goes by when the name Freud doesn't appear on some new paperback. The best of the "about-Freud" books this month is Philip Rieff's **"Freud: The Mind of the Moralist"** (Anchor, $1.45), which is actually an analysis of psychoanalysis, discussing such questions as what analysis is, its sociological importance (Rieff calls Freud one of America's great "culture heroes"), and attempting to understand Freud by examining the basis of his own stern morality.

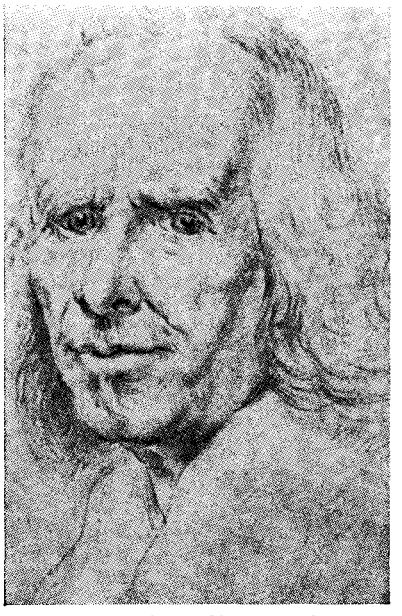
Not all the people who talk knowingly about Freud's **"The Interpretation of Dreams"** (Science Editions, $1.95) have read it; they can now. It's available in paperback in a new translation by James Strachey. Of this most famous of Freudian texts the master himself wrote, "It contains . . . the most valuable of all the discoveries it has been my good fortune to make. Insight such as this falls to one's lot but once in a lifetime."

In **"Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique"** (Science Editions, $1.65), Dr. Karl Menninger, chief of staff of The Menninger Foundation at Topeka, explains treatment techniques based on actual cases. Written for those in the field, it is nonetheless absorbing to the interested layman.

Theodor Reik's **"The Compulsion to Confess"** (Evergreen, $2.95) has some startling things to say about the criminal mind and the desire, not only of criminals but of the ordinary human being, to be "caught out."

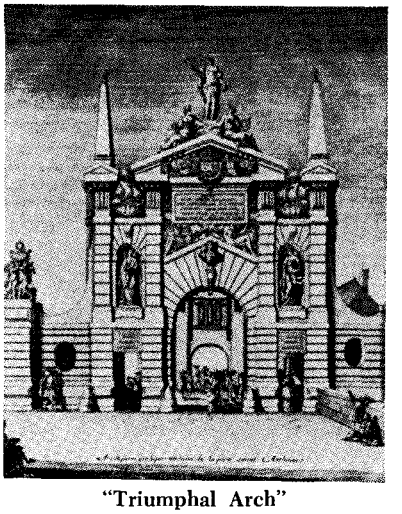
C. G. Jung's **"Psychological Reflections"** (Torchbooks, $1.95), edited by Jolande Jacobi, co-director of the Jung Institute in Zurich, contains some 1,000 quotations selected from more than sixty Jung works, each arranged according to subject from "Between Good and Evil" to "Youth and Age." They are epigrammatic, poetic, but often not very conclusive.

BAROQUE *is as broad and ill-defined a term as "Renaissance," and, like that preceding age, its artistic manifestations were different in Italy, France, Spain, Holland, and England. Bernini and Titian were Baroque artists, but so too were El Greco and Christopher Wren. What their works had in common was a sense of drama, of conflict and tension, which reflected the dynamism of the seventeenth century.* **"The Age of Grandeur"** (Praeger, $3.95 paper, $12.50 cloth), by Victor L. Tapie, is a Grand Tour of Europe during these golden years. Two-hundred and three reproductions, eight in full color, reflect the art and architecture of this splendid time.



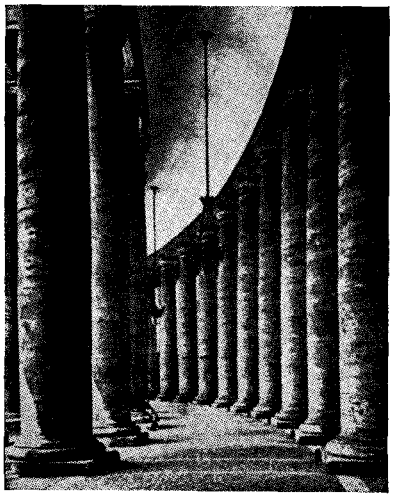
Bernini's "Self Portrait"

—*Illustrations from the book*



"Triumphal Arch"

Bernini's "Louis XIV"



Collonade from St. Peter's

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Nuclear Testing Is Not in the National Interest

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is doubtful if any American today has been more intimately involved with all the problems and questions relating to nuclear testing—military, political, scientific, technical—than James J. Wadsworth. For two years Ambassador Wadsworth represented the United States government at the Geneva negotiations seeking a treaty to outlaw bomb tests. On his return from Geneva last year, Mr. Wadsworth was appointed by President Eisenhower to head the American delegation to the United Nations. At present, Ambassador Wadsworth is President of Freedom House and President of the Peace Research Institute.*

THE United States has accused—and rightly so—the Soviet Union of reckless belligerence in its resumption of atmospheric nuclear testing. However, we Americans are in the throes of what might be termed "counter-belligerence." Fearful that by this series of tests the Soviets have caught up with or surpassed us, many people insist that our national security demands that we undertake a similar program of atmospheric testing of weapons of all sizes.

I would find it easier to accept this argument if I could really believe that the Soviets have significantly matched or excelled our nuclear weapons technology. I am not convinced of this. Nor do I know of any expert testimony or other public evidence indicating they have done so. I am willing to be convinced, if somebody whose judgment I respect can tell me, within the limits of classification, just what it is they have accomplished and what we must do to regain our lead. I have not been told this; I don't think any part of the United States public has been told this; I doubt very much whether many people in the United States government could provide the answer. All we are told is that "for our own security" we may have to resume atmospheric testing.

Yet, according to President Kennedy himself, we have a more than adequate stock of nuclear weapons. Certainly it is more than adequate from the standpoint of what the weapons were originally intended for; namely, either massive retaliation against an aggressor or limited battlefield use. It may be we have not perfected the warheads, and particularly the rocketry, that might go into very sophisticated missiles or anti-missile missiles, but certainly we have enough nuclear weapons to do whatever job military people normally think needs to be done. As for the means of delivering these bombs, our leaders in Washington tell us that the technology of delivery by polaris missiles, airplane-carried missiles, and ICBMs is in much better shape than we ever dreamed it was going to be as recently as a year ago.

Why then must we resume testing? Merely because the Soviets have resumed testing? Do we really know that they have surpassed us in technology, and if they have, does this simply mean that they can kill a few more people than we can with a single bomb? Are we seeking to continue the upward spiral of the arms race without end, forgetting about disarmament or any other alternatives which might lead to a more peaceful world? We have said over and over again, and we meant it, that we don't want to resume testing; that what we want to do is to stop testing under effective international inspection and controls. If this is our real goal, is it best served by hysterically matching Soviet callousness?

Although a good many Americans are inclined (and with some justification) to scorn "world opinion," and although this opinion is certainly not as homogeneous and powerful as some claim it to be, it nevertheless does exist. The administration and the American people should ask themselves: Do we deliberately wish to flout opinion all over the world in order to gain an advantage which is nebulous to say the least? Do we feel that it is worthwhile to emulate Soviet brutality in order to be able to tell Congress, the American people, and the rest of the world, that now we can kill people ten times over rather than nine times over?

This in my opinion is absolutely below the sense of common dignity which the United States Government and its citizens should have. I have by experience become accustomed to defending the United States position, but I would have a difficult time defending this position.

WE HAVE charged, with justification, that the Soviet resumption of atmospheric testing has brought terror to the world. We must recognize that if the United States also begins atmospheric testing, it will bring despair to the world. Within our own country, and throughout all nations, men will be forced to conclude that, in reality, primitive military and political considerations are our true guides, regardless of our protests that a more lofty ideology inspires us to champion the cause of reason and peace. In the face of the consequent despair, the Peace Corps, the Alliance for Progress, and our many other proclaimed ambitions for a rich and fruitful frontier for all men will be considered as shams.

If we resume atmospheric testing, we will have good reason to wonder if and when we will again have the opportunity to guide and inspire others—or even to inspire ourselves.

—JAMES J. WADSWORTH.

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Soviet Scientists and Soviet Tests

EARLIER this year, the editors of *Saturday Review* received a group of scientific papers published in Moscow. The papers reported the research studies and findings of Soviet scientists on the effects of radioactive fallout.*

These scientific documents have the highest importance in view of the recent attempts by Chairman Nikita Khrushchev to minimize the fallout effects caused by the massive nuclear testing program of the Soviet Union. Mr. Khrushchev described as "hysterical" many of the world wide protests over the atmospheric contamination resulting from the atomic explosions. He attempted to reassure the world that there was no scientific basis for the extreme apprehensions over fallout from the Soviet tests.

It is doubtful, however, whether the case of science against nuclear testing has ever been better documented than by Soviet specialists in the reports issued less than a year ago. Each of the Soviet scientists dealt with a separate aspect of radiation and fallout. One of them reported on the contamination of the biosphere in the Leningrad area. Another presented an analysis of the uptake of radioactive strontium by vegetation. Still another scientist reported on his study of the content of radioactive strontium in the atmosphere, soil, foodstuff, and human bone. One paper addressed itself to the effect of radiation on heredity. Another paper reported on radioactive carbon in nuclear explosions, etc.

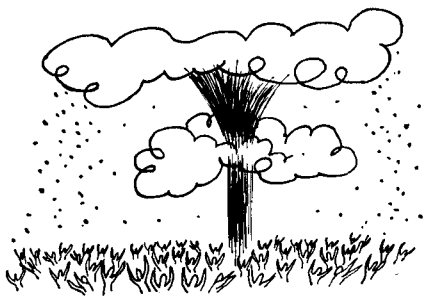
The Soviet scientists participating in these studies were A. V. Lebedinsky, A. K. Sakharov, V. P. Shredov, L. I. Gedeonov, V. M. Klechkovsky, I. V. Gulyakin, B. V. Kurchatov, P. M. Chulkov, N. I. Borisova, V. M. Shubko, N. P. Dubinin, G. G. Tinyakov, M. A. Arsenyeva.

In every principal respect, the Soviet documents confirm and underscore the findings of scientific commissions concerned with this problem throughout the world. The reports of such bodies as the National Academy of Sciences (USA), the International Commission on Radiation Standards of the U.N., the Special Committee on Atomic Energy of the Science Council of Japan, the Medical Research Council of Britain's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and the Indian Atomic Energy Commission, are fully substantiated, updated, and amplified by the Soviet scientists. Indeed, in some respects the Soviet reports go far beyond any previous scientific documentation of the dangers.

FOR example, the paper by A. D. Sakharov contends that fifty megatons of fission would claim from 200,000 to 300,000 lives a year for several years, after which its harmful effects would continue, albeit in sharply reduced forms, for centuries to come. In fact, as a result of previous testing up through 1958, Dr. Sakharov wrote, "The total number of victims is already one million persons."

This means that the fifty-megaton nuclear explosion by the Soviet Union will claim at least one million lives throughout the world in the foreseeable future, according to the calculations of Soviet scientists themselves.

Addressing himself to the effects of radioactive carbon, Dr. Sakharov said that one megaton of fission produces 2,200 hereditary diseases in the years ahead. This translates to 110,000 hereditary defects or diseases for a single fifty-megaton bomb.



The emphatic conclusion reached by the Soviet scientists is that nuclear testing is no longer to be regarded as a theoretical danger, as has been claimed by advocates of nuclear testing and stockpiling in this country and, more currently, by the political head of the Soviet Union. Instead, the Soviet scientists in this report conclude that testing is an assault against mankind.

Attached to the reports of the Soviet scientists was a request from the publisher for comments and suggestions. We failed to comply with the request at the time we received the material. We do so now. We are writing to the publisher in Moscow to say we are prepared to accept their findings at face value, saying we know of no piece of scientific literature in the world today that can serve as a more thorough indictment of atmospheric testing. The indictment is not a casual one. It is fully documented and is pointed squarely at the Soviet government, which, by the testimony of its own scientists, has already condemned at least two million people throughout the world to death from leukemia or other forms of cancer, quite apart from more than 200,000 babies who will be defective at birth.

We are pointing out in our letter that these figures are based on the estimate of more than 100 megatons of fission resulting from the current series of tests by the Soviet Union.

Acceding to the request for further advice, we are suggesting in our letter that the Soviet reports be given the widest possible circulation inside the Soviet Union. It would be important, to be sure, that the reports be attached to a factual statement concerning the current Soviet series of atmospheric tests. There seems to be some question that present nuclear testing by the Soviet Union is a matter of general knowledge by the Soviet people. Nor is there any evidence that the fact of world indignation has been reported in the Soviet press. In any case, a full statement concerning the massive testing program and the world reaction should be appended to the reports by the scientists.

IN making these suggestions, we are not being facetious or caustic. The fallout will not skip over the Soviet Union. The people in the Soviet Union, who hold as valid a claim on life as any other people, will not be spared by the radioactive poisons. They are entitled to know that their government, in the name of national security, has pumped large quantities of poison into the sky, that these poisons will rain down on crops and watersheds, to become part of the metabolic chain of nature, and that the resultant human suffering and disfiguration will be indiscriminate and widespread.

We are pointing out, of course, that we have not just stumbled on this matter, the better to exploit it for political purposes. Moreover, our criticism of our own government, while it was engaged in atmospheric testing several years ago, was specific and severe. Meanwhile, however, we are grateful for two things. First, that our government has so far abstained from following the monstrous example of the Soviet Union in testing atmospherically, and that, second, if it should, we will be free to split the sky with our indignation and do everything within our power as free citizens to keep the United States from falsely seeking security at the expense of humankind.

—N.C.

* Soviet Scientists Report on Nuclear Tests, edited by A. V. Lebedinsky, published by Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1960.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SHELTERS AND SCHOOLS

IT IS MY FEELING *SR*'s editorials on fallout shelters should be reprinted and distributed to every classroom teacher throughout the nation. Without question, this subject should be part of the curriculum in all of the schools so that the children might, in the unemotional atmosphere of the classroom, learn and understand the intense story of the war that is being waged for the minds, hearts, and souls of man.

NEAL V. MUSMANNO,
Deputy Superintendent,
Commonwealth of Pennsylvania
Department of Public Instruction.
Harrisburg, Pa.

SHELTERS AND STATUS

I WAS SO MOVED by the trenchant appraisal of the bomb shelter situation that I would like to distribute it to this congregation. N.C. has done all mankind a favor by gathering these facts together in so short a compass and by making the issue so clear. . . .

Incidentally, shelters have apparently become a status symbol on the order of swimming pools. Only the well-to-do will die underground.

JOHN L. DUNHAM, Minister,
Concord Methodist Church.
Dayton, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints of the three parts of "Shelters, Survival, and Common Sense" are available at the following rates: single copies, 10 cents each; 2-50 copies, 8 cents each; 51-500 copies, 5 cents each; 501-1,000 copies, 4 cents each; over 1,000 copies, 3 cents each. Orders may be addressed to the Circulation Department. Since these reprints are being offered at less than cost, SR asks that payment accompany requests in order to eliminate the additional expenses involved in billing.*

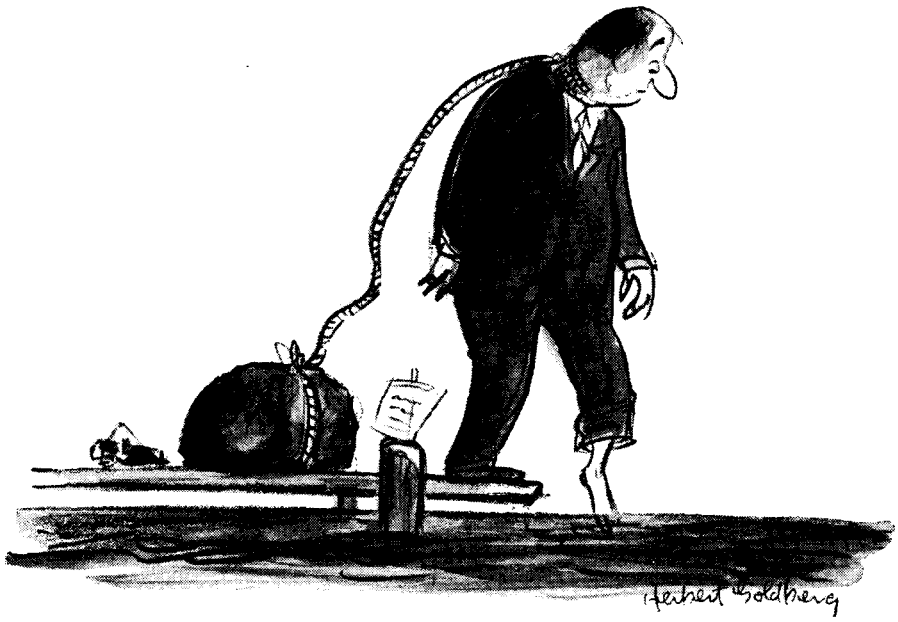
ANALOGY

THE RATIONALE for fallout shelters is entirely logical. Fallout shelters are to civilization as lifeboats to a ship—a means of survival. They are not certain survival; if a bomb is too close, you will die. Lifeboats, too, can tip over in launching. However, there is no doubt that, used nationally, fallout shelters will reduce casualties and save lives.

Disasters of all kinds bring out both the best and the worst in people. Some men would shoot each other in struggles to get into the shelter. Likewise, people have been trampled to death and thrown into the sea in attempts to get into lifeboats. However, we do not denounce lifeboats for this.

N.C.'s alternative to shelters—more effort toward peace on the part of the United States—is childish. Anyone who believes that the Communists can be talked out of their destiny of world conquest has more naïveté than that which destroyed Woodrow Wilson.

EDWARD H. ROMNEY.
St. Johnsbury, Vt.



REMINDER

TO THE MANY COMMENTS that will be forthcoming on "Shelters, Survival, and Common Sense," may I add this thought: Inasmuch as Civil Defense Coordinator Keith Dwyer has styled himself as theological mentor-at-large for the American public with an obvious lack of knowledge of, at least, Christian theology, should he not be reminded, when exhorting his charges that there is "nothing in the Christian ethic which denies one's right to protect oneself and one's family," that immediately after Christ said, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you," he said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"?

NEWTON TRAMMELL, JR.
Atlanta, Ga.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED

ANOTHER SAD ASPECT of the fallout shelter situation is that the spoilers and profiteers are out in full force. The newspaper ads are now selling the latest bomb shelters by every fly-by-night contractor in the country; magazines are featuring the do-it-yourself shelter; the stores are pushing survival kits. . . . Just how asinine and opportunistic can you get?

JOHN H. STALEY, JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

POWER FOR PEACE

WE HAVE READ much in our family about the question of bomb shelters, but nowhere have we found the sentiment we feel expressed so profoundly, beautifully, and sensibly as in *SR*. As Catholics we pray daily for peace, believing this is the power that can change men's hearts; as Americans we talk earnestly with neighbors who are building shelters in this missile-ridden, SAC-based city of Tucson. Now, armed with N.C.'s plea, we will distribute it as widely as we can, hoping where our words have failed, his will not. . . .

SUSAN MATTHEWS.
Tucson, Ariz.

HOW BIG SHOULD A SHELTER BE?

THE CITY of Tucson is ringed around by eighteen hardened Titan missile installations. Needless to say, there is a lively interest among Tucsonians in civil defense fallout shelters. For myself, I have finally solved the problem of how large the shelter ought to be and how to stock it adequately.

The shelter must be large enough to accommodate approximately three billion people. All have an equal right to existence, and therefore all must be sheltered.

The shelter must be stocked with adequate food, clothing, housing, medical care, and educational opportunity for the three billion. Also essential is a great supply of understanding, humility, sympathy, courage, and love. This shelter will also offer sunshine, fresh, uncontaminated air, plants and animals, woods, fresh water and oceans, a starry roof at night, and many other wonders for the occupants to share.

In my heart I hope that this is the shelter which we will chose to build. I know that it is the only one that affords safety for any of us.

MARIAN MARTIN
Tucson, Ariz.

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New York Renaissance?

CHEERING news to the adherents of increased film production in the East has been the box-office success of "Splendor in the Grass" and "The Hustlers," both made in and around New York City. Other "New York" movies are on the way; they include "The Miracle Worker," "Something Wild," "Requiem for a Heavyweight," and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." Should they justify the hopes of their producers, considerable fuel will be added to the claim that Eastern moviemaking represents a refreshing change in concept from the Hollywood kind. There have been those who have become bold enough to say that New York is now ripe and ready for a new and modern film studio, one offering facilities for a variety of productions of an independent nature.

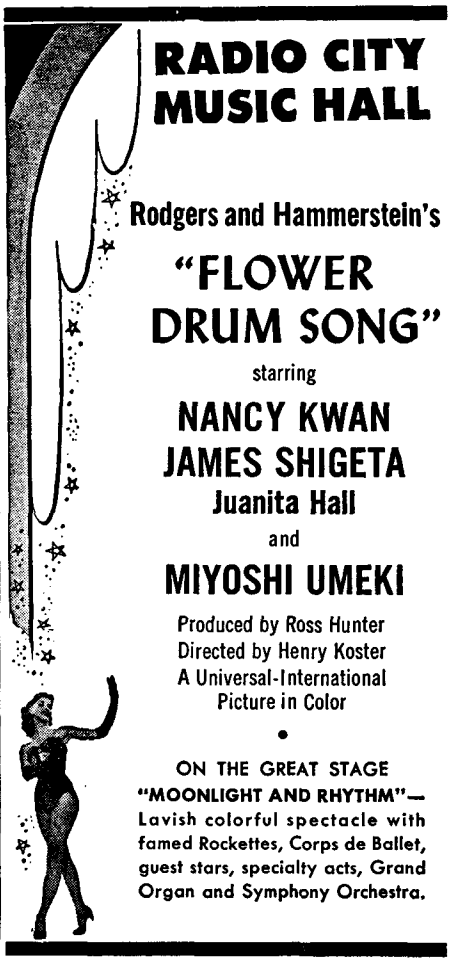
Studio space does, of course, exist in New York. In fact, there are four studios that are frequently used by stubborn advocates of Eastern production such as Elia Kazan, Robert Rossen, Sidney Lumet, and George Justin. The Gold Medal Studio in the Bronx and Filmways in upper Manhattan are two that have housed major productions. Why, then, the cry for a New York studio that would involve expensive new construction and a host of union and tax problems? In a practical sense, New York's studios are limited in space and facilities, and none are equipped so completely that all the various craft operations involved in the making of a film can be centralized.

But the sentiment for a large, unified New York studio goes beyond practicalities of the moment, and is based more on cultural considerations. New York, for one thing, is a cultural nexus that attracts our major talents in the performing and artistic fields, it is an immense reservoir of talent quite superior, I'm afraid we must all recognize, to the Hollywood concentration. Los Angeles cannot, as yet, make any great claim to cultural distinction; and the jet age notwithstanding, that far-Western city sprawl is still relatively isolated, culturally speaking. With the film medium showing increasing artistic restlessness, the New York ideas are gaining ground, while Hollywood remains mired in slickness and superficiality.

Among those who envision a modern film center for New York is real estate tycoon William Zeckendorf. He sees a stretch of property in Bayswater, a section of the Bronx, as a potential location for a large film center that would include the most modern of facilities. There is considerable opinion to the effect that Hollywood's technical facilities are all but obsolete, and certainly the major studios have shown more inclination toward selling off their real estate and sinking oil shafts than toward modernization. As Zeckendorf sees it, a New York film center would embrace six or eight large sound stages (easily subdivided into smaller working spaces), experimental laboratories, and a school where the film arts could be learned and practiced under excellent conditions.

Because of the approximately $15,000,000 that would be needed for such a venture, aid would be required from both city and governmental sources, although not to the extent required by the Lincoln Center project (see page 39). Yet the commercial feasibilities are there, too. Production would be inevitably drawn toward the East, if sufficient accommodation existed, and the entire independent film movement would have a centralized home for its operations. Studio control would be relatively absent from operations in New York City.

THIS is the kind of thinking that is currently animating much of the talk among film circles, not only in New York, but in Hollywood, too. The main reason for West Coast settling by screenwriters, directors, and others who make up the "creative" cadre of Hollywood is an economic one. The drift back to New York would be pronounced if a substantial segment of the industry were to be established there. It has been noticeable abroad that moviemaking is not separate from the main body of artistic and cultural endeavor. In England, film production is centered around London; the same is true of Paris, Rome, and Stockholm. Hollywood seldom competes on the levels of quality achieved frequently abroad. One reason for this, perhaps, is that Hollywood is "out of things." And even when striking examples of the film art are shown in this country, their effect and influence are felt first in the East. Months later, films like "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," and "L'Avventura" turn up, if at all, on the West Coast. New York, for good or ill, is the film bazaar, one reason why many dissatisfied directors, writers, and producers speak of the lack of creative nourishment in the West. Go East, young man, may well be the film slogan of the future. —HOLLIS ALPERT



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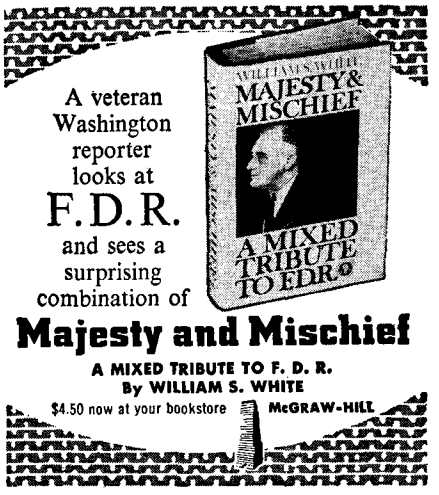
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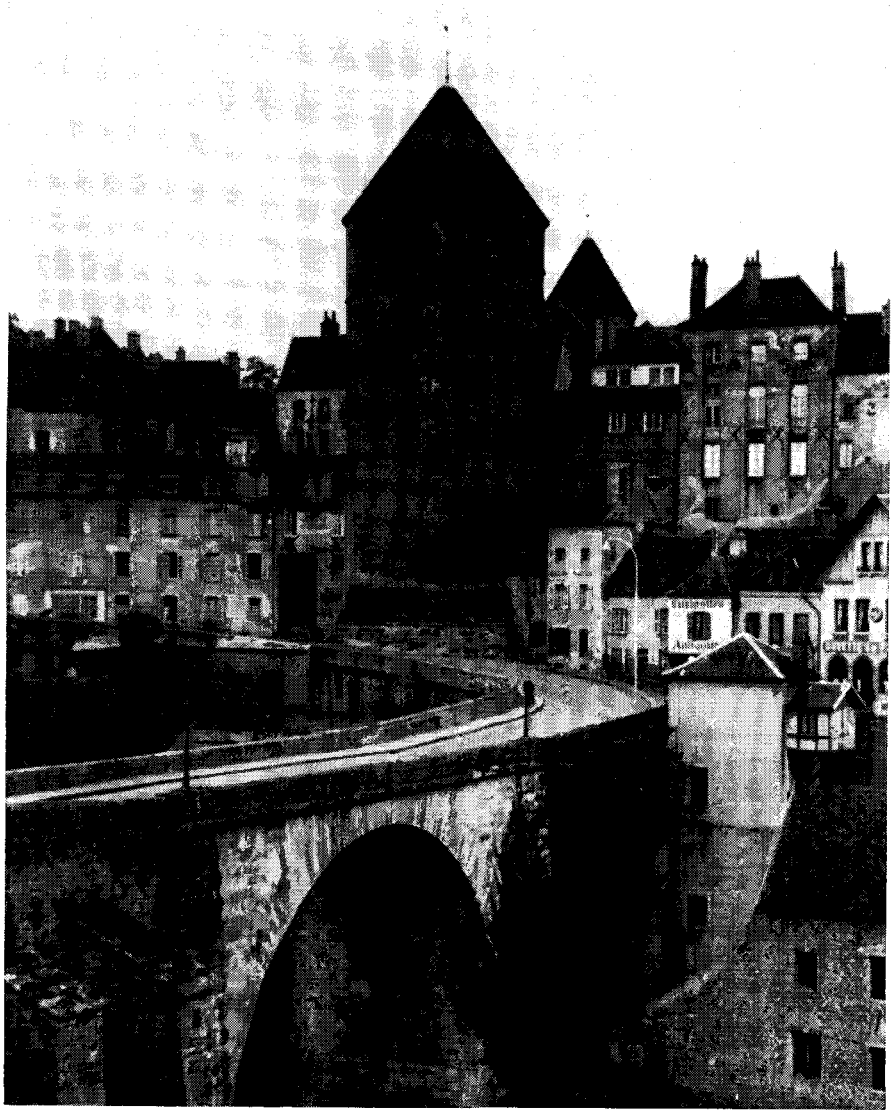
A Truffling Matter

THOSE of you who were in class last week will recall having put us to bed at the Hostellerie de la Poste at Avallon (Napoleon was once put to bed here, too) on an eight-dollar dinner of pike, crayfish, and a *tarte aux pommes des demoiselles Tatin*, to mention only a few of the palliatives dispensed by the management for that sum. The morrow bloomed gray and foreboding but we headed south toward our general goal, the French Riviera, meanwhile plotting every inch of the way so as not to miss the best that France has to offer either in scenery or cuisine. This double-pronged purpose of our trip frequently had us at sixes and sevens, not knowing whether to linger longer than was necessary in order to arrive at some gastronomic temple at the proper time, or whether to roll southward in order to make the Mediterranean at least before the winter monsoons.

It was that kind of a problem that faced us the morning we quit Avallon, for only twenty-five miles to the south lay the famed Côte d'Or, the unsurpassable three-star restaurant of the Dumaines (*SR*, June 1, 1957) which once inspired an eating club of Paris to travel down to Saulieu just for lunch, to present M. Dumaine with a profile written about him by Joseph Wechsberg in *The New Yorker*, translated by the board of governors into French.



Waiting for a knight—Semur-en-Auxois looks like a "child's fort in the window of F. A. O. Schwarz."

With some remorse we agreed to bypass Saulieu, and we satisfied our souls by picking up a back road out of Avallon in order to make our way to Semur-en-Auxois, which had been presented to us as one of the most picturesque of small cities of France. We found it in a blistering rainstorm at the end of a dung-splattered road, and it rose in great grey wrinkled majesty high above a river called the Armançon. The rain failed to dismay the fishermen working the river below. Above them the four round towers with their pointed turrets seemed taken from a child's fort on display in the window of F.A.O. Schwarz. We rode across the stone bridge that spans the river and breached the main gate of town, cruising through the narrow streets and arched porticos. Tea shops and antique stores were closed after a harried summer of tourists, and there was no one save an old crone who sleeps in the back of it, to tend the *Syndicat d'Initiative*, the local chamber of commerce. Once a year the town erupts in a sudden single day's paroxysm of pageantry when on the last day of May horses run the Course de la Bague, which first began in 1639 and is the oldest horse race in all France.

We followed the back roads to Beaune, that traditional center of Burgundy's wine lands, rolling over rain-glistened paved byways barren of any car. We got there too early for lunch, but not too early to find the glass-cased *Syndicat d'Initiative* that faces the ancient Hôtel Dieu closed for the midday hiatus. No one came to the ancient door of the Hôtel Dieu either and we had to settle on a dispirited lunch in the rather dreary Hôtel de la Poste, reputedly the best of Beaune. It was the only place on the *grande route des calories* where our judgment and Michelin's went separate ways. Michelin gives it a solitary star. We found it less heavenly, and it especially perplexed us to find so little reverence given to matters *culinaire*—even *boeuf Bourguignon*, for heaven's sake—here at wine's own well.

By the time we had hustled the waiter—we were sure he was working part time and simultaneously at a place next door—through the lunch, the sisters in their beautiful white butterfly hats were skittering across the courtyard of the Hôtel Dieu in Beaune and the lights were on behind the plate-glass windows of the *Syndicat*. The old hospital is a marvelous relic with its two floors of arcades and its roof of many-colored shingles. Built in the middle 1400s, the Hôtel Dieu is still in use, and I was, I confess, somewhat startled when the guide ushered us into a room filled with patients who looked back at us with equal uncertainty. Much of the enormous casern has had to be closed, and the Salles des Pauvres, the charity ward used until the last war, is now

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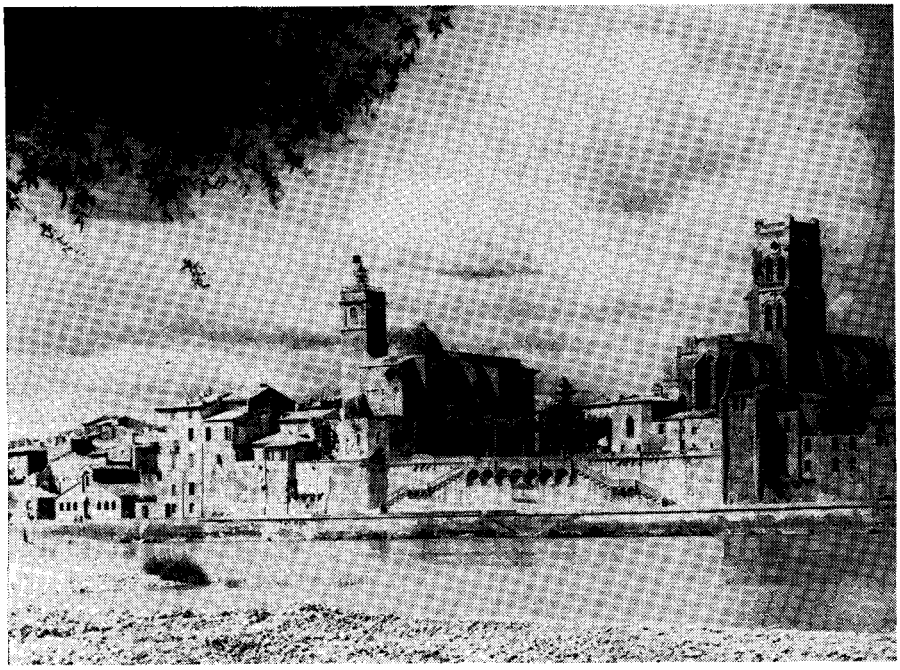

Rhone residence—This is Pont-St. Esprit, the ancestral home of the Bouviers, once celebrated only because of its Bridge of the Holy Ghost. Shortly after a descendant moved into the White House, the town opened its first chamber of commerce.

only a museum where tourists may see the beds, all of which faced the chapel. Two or three patients were assigned to each bed for mutual warmth, but despite these measures the hall was too large to heat and had to be abandoned. Just a museum, too, is the old pharmacy with its marvelous bottles that once held *oxide de fer noir, eau de camomille, alcoolat de citron,* and other nostrums that helped to comfort the ill of Burgundy for the last 500 years. The rains came again, thundering against the roof while a guide intoned on the glories of "The Last Judgment", a famed treasure painted by Roger Van der Weyden. Outside, the gargoyles posted in the corners of the building were spitting rainwater into the courtyard below. The nuns, with their white starched headgear, allegedly patterned after hats worn by the wife of the founder of the hospice, had long since fled the tempest. They were secure in the darkened chapel where their thin voices, sounding like notes we used to blow on wax pitch pipes (later to be chewed), were a fragile endorsement of their enduring faith.

Our lodging that night was chosen, as I look back on it now, too deep along our trail to insure a comfortable day's driving. For one thing, the thought of the mileage to be covered that day had required us to give up the Côte d'Or at Saulieu. Alas, we arrived at that other world-renowned temple of taste, the Restaurant de la Pyramide at Vienne, at five in the afternoon. It was, of course, far too early for dinner,—the management was busy playing cards in a front parlor—and it was only after sending in my card that some whist player in a position of authority allowed a waiter to serve us tea. While we certainly do not qualify for the limited circle of those who have dined at the Pyramide (three stars), still I can report that the restaurant is, after all, an ordinary assembly of tables and chairs indoors, and a magnificent park for outdoor dining in season, with terraces looking out over the brick dust walks and the Pyramide itself, a relic left over from the days when Vienne was the second capital of Roman Gaul, a metropolis on the Rhone along the route between Burgundy, Provence, and the Mediterranean, a road which we at that moment were pursuing.

WITH better planning we could, of course, have arranged to stay at Vienne —the Pyramide also operates its own *résidence,* for example—but we had engaged rooms in the minuscule town of Baix at an old riverside inn called the Cardinale. It is called the Cardinale because Cardinal Richelieu, that scheming planner and politician, is said to have passed some restful days here in seclusion, landing from the river that flows by the door. The patron of the Cardinale is the charter member and, for that matter, the organizing founder of the Relais de Campagne, an association of hotel-keepers who own off-the-highway country inns. Some are the original owners of country manors which they have transformed into *hostelleries.* All are pledged to a high standard of comfort, offering such traditionally un-French items as soap, lipstick-and-razor tissues, sewing kits, and shoe polish.

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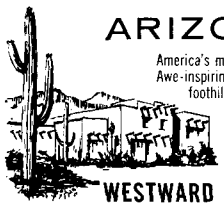

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members, the Relais now number fifty in France, from No. 17, the Château de Montreuil in Boulogne, to No. 36, the Hôtel Thermal at Prades near the Spanish border. The union is spreading into other countries and members have been admitted, at one of the two conventions held each year, from Germany, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy. When the United States of Europe is declared the Relais de Campagne will be there with a country-wide membership.

As for its member at Baix, the rooms were essentially comfortable although all are not with bath, and there is a terrace of umbrella-topped tables set under a flying buttress of old stone for outdoor dining. The Rhone, as I have indicated, flows past the door, or at least past the parking area, while the other side of the house, much to my astonishment, opens into the middle of the tiny village itself where roosters strut, uncomfortably, I suspect, over the broken-stone cobbles.

The next morning we came skimming down the west shore of the Rhone, ducking frequently under tunnels of plane and chestnut trees in full leafy exuberance. It is hard to say just when Provence, that storied corner of France, does in fact begin. The new English-language Baedeker, which I carried with me, and which I thought had been rather spottily updated, thinks it begins at Montélimar, just south of Baix where we had spent the night. At Pont-St. Esprit, however, we found the brand-new *Syndicat d'Initiative*, only opened this past July, sporting a sign reading:

C'est la Porte de la Provence
Des Touristes le paradis
C'est la gaiété, c'est la Jouvence
Un séjour à Pont Saint Esprit.

Named after the Bridge of the Holy Ghost across the Rhone, built in the fourteenth century, the town has inherited a new renown since it is the ancestral seat of the Bouviers, one of whose far-flung relations is married to the thirty-fifth president of the United States. The town was in the midst of market day when we stopped by, and what with the streets being dug up and parking a severe problem it looked less like a gay paradise than a corner of New York. Although there were no Bouviers in sight—what is left of the clan lives in the country, the *directeur* of the *Syndicat*, who is also the author of the poem, assured us—almost anybody was willing to discuss *our* Bouvier with us, and it is our bet that the new doorway to Provence will shortly be adorned with an *Auberge Jacqueline*, or a *Chez la First Lady*, if not indeed a new statue in the square.

—Horace Sutton.

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Why Did Howard K. Smith Leave?

IT IS both curious and significant that CBS News, in announcing the sudden departure from the network of Howard K. Smith, its Washington bureau chief and respected news analyst, reported the fact truthfully but failed to report the truth about the fact. The subtle and all-important distinction is not a mere play with words; it is the very heart of a torturous dilemma, which, unresolved except in rigid, almost obsessive CBS terms, is undermining the once high image of the network among many of its admirers and impairing the morale of its news department.

The network and Mr. Smith jointly announced earlier this month that their relations had been "terminated because of a difference in interpretation of CBS news policy." To all inquirers, representatives of CBS and Smith himself (who had been with CBS for twenty years) declined by common agreement to say more. The event is news, however, and the fact is not enough. Those who are seriously concerned about broadcasting have a moral duty to seek the truth, even if it be approximate truth and based in part on enforced surmise.

In a network news department, as in other groupings, there may often be an undertow of personal politics that muddies the waters of a clear issue. Nevertheless, the cutting of the Smith-CBS cord has its chief roots deep in the early origins of Chairman of the Board William S. Paley's approach to the broadcasting of news. Impressed by the dangers inherent in control by a few owners of so vast and vital a source of information and opinion as a broadcasting network, the man who pioneered radio's independence in news has almost religiously dictated a policy of "fair and balanced" news presentation. This has meant the separation of opinion from fact, and the prohibition of "editorializing" in news analysis. It has kept CBS from offering, as ABC has done, the various shades of political opinion.

There are reporters and reporters; some feel morally bound, if they are burdened with an idea, to express it, out of a sense of obligation to their consciences and the common good. They are aware that adding dimensions of "truth" to facts, however well intentioned, as Elmer Davis once wrote, may be dangerous where the reporter mistakes his prejudices for evidence. But they also know the other great gulf, "the false objectivity that takes everything at face value and lets the public be imposed upon by the charlatan with the most brazen front. . . ." Mr. Smith's troubles with the CBS blue pencil, it is rumored, occured in his radio broadcasts and not on television programs. A recent issue of *Radio-TV Daily* reported that in 1960 "CBS is alleged to have objected to a Smith news script in which he is believed to have cited ideological contrasts between then President Eisenhower and Nixon as his Vice President. Smith is said to have refused to revise his text and, informants said, the broadcast never got on the air."

No doubt there were other troubles, accumulating in a collision course that unhappily ended in rough emotions and a virtual breakdown in communications between network officials and the reporter. Mr. Smith is not the only able, responsible reporter who left the network due to causes related to the same dilemma. Edward R. Murrow's departure had been rather expected by the CBS news staff; the sudden Smith break was not, and, according to a source close to CBS, has left an "icy cold" feeling. The CBS policy which seems to limit perceptive reporters to the point of absolute frustration might benefit by some re-examination. All of us need limits, but in the absence of obviously evil motivations, the modern social-responsibility theory of the press sets limits not only for employees but also for management. Broadcasting has moved along in news handling since the days of the early radio world threatened by the controlled propaganda of Hitler and Mussolini. The libertarian theory of the press, held by many in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, was based on the idea of man as a rational being who would do what was right if he were merely given all the facts.

In our time, many still cling to the belief in this rational man, but there is some evidence that he can also be lazy about using his reason, and become an easy prey for manipulation. "Therefore," writes Theodore Peterson in the book "Four Theories of the Press," "the more alert elements of the community must goad him into the exercise of his reason. Without such goading, man is not likely to be moved to seek the truth." And the truth, as Howard K. Smith and other outstanding news analysts have maintained, is more than the fact. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rubinstein, Konya—Case of the Misguided Critic

HAVING run out of other competition for the title of greatest living pianist, Artur Rubinstein has now taken up the challenge of the only remaining claimant for such honor —himself. The musical decathlon in which he is engaged in Carnegie Hall between Halloween and Thanksgiving has only one precedent in recent years —the pentathlon in which he played seventeen concerti in 1957. Some might cite the seven-concert sequence of Sviatoslav Richter, but it was narrower in range of repertory, and had some repetitions, which Rubinstein disdains.

Some might also cite Richter as a man, presently, of greater pianistic capacity. This would hardly be remarkable, as he is twenty-five (or more) years younger. But the accolade of performer par excellence was Rubinstein's even before the first program was completed. Listeners to the right of him, listeners to the left of him volleyed and thundered their applause, but Rubinstein rode right on, into the valley of death (to many pianists) represented by the finale of Beethoven's "Appassionata." Having launched the movement at a rashly chosen tempo, he retrieved it in the only way possible: with an even faster one for the coda. Despite a threat of disorder, the large line emerged intact, for what the pianist found impossible, the performer made palatable.

In a ten-event equivalent of an Olympic test in which Rubinstein is engaged, there will be the pianistic parallel of dashes and distance races, flats and hurdles, jumps and weight-lifting. I would not, however, expect to hear the vaulting lightness and airborne grace of his D flat Nocturne of Chopin surpassed. Here, in the midst of tumult and excitement, was a long-sustained sigh of completely controlled perfection.

"Lohengrin" was more nearly itself at its first performance of the Metropolitan season than it has been for some time past. A new "hand" of performers undoubtedly played its part, but the real results related to the informed, poised, and still individual way in which the cards were shuffled by Joseph Rosenstock. His was the kind of Wagner conducting that carried the singers on a texture of sound which aided rather than impeded them in doing the best of which they were capable.

In some instances this was very good indeed, beginning with the Lohengrin of Sandor Konya, in his Metropolitan debut. An excellent musician, a capable actor, he also is that real Wagnerian rarity—a tenor with a voice of quality as well as volume. Such fresh, freely produced sound is a pleasure in any circumstances, but especially in these, for he blends full command of the German text with a timbre more customary in Puccini or Verdi. Now and then he indulged his Italianate inclinations with an emotional sob, but he could, perhaps, be persuaded to reserve it in future for such roles as Johnson in "Fanciulla" which he also sings. The Metropolitan should insure him against damage, theft, or marine disaster.

AS Elsa, Ingrid Björner earned marks for distinction, although she did not perform with as much assurance in her debut. Possibly because of the unfamiliar surroundings, her tones were a little unsteady in Act I. She improved measurably thereafter, and though her sound tends to be strong rather than sweet and not too rich in overtones, it is accurate and generally true to the pitch, a malleable complement to her good appearance. Irene Dalis sang a practiced Ortrud in her first attempt with the part here, conveying dramatic venom without vocal vinegar. In the lower range, the ensemble had a secure Telramund in Walter Cassel and a broadly sonorous King Henry from the ever more artistic Jerome Hines. Norman Mittlemann marked himself for future attention by making the debut role of the Herald a showpiece for his vibrant, well-shaded baritone. In all, including the thoughtful stage direction of Ralph Herbert, this "Lohengrin" promised good things ahead for the Metropolitan's lyric Wagner.

The new, more highly refined Herbert von Karajan made conducting look easy and the art of drawing finely molded sound from such an orchestra as the Berlin Philharmonic a mere matter of mesmerism in their two appearances together in Carnegie Hall. Whether the subject in hand was the B minor Suite of Bach, Beethoven's "Eroica," or the Seventh Symphony of Bruckner, Karajan demonstrated a working arrangement that was less a matter of men and master than of instigator and instigated.

A man of keen musical intelligence as well as artistic insight, Karajan has divined that most orchestras, especially such fine ones as the Berlin Philharmonic, are usually overconducted. His method tends to the rudder rather than the whip, reserving time-beating and cues to the moments when they are meaningful—at tempo changes or when a tricky upbeat entrance impends. All is clarity and consideration, based on thoroughgoing preparation.

That the outcome nevertheless has more to do with mechanics than with expression is no indictment of the method. It is, simply, that Karajan has more interest in design than in content, in the glossy surface rather than the throbbing musical purpose that lies beneath it. A deviation intruded during the second concert, in which Leontyne Price participated as solo soprano for "V'adoro, pupille" from Handel's "Giulio Cesare" and Leonore's great scene from "Fidelio." This determined singer distinguished well the vocal needs of the two opposed styles, giving line its due and meaning its function (with no suggestion of the vocal distress that forced her to give up "Fanciulla del West" at the end of the second act two nights later). Karajan's adroit management of the orchestra added measurably to the effect of each, though his horns had several passages of unsteadiness in "Abscheulicher."

Which provides a da capo to a subject under recent discussion here. To the concluding sentence of "The Case of the Reluctant Horn Player" (*SR*, Oct. 28) should be appended an additional brief: "The Case of the Misguided Critic." At the time of the "Fidelio" broadcast from the Metropolitan in which the ragged playing of the horn passages in "Abscheulicher" added another patchy chapter to the sequence of mishaps afflicting the horn section in that season (1959-60), the information I received—upon inquiry of responsibility—pointed to one particular player. I did not then know his name, nor associate any individual with that episode, until the whole subject was exposed for public discussion many months later (last summer).

Since attributing this shortcoming to Lester Salomon, I have replayed the recording and reached the following conclusion: Inaccuracies in the second horn part were present but not major; the particular ones to which I referred were in the playing of the third horn. What happened on this occasion should not be charged to Salomon, but to a section mate (since his name has not been part of any public discussion, it need not be mentioned here).

No one else has heard the record and it will not be a factor in the decision still pending, as I have informed the Secretary of Labor's office of my misfeasance. I apologize to Salomon and strike this recollection from any opinion I may have acquired of him as a horn player. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Progress Reports

SINCE the scheme of partially subsidized permanent resident companies performing on fluid stages has come to be accepted as the best answer to the American theatre's present difficulties, it is heartening to report two new developments that constitute real progress toward that end.

First is the news that the Lincoln Center Repertory Company will inaugurate its first thirty-three-week season of four or five plays in October, 1963. Two of these plays will be directed by Elia Kazan, who along with Robert Whitehead will guide the destinies of the new company of thirty-five performers. This company will be made up of the best actors available, people equipped to play a wide variety of classic and modern roles, and sufficiently dedicated to the repertory way of work to sign a two-season contract at much less than they would be paid on Broadway or in Hollywood.

The building in which they will perform will contain an 1,100-seat theatre whose stage can be altered within two hours from a proscenium arch type to an open stage like the one at Stratford, Ontario. Because the proscenium arch will be adjustable and because the balcony only hangs over the last three rows of the orchestra, the theatre will have adequate sight lines from all seats, and because no seat will be more than sixty-five feet from the stage, intimacy will be preserved. Unlike other auditoriums in Lincoln Center, it has not been planned with the restrictive condition that it must suit the traditional conventions of production. And even more unusual is the fact that the building was designed by a theatre person (scene designer Jo Mielziner) in equal collaboration with an architect (the late Eero Saarinen).

There will also be a rehearsal studio, to be called the Forum, which will have 299 seats and which will not only give the actors a feeling of theatre during their rehearsals, but which also can be used to test new plays of special appeal that do not require literal settings. When the Forum is not being used by the company it will be made available to avante-garde theatre groups and to some of the nation's drama schools that may wish to demonstrate their work in New York.

For those who cannot wait until 1963, I recommend a trip to Washington, D.C., where Arena Stage has just opened the world's first theatre-in-the-round to be unequivocally designed and built from the ground up. Designed by architect Harry Weese to specifications presented him by Zelda Fichandler and based upon her experience in operating Arena Stage's two previous makeshift theatres-in-the-round, it features a rectangular 30-by-36-foot playing area surrounded on its four sides by 752 seats in steeply banked blocks. There is an admirable lack of decoration inside the theatre, which along with its judiciously planned lighting installations places the emphasis where it belongs: on the stage. Indeed, the only slight distraction now present is the white concrete walls of the four tunnels through which actors and wagons carrying skeletal houses, etc., enter and exit. And this can easily be corrected with a couple of coats of flat black paint.

The inaugural production is Bertolt Brecht's **"The Caucasian Chalk Circle"** in a new English version by John Holmstrom. In general the production and the adaptation emphasize the lyricism and the humor of this narrative morality tale about the abandoned Governor's child who after being rescued by a peasant girl must be awarded to its rightful parent. The costumes and masks are colorful. The new melodies Teiji Ito has composed are sweeter than was Paul Dessau's original strident music. And Alan Schneider has directed the play with an eye to its universal qualities.

The Arena Stage Acting Company is led by two of Broadway's strongest performers: David Hurst, who casts a spell with his narration and who makes a vigorously funny if somewhat unsubtle judge, and Ray Reinhardt as a soldier who loves the peasant girl, Grusche. But the delightful surprise of this production is Melinda Dillon's performance as Grusche. Miss Dillon, who was discovered by Mr. Schneider in Chicago, where she played at the Goodman Theatre and with the "From the Second City" company, has an adorable forthright beauty that doesn't have anything to do with makeup, coiffure, or pretty features, plus a lovely singing voice. Her Grusche is practical rather than sentimental, and would, I think, have delighted Brecht. It certainly delighted the opening night audience, which went away feeling that the birth of a new theatre had been heralded with the first glow of a bright new star.

Meanwhile, Broadway had a typical week. In the new musical, **"Kwamina,"** Robert Alan Arthur nominally poses a few of the questions facing a newly independent African nation and attempts to link them with a tame misogynistic love story about a London-educated African physician and a pretty lady doctor whose father was a missionary. One of Richard Adler's songs, called "Ordinary People," is catchy but seems wrong for this genre. And despite the efforts of Agnes De Mille, who has seen to it that the show's talented dancers exert 101 per cent, and of Sally Ann Howes, the prettiest musical comedy star in the business and a girl who sings like two larks, the carefully abridged love scenes don't please either the anti-misogynists or the pro-misogynists. Indeed, literal misogynism works infinitely better than this new marriage between the accidental boy-girl romance and the inexorable tribe-democracy epic drama.

Hugh Wheeler's **"Look We've Come Through"** tackles head-on an even more difficult subject. It is a love affair between a passive young man who has been permitting a homosexual relationship with a kindly older man, and a plain and gauche young girl who has deliberately encouraged a handsome but stupid television actor to deflower her. The play is painfully accurate, and under Jose Quintero's direction Collin Wilcox and Ralph Williams give remarkably honest and fervent performances. But, as the show's quick closing may suggest, accuracy and poignant moments require a shape in the author's mind even if the characters are themselves unaware of it. Mr. Wheeler is extraordinary in his ability to depict New York's rat-race society, but he still focuses more like a novelist than like a dramatist.

FINALLY there is Frederick Knott's **"Write Me a Murder,"** which takes us in on the planning of a clever murder and holds us in suspense while we wonder whether it will be committed as planned, and then wonder how the perfect crime is discovered. To make all this spread over an entire evening, Mr. Knott simply stutters. By a *mors ex machina* the original plan is at the last moment made unnecessary. This gives the author a middle act in which he can create a new target for an old weapon. The detective story aficionado may guess the outcome a bit too easily. Nevertheless, under George Schaefer's direction a cast headed by James Donald and Kim Hunter keep us reasonably absorbed in the dusty goings-on in an English manor house, and this trivial entertainment may well outrun any of the season's more significant efforts.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Commentary on Current Quandary

"The Last Exile," by James Aldridge (Doubleday. 738 pp. $6.95), "An End to Glory," by Pierre-Henri Simon, translated by Humphrey Hare (Harper. 154 pp. $3), and "Moment of No Return," by Stephen King-Hall (Ballantine. Paperback. 192 pp. 50¢), hold a mirror up to political problems in Egypt, Algeria, and Berlin. Hal Lehrman, a roving foreign correspondent, wrote "Russia's Europe."

By Hal Lehrman

HAVING lavishly paid out the coin of my most agile years in the hot pursuit of news and of its explanations across three foreign continents, I am now a pushover—on the threshold of dotage—for novels of intrigue, espionage, counter-espionage, and malevolent diplomacy. Nothing (apart from a scrapbook of my own withered and sere dispatches) recalls better to me the marabouts of Marakesh, the hashish parlors of Suez, or the umbilical ballets of Baghdad than a fresh tale about ciphered messages, top-secret blueprints, polite sorties with knife and gun and grenade, a *soupçon* of international assassination, and a jerry-can of conspiracy, all of it preferably mixed and splashed over an Oriental stage behind the orchestration of wailing Islamic pipes.

Nothing, that is, except that other kind of novel, first cousin to the story of intrigue but issue of a less ecstatic, more responsible bed: the topical novel, of power and politics rather than cloak and dagger, the novel about global *reality* as filtered through the lens of art and imagination—in sum, the novel of current events, those that occurred on the innocent day before yesterday's hindsight, or that are transpiring in the perplexed present, or will probably come to pass in the lethal tomorrow as the result of the world's folly last week.

The topical novel is even more evocative of a dormant foreign correspondent's memories than the intrigue novel because, to tell the truth, spy-and-slaughter stories tend to be hyperthyroid, souped-up extravaganzas of the genuine thing. Eric Ambler, or a Hitchcock-type saga stuffed with corpses tumbling out of the Taurus Express, is great for escape and clean fun, but not for holding a mirror up to the nature of authentic diplomatic trapdoors and real-life sinks of political iniquity. To be sure, the topical novel also proposes to entertain, as, for that matter, novels of every category should. But, like the good historical novel dealing more or less accurately with momentous dilemmas long past and hence presumably resolved, the good topical novel develops against a genuine backdrop of contemporary situations outlined with credibility, and recognizable at least to those who have experienced them.

Better still, as its own peculiar hallmark, the topical novel should light up the way we or the world ought to go from here, since by definition it is a commentary on quandaries still besetting us. Provided he has been there

himself, or has done enough objective research to know precisely what he is talking about, a novelist aided by the insights of his art and the freedoms of its form can sometimes produce a wiser and intrinsically truer analysis of a current problem than the total of a hundred newspapers bearing tidings from a thousand reporters.

The trio of topical novels listed above contains an inviting variety of places and problems: Egypt, the Suez-Sinai conflict, and the tumult of the Arab world; Indo-China, Algeria, and the passion play of the French Army; Berlin, the Moscow-London-Washington game of Russian roulette, and the hair-trigger buttons of nuclear war. All three books succeed, to different degrees, in leaving a sharper image of events and background than does a month of TV-radio news roundups. Not all, however, supply good reading, and only one offers both large enlightenment and high excitement in the same package.

"The Last Exile" is over twice as long as the others combined. Its coverage of Egypt's political fauna is encyclopedic: Cairo and London leaders, Gamal Abdul Nasser himself, British generals, French paratroopers, intelligence agents, informers, Egyptian Christians, Egyptian Communists, Moslem Brothers, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Faroukites, Nasserites, fellow-traveling Western journalists, itinerant British parliamentarians, Israeli infiltrators, even a battalion of roving European archeologists.

And all of them talk incessantly, in the felicitous accents of their roles. Australian-born James Aldridge, ex-correspondent and author of topical novels from all over, knows his Nile. Every possible point of view gets its airing. And each is made to sound convincing, even a brief plug for Israel in an otherwise sustained barrage against the dreadful "Zionists." Mr. Aldridge seems to have made his mind up: he and his hero find Nasser an excellent fellow and Nasser's "revolution" virtuous. But the groping reader never sees the light at the end of the tunnel.

This might be acceptable if enough happened on the way to make the journey rewarding. Unfortunately, very little happens. The author's commentaries are erudite, but showy and too often repetitively irrelevant. (He even dilates on agrarian politics and fox-hunting in rural England—a long way from Alexandria and the abysmal *fellaheen*.) Scott, Egyptian-born English ex-captain who accidentally saved an obscure Nasser's life in pre-junta days, is possibly the most phlegmatic literary contrivance since Pickwick's fat boy. He spends nearly all his time avoiding decisions, debating whether or not to intervene for the release of friends interminably hauled off to Nasser's jails, and trying to choose among three presumably desirable but garrulous ladies.

There are, admittedly, two momentous occurrences: an attempted assassination of Nasser, and the Allied assault on Suez. These are narrated with verve—though in each case, without the author's apparently knowing it, the dominant impression is that all the parties concerned are ludicrously incompetent, especially the Egyptians. Boiled down from some 700 pages to perhaps a disciplined 200, "The Last Exile" might have said efficiently what it has to say. In its actual size, it is a swollen bore.

"An End to Glory" is also full of talk. In fact, the slim story is almost entirely conversation between two friends, first in a German P.W. camp after the fall of France, then fifteen years later during a chance meeting in Marseilles. But

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where Aldridge uses dialogue to replace action, Pierre-Henri Simon uses it to extract the essence of many actions through a sequence of surgically incisive flashbacks. And where Aldridge loses his way in a forest of mutually exclusive concepts, Simon holds firmly to a single, noble theme: the crisis of conscience and disillusion in the Army of France.

Jean de Larsan is a patrician of Armagnac, career officer, valid hero in the brief 1940 stand against the Panzer onslaught, Oflag escapee, veteran of the Allied campaigns in North Africa, Italy, Southern France, and the liberation of Paris. To him, as to his fighting ancestors, arms and war were a high vocation, with occupational hazards of death and brutishness, but also with honor, a code of generous chivalry, and the supreme satisfactions of service to one's country.

Larsan is no longer sure. He tells his friend about Indo-China and Algeria, the questionable motives, the dubious methods. He speaks of the Viets who fought France to wrest from her the grant of that human dignity which France had reared them to cherish, of his fellow-officers and superiors in the Algerian bush who fought the *fellagha* with devices of torture and doctrines of mass extermination. His breaking-point has come with the defection to the rebels of his own Moslem aide, son of the Algerian N.C.O. who had been his brother-in-arms from Tunis to the eve of Dien-Bien-Phu.

Now Larsan is in mufti, en route home to tend his native vines, his whole life and its meaning forsaken behind him. One may demur that this earnest book has done less than justice to the other side of the argument in the colonial debate. Nevertheless, "An End to Glory" is an engrossing encounter with the tragedy not only of the French Army, or even of France, but of modern man.

As for "Moment of No Return," a cold-war tale of tomorrow by a noted English writer on nuclear defense and atomic politics, this reviewer for once has absolutely no reservations. It is magnificently first-rate, without chatter or an ounce of the superfluous. Stephen King-Hall's inventive fancy is fed by expert knowledge of the men and forces loose in our deadly decade. His story runs fast. It is satirical and even hilarious at times, but behind the laughter can be heard the hoarse echoes of the frightening truth.

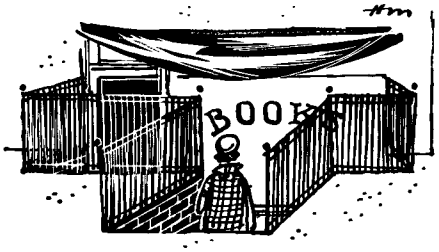
Originally published in England, and probably written while we were choosing up Presidential sides over here ("Mr. Kennix" is the play-it-safe name given the American chief executive in the cast of top-level characters), "Moment of No Return" is an uncannily skilled exercise in political forecast. The scene is Germany, the spark is a plausible East German Communist move to grab West Berlin. Though unauthorized by "Comrade Buglov" in Moscow, this initiative by a Red satellite sets off a completely believable chain-reaction of bluff, betrayal, and mortal misunderstanding until evacuation panic has descended on major capitals, the missiles are poised for triggering, and the world is one split-second from blank extinction. The author being English, he may be forgiven the drollery of selecting the British Prime Minister as the *deus ex machina* who contrives to keep us all alive at the end. It would be a global benefaction for this book to be translated into all languages, particularly the Russian.

Crisis at Geneva

***"The Peacemakers," by Marquis Childs** (Harcourt, Brace. 254 pp. $3.95), takes us behind the scenes at a hypothetical meeting of foreign ministers to ward off nuclear war. CBS correspondent Ned Calmer has been observing international conferences since the days of Briand.*

By Ned Calmer

TO THOSE who over the years have read Marquis Childs's perceptive, hardheaded political columns it will come as no surprise that he knows a Geneva foreign ministers' conference like the back of his hand. The news about "The Peacemakers" is that he also possesses the sensibilities of the born novelist. This veteran journalist is entirely at home in the subtleties of the fiction writer's craft, so that we have



here no mere piece of carpentry mimicking a current fashionable style. We have much more than that—an exceedingly well-wrought and meaningful look into the hearts and minds of the kind of people whose names may be practically household words but whose real selves remain hidden from all but family and a few friends.

The modern minister of foreign affairs whom we see on our television screens, waving from the gangways of jet airliners or hurrying in and out of great stone chancelleries, to or from the inevitable waiting limousine, is as impersonal to most of us as the design of his country's flag. Occasionally we can make a guess at what he's really like to his intimates from watching him speak at the United Nations, or reading a personality sketch in a newspaper, and sometimes we catch a glimpse of the inner man in the remarks that leak out of an off-the-record news conference. But that is as far as it goes, and it never seems long before he has again withdrawn to the comparative anonymity of business or professional life, the latest of a long list of names so rapidly lost to memory in the breakneck speed of contemporary politics.

Marquis Childs is not the first American newspaperman to try to capture the thought, feeling, and atmosphere at the highest level in a moment of world crisis. Nor has he given himself the luxury of six or seven hundred pages of small print to enlarge his canvas. Here, in only 254 pages, he has concentrated on just three major characters living out the brief climax of a period of negotiation which finds the world at the brink of nuclear war. His focus shifts in turn from British Foreign Secretary Geoffrey Hawkes to American Secretary of State Caleb Fulton to French Foreign Minister Frédéric Duhamel, as each confronts the crisis around the Geneva bargaining table and deals with his own government at home as best he can. Their redoubtable opponent, known to them not very affectionately as Stoneface, represents the Soviet Union and seems to hold the trump cards in the crisis at hand.

Freely using real names for verisimilitude, the author has conjured up a situation in which Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba has called upon his Moslem brothers for troops to help him confront a mass French incursion upon his soil. Everybody knows the "Moslems" are crack Russian fighting men, equipped

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. toot. 2. ecce. 3. noon. 4. peep. 5. anna. 6. boob. 7. sees. 8. Otto. 9. deed. 10. poop. 11. sexes. 12. minim. 13. radar. 14. tenet. 15. kayak. 16. solos. 17. refer. 18. madam. 19. rotor. 20. level. 21. redder. 22. Hannah. 23. terret. 24. reviver. 25. repaper.

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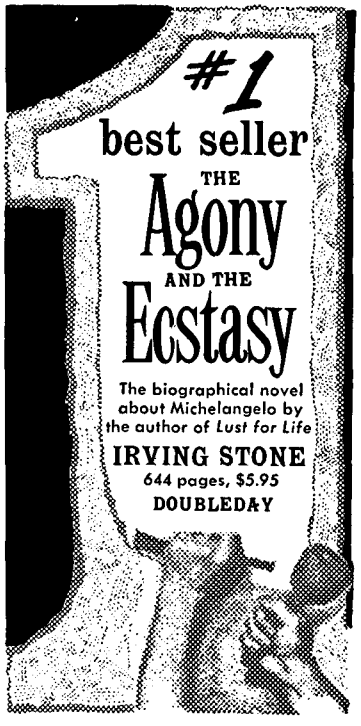
with nuclear weapons. What will the Western Big Three decide to do as the two forces draw inexorably closer to each other? That is the anguished task of their foreign ministers at Geneva, and that is the nub of the story as we follow the successive encounters with Stoneface and the informal meetings of the Westerners to the final showdown.

Along the way, between the tormented soliloquies of the principals, we meet their trusted or not-so-trusted right-hand men, the women who appeal to their most human instincts, and certain others who force their way into the plot. Mr. Childs can write a sensitive and memorable love story but he gives most of his attention to the political problem, and it is greatly to his credit that he manages to make the details as fascinating as the overall hypothetical dilemma. Anyone who wants to get behind the scenes with him—realistically, and not as these things are written for the slick magazines and the television serials—will do well to read "The Peacemakers." It will help toward patience with, and understanding of, what he calls "the long and seemingly futile quadrille" of international negotiation. And it comes precisely at a time when both are badly needed.



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Exotica

Continued from page 27

and then extending the analogy to the rest of Asia, says, "It is not surprising that parliamentary democracy should have been tried or that it should have proved a failure," I, as an Indian, must disagree. Possibly the military regime of Pakistan, its religious exclusiveness, and its first steps towards "basic democracy" (all of which Mr. Toynbee admires) are right for Pakistan. However, I cannot believe that we Asians are offered a choice only of two authoritarian governments and that our attempts at democracy will degenerate into "either a Communist government or a military one." India, Burma, the Philippine Islands, Indonesia, Ceylon, Japan seem to be managing, however precariously, to hold onto a democratic system.

However, these are matters of political opinion, sensitivity, and prophecy, and disagreement on this level in no way diminishes the excitement of Mr. Toynbee's book, which I can only describe as a travel-in-depth.

Red Carpets and Wild Rapids

"The Cloud Forest: A Chronicle of the South American Wilderness," by Peter Matthiessen (Viking. 280 pp. $6.50), and "Golden Wall and Mirador," by Sacheverell Sitwell (World. 286 pp. $7.50), offer impressions of two widely different journeys through the same continent. John A. Crow is the author of "The Epic of Latin America" and "Mexico Today."

By John A. Crow

"THE CLOUD FOREST" is a beautifully written and disturbingly honest book. Peter Matthiessen has written a chronicle of exploration and personal adventure, adding astute commentary on the peoples and wildlife of the Amazon basin, of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, of the Peruvian Sierra with its contiguous eastern jungle. A few pages on Bolivia and Mato Grosso are thrown in. Matthiessen's itinerary covers approximately 20,000 miles across the main areas of wilderness in South America. The great diversity of these wild terrains is memorably described.

The main portion of the narrative logs a hazardous trip from Cuzco down the Urubamba River to the Peruvian jungle town of Pucallpa. The means of transport is a raft of six balsa logs called the *Happy Days*, manned by jungle Indians. Matthiessen's raft and its crew pass through the heart of the great cloud forest, traverse a fearsome stretch of rapids during the season of heavy waters, and emerge finally on the other side. The author gives a detailed account of the expedition with many comments on his traveling companions, the flora, fauna, geography, climate, and tribal life of the area.

The ostensible purpose of this journey is to run down the gigantic fossil jaw of a prehistoric reptilian monster, and to locate some unrecorded ruins in the jungle. Matthiessen finds, photographs, and transports the colossal jaw up the river only to have it snatched away from him by the police because it has been "stolen." He never locates the nebulous jungle ruins.

In the course of his travels he frequently comes across the jungle missions, which he refers to as "charity fresh air camps" and thoroughly disapproves, although he invariably stops at them for rest, food, and the spark of community. Recalling the five missionaries who were killed by the Aucas of Ecuador, as described by one of their widows, he comments tersely: "How moving that account was, and yet how exasperating; the faith which carried them far beyond the limits of courage and adventurousness, which made them, in the most literal sense, damned fools."

Yet Matthiessen states that these missionaries "are all good people doing a good job." Unwittingly, however, they are, he thinks, the shock troops of the white man's conquest. They soften up the wild Indian and make him a clay pigeon for the depraved structure of so-called jungle "civilization." Matthiessen writes that the Indian tribe that "permits itself to come into contact with the white man, on the white man's terms, has perhaps a half-century of existence left to it." He cannot help admiring the wild freedom, grace, and animal skills of the tribal Indian, whose world "is not the mission yard, but the white trees and the swift river, the tracks of a large ocelot or small puma on the sand near the shelter, the lost arrow feathered with blue . . ."

Sacheverell Sitwell's book, on the other hand, while mainly about the An-

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dean countries of South America, is at the opposite pole from Matthiessen's odyssey. Sitwell has the red carpet thrown out for him everywhere he goes. British ambassadors, town mayors, other dignitaries, and residents meet him, regale him, show him about, and he is always provided with the best in hotel and travel accommodations and guide services. The resultant book is a travelogue that gives brief and kaleidoscopic glimpses of Lima, Cuzco and its megalithic environs, Bolivia, Ecuador, Guatemala, and Mayan Yucatan. Other countries are mentioned and dismissed with a few paragraphs.

SITWELL'S primary purpose is to describe the architectural monuments of these regions, with observations on the geography and people that serve as their backdrop. But the book contains many historical reflections, a few random anthropological comments in regard to the vast regional differences, and a great number of personal travel details. The best pages are those dedicated to architecture. If the author had limited himself to this last topic he would have produced a much superior book. As it turned out, and as Sitwell himself admits in the prologue, he has but scratched the surface of these enormous and strange lands that he has set out to describe. Some of the places are visited so briefly that the author's comments are almost worthless. Cuba and Colombia are good examples of this. But on occasion Sitwell comes suddenly alive before some man-created or natural loveliness, and the scene will shine forth in all its splendor.

Sacheverell Sitwell is a well-established writer with several books to his credit, including rather good ones on Mexico and Japan. But in this present attempt to put across his observations on Lima and the Andean area, and his reflections on the architecture of the Spaniards, the Incas, the pre-Incas, and the Mayas, he fails to do either these subjects, or himself, justice.

His writing gives the impression of haste, thus unfortunately paralleling the rapidity of his journey. Nevertheless, "Golden Wall and Mirador" is worth reading because of the perceptive eloquence that at times breaks through a very pedestrian travelogue.

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Today's Adversary

Continued from page 24

granary. "In the agriculture of the Republic," he declared, "there are now hundreds of thousands of tractors, combines, automobiles, and other machines. There is good seed; excellent technicians have grown up. Why in that case has the Republic reduced its production of grain?"

Thus, despite a vast investment in mechanization and training, over more than thirty-one years of village collectivism, the output does not satisfy. "Chiefly," Khrushchev explains, "the trouble is with leadership."

But in the newly plowed virgin lands of Kazakstan Khrushchev purged the political leadership in 1959, and the harvest in 1960 was again below par. The reasons behind farm failures lie elsewhere, and Khrushchev graciously supplies one of them. In the same speech to the Ukrainian Communist chiefs he told the story of a state farm at Irpen where, he recounted, "the regional [Party] organization is forcing the state farm to grow tomatoes. When Irpen was being founded I also considered that tomatoes should be grown there." So the great Khrushchev in the Kremlin decided that tomatoes were the right thing for remote Irpen. "But life, the best teacher," Khrushchev continued, "introduced its amendment." It turned out, he explained, that moisture was late in coming to the place and the sun heated the soil too slowly. Therefore the tomatoes ripened late. "The question arises," Khrushchev added, "why grow tomatoes where they do not give the desired result?" Why indeed? Why then had he decided that Irpen should grow tomatoes?

ONE would think that this experience had taught Mr. Khrushchev a much-needed lesson. But no. In the very next sentence he said, "Let Irpen grow corn for silage." So he was again telling them what to do and what to sow!

Such orders from above and far away rob the collectivized and state farmers of initiative and interest in their own affairs.

The conflict between collectivized, socialist agriculture and private-plot capitalist agriculture in the Soviet Union is a fascinating phenomenon. When socialized farms wish to fulfill their obligations to sell a certain amount of meat to the government they buy the privately owned cows of small-plot cultivators or from workingmen and others who keep a cow or two in the town suburbs. Private animal husbandry is more successful than collective animal husbandry. That is why even big state farms, where the peasant used to be like a factory worker receiving a wage, have now begun to give employees a parcel of land around their huts to grow vegetables and to keep a cow, a pig, some chickens, or other animals.

If, therefore, Chairman Khrushchev wishes to fulfill his promise of Communism in Russia by 1980, reality would require him to return farming entirely to private capitalism. But this would be an admission of the failure of socialism. He cannot, for political reasons, make it possible for individual capitalist enterprise to pave the way to Communism. Yet without the private plots in collective farms the Soviet Union would be experiencing even more serious bottlenecks in food supplies than it does today.

Unsatisfactory conditions in Soviet socialized agriculture, which rob the individual of his interest in the welfare of the collective, have demoralized the farmer. In the Ukraine, Khrushchev said on February 1, 1961, the Communist Central Committee had adopted "even more drastic measures against parasitic elements—drunkards, idlers, and bootleggers." For the cities the Soviet government, in May, 1961, decreed the death sentence for persons who speculate in goods bought from foreigners. (Soviet citizens engage in these illegal transactions because quality goods are so rare.) Severe penalties have also been enacted for officials who send in false, exaggerated reports about the output of factories and farms.

This is Soviet reality according to Nikita S. Khrushchev, and it is a far far cry from his Utopia in 1980.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 956

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 956 will be found in the next issue.

BNFSJDB XJMM OFWFS
SFBMMZ CF B EFDBEFOU
OBUJPO VOUJM URF
BMBSN DMPDLT BSF
KFXFMFE BOE TPGU
WPJDFE.
KPZDF LJMNES.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 955

A youthful figure is what you get when you ask a woman her age.
—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

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NOVEMBER 18, 1961

EDITORIAL **45**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR **46**

MEN OF PRINCIPLE
By Louis William Norris **48**

WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS READ
1. THE COLLEGE'S RESPONSIBILITY
By Frederick DeW. Bolman, Jr. **50**
2. "MOBY DICK BY HERMAN WOUK"
By Eugene Arden **51**

THE FUTURE OF NEGRO COLLEGES
By Benjamin E. Mays **53**

INSIDE THE TEACHING MACHINE
By Susan Meyer Markle **55**

CHARLES H. BOEHM: BOLD INNOVATOR
By Peter Binzen **56**

WHILE SCHOOL KEEPS
By James Cass **58**

REPORT CARD
By John Scanlon **59**

THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF **60**

EDUCATION'S MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS 1960-61 **62**

BOOK REVIEWS
Focus on Change: Guide to Better Schools, by J. Lloyd Trump
Reviewed by Edward J. Anderson **63**
What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't, by Arthur S. Trace, Jr.
Reviewed by William W. Brickman **63**

NEW BOOKS **65**

This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement. Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

The Parent's Right to Know

PARENTS in several American communities have charged that the schools are withholding important information about their children. Some have taken legal action to require that the full record on each child be made available to his parents. Teachers and administrators are troubled and frightened by these demands because they have compiled a great deal of technical and confidential information about each student and many school systems have no clear policy regarding what may be released to parents.

When the school's record consisted only of a list of grades—A in arithmetic, C in English, B in spelling, etc.—there was no problem. These grades regularly were made available to parents on the monthly report card.

Today, however, the record kept on each child by a typical school is much more complicated. In addition to academic grades it includes scores on intelligence tests, achievement tests, personality inventories, and projective tests. These may be recorded as I.Q.s, percentiles, standard scores, profiles, or in any of a number of other ways that are baffling to many parents. The record may also include diagnostic comments from guidance specialists, school psychologists, and physicians, as well as reports from welfare organizations, juvenile courts, hospitals, and other outside agencies. How much of this should be made available to the parent and under what circumstances?

Last spring Commissioner Allen of New York State appointed a committee headed by Dean Fischer of Columbia's Teachers College to look into the matter and advise him regarding a policy for the schools of the state. The report, recently issued, should be of value to schools everywhere.

The committee recommends that "The official school record of every child should be available to his parents or his legal guardians," but that the official record need not and should not contain everything known to teachers or others who have worked with the child. It points out that some items of information in the school's possession are incomplete and almost certain to be misunderstood if read without interpretation and background data to give the necessary perspective, and that test scores are relatively meaningless unless interpreted by experts. It adds that if schools are required to reveal confidential reports received from nonschool cooperating agencies, these agencies will refuse to furnish these reports to the schools and that the requirement that parents be given all available information about the children's psychological examination would, in some cases, reveal to parents data which could further damage an already precarious child-parent relationship and thus destroy whatever chance the school might have to alleviate a difficult situation.

To avoid misuse of this supplementary information the committee recommends that schools be instructed to distinguish more clearly (a) school records, (b) background data which teachers use to prepare records, and (c) communications which cooperating agencies furnish to inform and advise the school staff. It adds that "Such distinctions appear to be possible within present statutory limitations, but if they are not, we recommend that

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appropriate corrective steps be taken to legalize these distinctions for they seem to be urgently required in order to protect the welfare of the children of the state."

The committee recommends that the official record, which is to be available to parents, include "all written information concerning a pupil which is generally available to all staff members working with him," and suggests that normally this will include a record of his progress through school, scores on important examinations, reports on any special aptitudes and weaknesses to be taken into account in planning his program, information about his vocational and other major interests, and the results of physical examinations. However, the background information, technical data, and communications with cooperating agencies are not to be considered a part of the official school record and are to be held confidential.

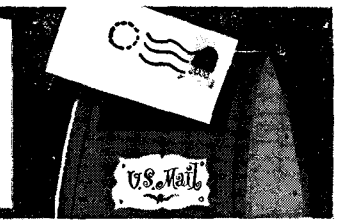
Finally, the committee recommends that Commissioner Allen prepare a "Manual on School Records" describing in detail the characteristics of a good school records system and proper procedures for maintaining, interpreting, and communicating records. This manual will include a discussion of the legal aspects of record keeping, the ethical obligations of teachers, administrators and specialists with respect to these matters, and the rights of parents and children as well as a discussion of proper procedures for selecting, transmitting, and protecting types of confidential information requested by employers and college admissions officers.

This report provides a possible basis for the solution of an increasingly difficult and complex problem. Other states will find it useful in making their own decisions. —P.W.

"Students educate each other; if they do not, something is terribly wrong with the students and with the organization of the college or university. Sometimes I suspect that if you could somehow retain the student body of an Oxford or Cambridge, the libraries and all other institutions except the faculty, students would not be in a desperate position but would get on with their education themselves. Now this all-important process of students providing their own education works best in a small college . . . It can take place in large universities, and at some like Harvard and Yale and Michigan it does—but it is difficult."

—*Henry Steele Commager, before the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges.*

Letters to the Editor



BENEZET ON EXCELLENCE

PRESIDENT BENEZET'S "Trouble with Excellence" [*SR*, Oct. 21] deserves a wide audience. It is excellent. A professor may be permitted one footnote to Benezet's observation that so far excellence has escaped nearly all controversy. Had we heeded Horace Kallen, the unfortunate term might never have been used—and, incidentally, Kallen ("The Education of Free Men," 1949) explains why excellence in education and excellence in hired skill are easily confused:

"Excellence," he writes, "accrues to a thought or an action or a personality when it reaches the optimum of economy, efficiency, and order appropriate to its essence. . . . Machines, particularly scientific machines, are the usual models of such excellence. Human beings obtain it through drill and practice. . . . Excellence is good, but not good enough. For excellence is a limitation of the static illusion. If excellence and growth were mutually exclusive alternatives, the democrat would be committed to growth. But they are not such alternatives. The records show that living men attain to both, with excellence as a phase in the initiations of growth. The possibilities are known to be far greater than the achievements."

The trouble with excellence is simply that it is not enough in the long run. In the short run excellence must not be a mere matter of words.

RICHARD MARTIN LYON,
Associate Professor,
College of Business Administration,
University of Notre Dame.
Notre Dame, Ind.

PRESIDENT BENEZET is concerned, and rightly so, that our systematic striving for "educational excellence" fails to "produce people who show a more sympathetic awareness of society's demands upon themselves. . . ."

The academically superior Friends' schools tackle this problem successfully, I think. Their educational system is religiously oriented—but their emphasis is not on dogma, but on the Christian ideal of brotherhood and on practical programs such as the work camps, which in their own quiet way have been doing for years what the Peace Corps is now attempting with so much hoopla. In such schools one can find the right climate for becoming aware of values other than materialistic ones.

It is also possible for individual professors in the humanities and social sciences to communicate their own broader ideals without sacrificing a specific discipline. (I would imagine this much more difficult in the natural sciences, though not impossible, and surely terribly important.)

No systematic revamping of the American educational program can either standardize the great teachers nor make over the adequate ones, for it is a basic quality of heart and spirit that is here involved.

MRS. RICHARD FORSCHER.
Greenwich, Conn.

MR. BENEZET'S article, "The Trouble with Excellence," has a kind of excellence, even as prose writing. However, I was disturbed to find that Excellence, "Like the word Democracy, . . . might end up as a property of the reactionaries, such as befell the word Americanism in some circles." I'd like to think he wrote "befoul," but I fear the trouble was in sentence structure. Later the antecedent of *it* seems to be *grades*, and we are told that we must solve a racket. "Faculties suffer allergies to studies aimed at deliberately finding out what actually is being achieved in students concerning the broader goals for education." Why the *deliberately* and the *actually*? Are there studies aimed at hurriedly or accidentally finding out what only theoretically is being achieved? What the sentence means to me is, "There can be proof of improvement in skills but only evidence of improvement in character and attitudes. Some teachers reject even good evidence and insist on proof. They shouldn't."

They shouldn't indeed. But I have a feeling Mr. Benezet is a little too ready to shift emphasis from what the schools best can do and best can measure to what is best *per se*. I think that the schools are potentially more capable of producing a kind of excellence this article lacks than of producing some of the rarer and better kinds of excellence it has.

EUGENE WIGGINS,
Cumberland College.
Williamsburg, Ky.

THERE ARE DOCTORS AND DOCTORS

I HAVE READ with great interest Hans Rosenhaupt's stimulating article "The Slow Stirring in Graduate Education" [*SR* Sept. 16]. Unfortunately Dr. Rosenhaupt has failed to distinguish Ph.D. degrees from other types of earned doctorates so that serious errors are found in his statistics in the text and in the accompanying vivid colored graph, purporting to show "Ph.D.'s Conferred by U.S. Universities." His opening sentence reads: "Our country's nonprofessional graduate schools annually award 60,000 master's degrees and 10,000 Ph.Ds." The graph shows some 9,800 Ph.D.s conferred in 1960 and 6,000 in 1950. The U.S. Office of Education is indicated as the source of the data used.

But the U.S. Office of Education does not collect statistics of *Ph.D. degrees* and has not done so for many years. It does collect statistics annually for *all types of*

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research doctorates combined but these include some twenty-five or thirty other earned doctorates as well as the Ph.D. Its final reports as well as its original data blanks make no breakdown of the different earned doctoral degrees.

Dr. Rosenhaupt says that Columbia University "produced 560 Ph.D.s in 1959." Columbia did produce 560 *doctors* in 1959, but the Registrar of the University reports that they were distributed as follows: Ph.D., 308; Ed.D., 232; Eng.D., 10; D.S.W., 5; Med.Sc.D., 2; D.P.H., 1; J.S.D., 1; and D.L.S., 1. The number of Ph.D.'s was only 55 per cent of the 560 stated by the author!

Best available estimates indicate that from 10 to 15 per cent of the doctoral degrees now conferred are those other than the Ph.D. The statistics and graph in Dr. Rosenhaupt's article should have been reduced by at least 10 per cent, probably more, or they should have been stated for what they are reported to be the U.S. Office of Education—total number of earned *doctorates* rather than number of *Ph.D.s alone.*

WALTER CROSBY EELLS,
Professor of Education
(Retired),
Consultant, U.S. Office of
Education.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Eells is correct. The U.S. Office of Education does not report Ph.D.s separately. It reports data on "doctorates," which include academic degrees plus some professional ones such as the Ed.D., but excludes other professional degrees such as those in medicine. The chart accompanying Dr. Rosenhaupt's article was labeled "Ph.D.s" to avoid a lengthy explanation of a minor point.*

TROIKA?

CHARLES H. WILSON'S exuberant sense of humor ("The Superintendent's Many Publics," *SR*, Oct. 21) makes good reading out of a dull subject. But, in the opinion of one non-schoolman (who really has no business having an opinion), he fails to come up with the right answer.

Big academic supermarkets, like many other exploding institutions in this thrill-packed age, have reached the stage where they are too big for one man to handle. They call for triumvirate of executive office (troika, if you please). This applies not only to public school systems up to the secondary level, but to universities as well.

Mr. Wilson most adroitly breaks the constituency down into three "publics," to meet the demands of either one of which calls for a special finesse—scholarly, administrative, or political. Show me an individual possessing these three talents in full measure and I will show you a prodigy. Are there enough prodigies to go around?

WILLIAM O. THOMSON.

Williamsburg, Mass.

FROM THE VANTAGE POINT of over thirty years in the teaching profession, I take sharp issue with Charles H. Wilson's "The Superintendent's Many Publics."

Mr. Wilson neglects completely the fact that a superior superintendent must be first and foremost a humanist, trained in the disciplines that have distinguished Western culture. The most precious intellectual capital of the Western world, which it is the task of the schools to transmit to new generations, lies in the field of the humanities. If a superintendent is a humanist and a man of integrity, all other things will be added thereunto. What he does will follow naturally from what he is.

Alas, the article describes a factory foreman and ward politician, a description only too accurate, as many of us who labor in classrooms know.

KNOWLES COOKE.

Oak Park, Ill.

KUDOS

THE BEST professional journal on American education I have ever read is *SR*'s Education Supplement. Do keep up the good work!

H. GLENN AYRE, Dean,
School of Arts and Sciences,
Western Illinois University.

Macomb, Ill.

MILITARY SCHOOLS

RALPH LEE SMITH has provided an exceptional view of military schools as they are today [*SR*, Oct. 21]. His coverage of a small segment of secondary education is a definite contribution toward familiarizing everyone with the pre-college training of thousands of young Americans. And understanding little-known institutional policies and programs is, of course, a significant step in appreciating and promoting the best educational objectives.

Every attempt should be made to correct the questionable standards of many military schools. By doing so, it will help to dispel the popular myth about such institutions. People frequently appraise the youthful cadet in uniform as a military enthusiast bent upon an army career. It is presumed that his school prescribes a course of study designed only to transform the cadet into a potential soldier of the Regular Army. While much emphasis of these schools is upon disciplined training, however, they also serve American education by preparing many students for college entrance. Surely their improved academic standing would rate more salutes from the community of the nation's schools.

STANLEY LEHRER,
Managing Editor,
School and Society.

New York, N.Y.

KELLER ON THE SOCIAL STUDIES

I NOTED WITH great interest Charles Keller's article, "Needed: Revolution in the Social Studies" [SR, Sept. 16), because I have been concerned for some years, as he has, about the appalling state of innocuousness into which the elementary school social studies program has fallen. Not only has the content become obsolete and watered down, but also the time allotment for it has been squeezed out of the schedule either by the recent obsession with repetitive and boring reading drills, or by the praiseworthy vigorousness of new programs in other subjects such as mathematics and science. As Mr. Keller suggests, we desperately need new vitality injected into social studies.

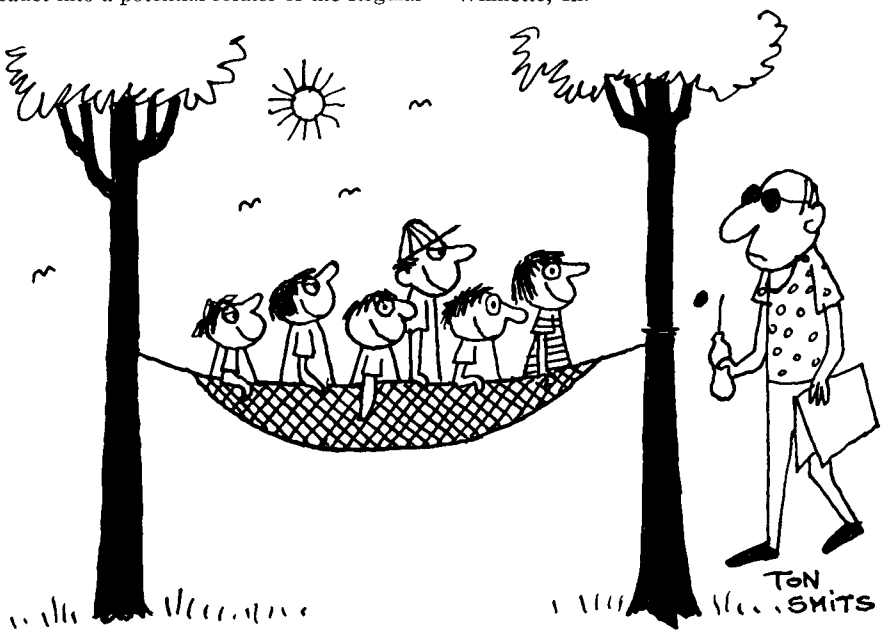
E. BROOKS SMITH,
Coordinator, Teacher Education,
Wheelock College.

Boston, Mass.

THE PUBLIC frequently reads negative criticisms of its schools, and this should be. Since this is true, I hope your magazine, in one of its future issues on education, will include a critical but constructive report on the teaching of the social studies in public schools. The report, written by a person with experience in the public schools, could explain how and why a particular program of studies developed—not as a model for all schools to follow, but as an example of ways by which schools may adjust their programs of courses, so that each pupil in the schools will find rewarding results in his work in social studies.

BAILEY W. SHEARER.

Wilmette, Ill.



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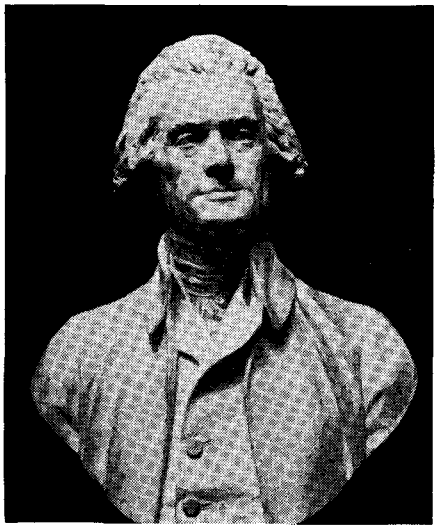

"The educated man is a man of principle."

MEN OF PRINCIPLE

By Louis William Norris, *president of Albion College.*

FASCINATED perhaps by the importance of things that explode, many educators have proclaimed that there has been "an explosion of knowledge" in this generation. When the American Association for the Advancement of Science, or the National Education Association, holds an annual meeting, there are dozens of panels, workshops, and addresses designed to amaze all present with the thought of what may happen next.

Behind the ecstasy inspired by these achievements stands a specter which it is time to recognize. An explosion results in fragments, and this may be the result of recent developments of so-called knowledge. As examples, take the implications for new knowledge in psychoanalysis, quantum mechanics, and existentialism. Many an eager Ph.D. candidate has been working his claim to new knowledge in each of these fields.

Psychoanalysis proceeds by elaborating on the elements of consciousness, particularly those below the threshold of attention. What is the significance of dreams, especially the motives they contain? How shall images that recur in consciousness be construed? Do they fit a pattern drawn from the father or mother's influence? What does the forgotten name of a familiar person mean? Experience is read in terms of its fragments. These particles are given a new context and an elusive meaning is believed to be captured.

Quantum mechanics, dealing with subatomic elements, has been showing that electrons, protons, and other units of force follow an "indeterminate" course within the atom. When atomic fission occurs, these elements scatter with violence in unpredictable ways. They are believed by many to penetrate the cells of reproduction in living organisms, so that offspring three or four generations hence may be affected. When physical nature is reduced thus to its fragments, and when these fragments are set free, a multiplication of fragmentation takes place.

Existentialism, in many versions, offers an analysis of the universe in terms of particles. Fearful of premature commitment to a dreamy idealism, or a brazen materialism, existentialists seek a simple description of psychological phenomena. By accumulating more and more information about man's experience of himself, nature, and God, it is somehow expected that this mass of factual information carries its own interpretation.

Impressed by this zeal for fragmentation, many contemporary artists have considered it stylish to present life in particles. Abstract painting may show a series of sharply drawn angles with no filled surfaces as the *true* building, or swirling curves in many colors as the *real* landscape when swept by an April wind. And what shall we say of dissonance in music? Here a hot trumpet tries in riotous desperation to prove it will have nothing to do with the frenetic oboe, or delirious drums. The more unrelated the notes, the farther out the tune!

Stream-of-consciousness writing, such as that of James Joyce, has made the reading of it a process in deciphering strange words, and accounting for unbelievable transitions. A sentence may move from a hen house to a church sanctuary, or a line in a school boy's arithmetic to a passage in Tannhauser with a legerdemain that baffles even a psychiatrist. A detective novel is perhaps the last word in demand for attention to detail. Depth of character, influence of history, brilliance of conversation, vividness of description, the usual features of good novel writing, are at a low premium. But if you miss the woman who put the hunting knife in the upper right-hand drawer of the desk, you have wasted your time completely!

Experimentation, originality, and invention belong to art, to be sure. But fragmentation of the subject by a partial use of the medium appears to be enough for many a well-recognized artist.

Sad to observe, a goodly number of our pedagogues have taken their cue from this fashion for fragmentation. Visual aids have been taken by some to be the magic drug that will open the eyes of the blind and set at liberty those who are captive to tradition. By presenting pictures of rice growing in Malaya, or Reuther talking to auto workers in Detroit, the teacher often glows with warm satisfaction that it has been a good class hour. It has been "enriched." But note that pictures are but fragmentary glimpses of a subject. What went before and after may be more important than what actually appeared in the picture. Interpretation of the picture is far more important than what is in it.

Testing, particularly in its so-called objective form, has become, to an alarming extent, reliance on fragmentary reports by a student. Presented with an incomplete sentence, or a set of complete ones, some of which are phony, at least in the orthodox view presented by the instructor, the student chooses a word or a place to make a mark. How these tests came to be known as "objective" is a mystery, since several alternatives and several words are often true *in some sense.*

Most of us have been reared to believe that pointing was bad manners, because it revealed an impoverished vocabulary and made one too conspicuous. Objective tests and visual aids are no more than pointing to the fragments of experience, leaving their articulation in verbal form untouched. It requires little more intellectual activity than just barely being awake. Until a student generates in his mind the vividness of meaning a term can possess, he remains an intellectual infant, dependent on a picture show for his thoughts.

The "explosion of knowledge" does not mean, therefore, the multiplication of full-grown ideas. It has often meant the fragmentation of attention to some new particle of the same world man has confronted from the beginning of time. The metaphysician is often judged naïve on the one hand, or presumptuous on the other, if he ventures to offer a judgment about the nature of the universe from which its parts derive their meaning. He generalizes too broadly, it

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is said. But he who looks for the meaning of life in its fragments is even more ignorant and vain.

Karl Jaspers, one of the best-known German philosophers of today, points out that "the false is [the] scattered. . . ." To scatter the attention of students to the increasing fragments of knowledge, to open up new courses, to survey more and more branches of so-called learning, is, therefore, to multiply their confusion. To offer a drowning man a drink of water would be as impertinent as to offer a student more fragments of knowledge than he knows how to assimilate.

Education in its deeper reaches consists more in generating principles of organization than in multiplication of fragmentation. This is what depth in education at college should mean.

Learning's task is the more clear when the haphazard, fitful, and untidy condition of our mental household is observed. Thinking is usually messy, repetitious, vague, even silly, yet illuminated by flashes of insight here and there. One doesn't know what he thinks until he has thought it, or better, written and mercilessly revised it. What, may I ask, do you think about at an afternoon concert? Do your thoughts go something like this? "I'm getting sleepy. So *he's* the director. Music, not bad, but too short. What a pretty girl! Where did I put the keys to the car? That theme's about a green valley. Learning—why should I?"

TO ADD fragments of knowledge to the typically untidy mental household of a student only adds more confusion. Many a student feels he has been given a large picture puzzle made up of so many little pieces that he cannot sort them out. Can it be that the picture could be put together faster if the pieces were larger? Or better still, would not the pieces fit together more readily if the student were helped by a professor to find the principle for their organization? Students are insecure, you say? It is more clear that they suffer from chronic indigestion due to their heterogeneous intellectual diet.

Can a college do better than help its students discover the basic processes necessary when they think? Whatever education is, it is at least cultivation of the power to think in an orderly and comprehensive way. Thinking is continuous pursuit of a given theme to a meaningful end. The mind is "a fighter for ends," as William James said. Random thinking that does not stay on the subject is only dreaming. Thinking provides, so to speak, a string for the beads of experience. Unstrung beads are easily lost.

Further, thinking is recognition of similarities among different phenomena, and differences in similar phenomena. This is the appropriation of ideas in Plato's language. "Courage" applies to a mother caring for a child with infectious disease, a soldier defending a city, a statesman espousing an unpopular cause before a council. Who would learn what "courage" means will detect a common idea among those differing circumstances.

AGAIN, thinking is relating experiences to more inclusive classes, the composition of wholes that can be dealt with meaningfully. Harry Overstreet sets out in "The Mature Mind" that man is a creature who lives by and through relationships. His mind matures as he discovers relations to the tree of meaning. To admire an anemone blooming in the woods would be pleasant, but in Overstreet's language "immature." But to locate the anemone in a floral family, to learn the climate favorable to the family, the soil where they are common, the geological stages that have yielded the soil, the geophysical conditions distinguishing this earth from others, is to "know" the anemone.

Historians have scorned Marie Antoinette for her naïve question during the French Revolution: "Why are the people crying for bread when they can buy such nice little cakes for a cent?" And scorned she should be, for here was fragmentary knowledge unrelated by thinking to the hunger of the people crying in the streets, or to the luxury of her own royal household.

Knowledge is not an absolute, homogeneous good, of which there cannot be enough, and any form of which is worthwhile. It should not be the purpose of a college to help its students catch up with knowledge. Rather must the college help its students develop skill in sifting, ordering, classifying, and evaluating what can be known. Jacques Barzun's assertion that "a principle is the only thing worth teaching" a student may be an exaggeration. But it points out that to which everything else is prologue. The educated man is a man of principle. He has pushed his way through the jungle of isolated fact to the stream of principle that courses from some headwater of meaning.

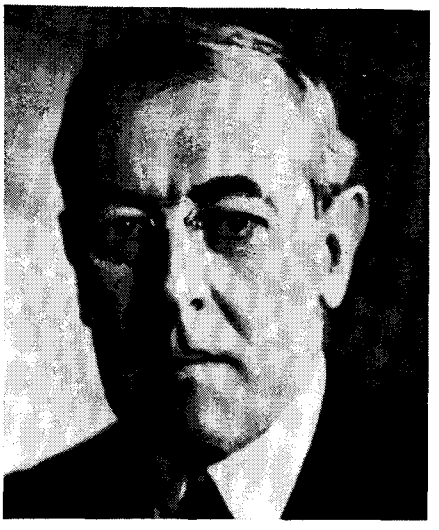
If the educated man or woman be a man or woman of principle, scholarship must have a new aim. These principles are not to be memorized from a book or lecture. They need rather to be won from selected fact and the analysis of competing theories. The man of principle has forged for himself tools to deal with such fragments of knowledge as he needs, and developed courage to ignore what he may safely neglect.

Education to this end differs from

(*Continued on page* 71)

—From "The Art of India."

"Principles are not to be memorized from a book . . . They



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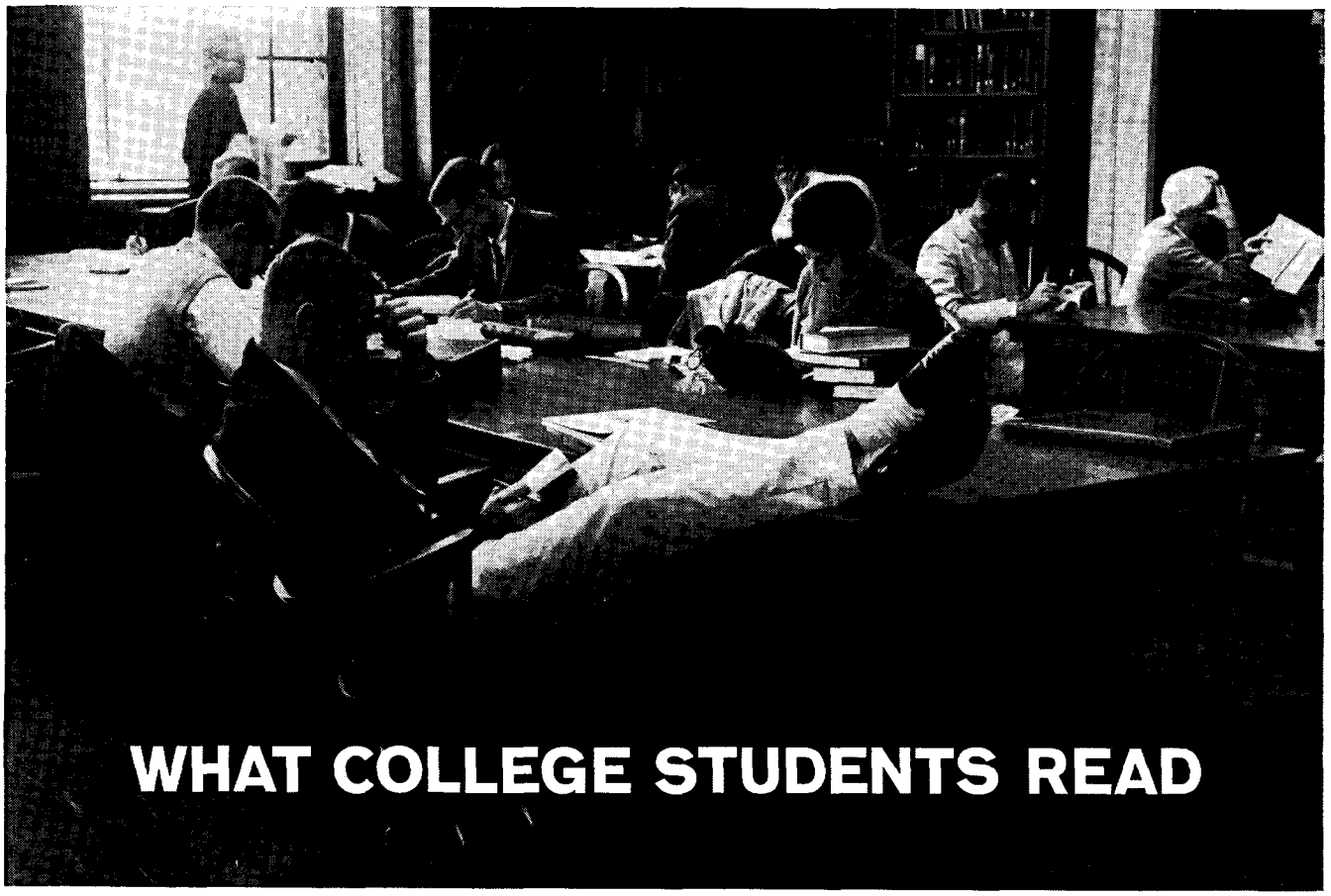

WHAT COLLEGE STUDENTS READ

—*Niccalai (Pix)*

Students at Harvard's Widener Library.

1. The College's Responsibility

By Frederick DeW. Bolman, Jr., *president of Franklin and Marshall College.*

NO COLLEGE administrator is being honest if he claims that large numbers of students on his campus are constantly and eagerly clutching books in their hot little hands. Most of them aren't. On my campus, I am told, there are two boys who read a paperback book a day in addition to their normal complement of required reading, but they are far from typical. Every college has a few students like this, and wishes for more. No campus has many.

Douglas Bush, the Harvard English professor, recently remarked that most students entering college today have read little literature, know almost nothing of the classics, and cannot write a page of good English. It may be surmised, he said, that "a large proportion of these are only semiliterate when they receive the degree of bachelor of arts." And this is Harvard!

The ease with which information can be assimilated through television, the movies, and the radio has decreased student attention to reading. On the other hand, although students know little about the classics, and seem to have no desire to remedy the situation, they do react strongly and affirmatively to matters that really grip their attention. They have all read Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye," which comes as close as any novel to being their generation's equivalent of Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise." They have reacted strongly to the emergence of the new African nations; students on a score of campuses have put together their own extracurricular study programs on Africa with lectures and reading lists circulating freely. And there is strong evidence that they can be interested in reading, even poetry, if it is relevant to their own experience in the 1960s.

In short, we are entering an era when the book may no longer be the central force in education. We may be, as Bergen Evans of Northwestern University has remarked, about to enter a visual era in which we will be called upon not to write, but to speak into electronic recording devices, not to read but to watch as events are presented to us as they happen.

Certainly no educator is going to leap gleefully into the air, clapping his hands in delight, at this prospect. We will be culturally impoverished if we do not, somehow, manage to keep the book close to the center of attention for educated men. What colleges need to do is to bend all their efforts to popularizing reading once again.

Some colleges are tackling this problem, and many of them, even small ones, are getting results. One of the first things a college has to do is make itself book-centered, stressing the centrality of the library as every student's essential laboratory, and making sure that the campus has an attractive, centrally located bookshop. Professor Henry Steele Commager of Amherst remarked last September [*SR*, Sept. 17, 1960] that ". . . the bookshop is as essential a part of the university community as the library or the laboratory, and a good deal more important than

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the stadium. American universities should maintain book shops even at a loss, just as they maintain theatres and music and athletics at a loss."

Our experience at Franklin and Marshall bears out Professor Commager's assertion. Last year we opened a small, attractive bookstore; we encourage browsing among the 2,500 paperbacks on display; and no customer is badgered with offers of assistance while he browses. In the first year it has revolutionized some student habits. Given opportunity and encouragement, they do begin to collect books for their personal libraries, and they begin with attractive paperbacks.

Another program we have had going for four years we call the Book-of-the-Semester program. Each semester the entire faculty and student body are encouraged to read at least one book in common. This book serves as a springboard for student-faculty discussions and fraternity debates, and stimulates interest in a program of at least three lectures by distinguished visitors, tied to the theme of the book. Thus, on a campus fragmented by the necessary specialization that modern education demands, we have provided at least one area for common discussion and concern.

We have used D. W. Brogan's "The American Character," William H. Whyte's "The Organization Man," James B. Conant's "Modern Science and Modern Man," Jacques Barzun's "Darwin, Marx, and Wagner," Margaret Mead's "Male and Female," Edward Eddy's "The College Influence on Student Character," and Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." This past year one of the books we used was David M. Potter's "People of Plenty," a kind of grandfather to Galbraith's "The Affluent Society." Professor Potter lectured on his thesis; Dr. John J. Honigmann came up from the University of North Carolina to give us an anthropologist's analysis of the book; and we had Dr. Max Lerner come down from Brandeis to look at our affluent society from the viewpoint of a scholar just returned from a year in India. The semester program stimulated quite a lot of reading on the campus.

A number of small colleges have tried another program of independent reading geared chiefly to vacation-time reading. At Wilson College in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, freshmen and sophomores pick a list of titles which they propose to read during the summer vacation. Upon their return to college in September they are assigned a faculty tutor. Meeting with him for a number of discussions of their reading, they are queried on the insights gathered, on the content of the books,

(*Continued on page* 69)

2. "*Moby Dick by Herman Wouk*"

By EUGENE ARDEN, *head of the English program at C. W. Post College, Long Island University.*

ANOTHER melancholy chapter was written recently in the saga of how *not* to find out what college students know about literature.

This particular episode started at Ohio State, where a visiting Dutch student made up a quiz and, in a burst of innocent zeal, administered it to a random group of volunteers. The average score was a dismal 28 per cent, which prompted a series of sharp, humorless attacks. Ohio State's own newspaper clucked its editorial tongue in dismay, and the New York *Herald Tribune* ran a story bluntly headed: "Literary Classics Trip Up Students."

A hard second look at the proceedings, however, suggests that the college students were not nearly so culpable—or so ignorant of how to conduct a research project—as the naïve visitor who made up the quiz and the gullible editors who accepted the results without demur. One is immediately struck, for example, by such quiz items as Boethius's "Consolation of Philosophy," Malthus's "An Essay on Population," and Darwin's "Origin of Species" —none of which are *literary* classics, even by the most generous standards of taste. Now, there are perfectly valid reasons for expecting college students to know the major works of Western ideology, but these reasons have nothing whatever to do with *literary* excellence. It is a strange fellow indeed who would claim to read Immanuel Kant for esthetic pleasure.

In addition to confining a literary quiz to literature, one might also hope that the questions themselves would get beyond such ingenuous items as "Who wrote each of these books?" and "Have you read the following?" These are questions which place far too great a premium on clever memories for matching authors and titles, without telling us at all what the students have actually read, or what they remember of the *substance* of their reading. Surely an alert pre-engineering student would not have had to read a work like "Hamlet" in order to know that Shakespeare is "the right answer." And it is beyond all reason to discuss patterns of student reading when the information is based entirely on what the students themselves have checked off in a column of choices. This kind of evidence might serve a psychologist studying fantasy patterns, but is surely not evidence in a study of actual reading habits.

This particular quiz at Ohio State is not unique. One periodically reads of them and their amusing results ("Moby Dick" was written by Herman Wouk, "Paradise Lost" by William Faulkner, and so on). But the point is that they tell us nothing of any consequence or reliability, and what is worse, they deflect us from asking important questions about student reading. For example, no matter how inadequately prepared the entering freshman may be, what happens to him by the time he is midway in his college career, and what, again, has happened by the time he is a senior? Furthermore, if areas of ignorance persist all through college, are they likely to be in ancient masterpieces more so than in modern? In Continental literature more so than in Anglo-American? In poetry more so than in novels?

These are the questions that might point to the need for revisions in the curriculum, the balance between required and elective courses, the differing effects of lecture *vs.* seminar type of instruction; or they might simply lead to the statistical conclusion that American college students know considerably less about one area of literature than another.

Now, how to get at such information through the quick and easy quiz method? Other methods, while more reliable, are far more costly and time-consuming. The good quiz should therefore indicate not merely the brute powers of memorization ("Milton completed 'Paradise Lost' in 1667"), but what the student has retained of the *substance* of any classic he has read. *(Readers who want to test themselves may do so on the following page.)* Hence the questions, instead of asking him to match titles and authors, should require him to go beyond this mechanical kind of information. Thus:

> Q. A young man is sorely beset by the death of his father under highly suspicious circumstances, and by his mother's marriage so soon afterwards.
>
> 1. Aristophanes, "Lysistrata"

(*Continued on page* 70)

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TEST YOURSELF

(A sampling of questions from Dr. Arden's test. For answers see page 69)

1. A prince escapes with a few followers from his destroyed city; after many travels, adventures, and battles, he finally establishes a new kingdom.
   1. Turgenev, "Fathers and Sons"
   2. Moliere, "The Misanthrope"
   3. Virgil, "The Aeneid"
   4. Huxley, "Brave New World"
   5. Tolstoy, "War and Peace"

2. Enticed by hopes of wealth and prestige, entranced by a beautiful young socialite, Clyde tries to get rid of an inconvenient mistress—only to end by being condemned to death.
   1. Dreiser, "An American Tragedy"
   2. Lewis, "Main Street"
   3. Conrad, "Heart of Darkness"
   4. Dickens, "Tale of Two Cities"
   5. Proust, "Swann's Way"

3. Partly as the result of a theory about supermen, an impoverished young student murders two sisters.
   1. Dante, "The Inferno"
   2. Silone, "Bread and Wine"
   3. Maugham, "Of Human Bondage"
   4. Chekhov, "The Cherry Orchard"
   5. Dostoevski, "Crime and Punishment"

4. The action of the novel takes place during the Napoleonic era, with an enormous cast of characters, each one with an individual history, yet subtly influencing others, until a panoramic view of an entire nation is depicted.
   1. Bronte, "Wuthering Heights"
   2. Twain, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court"
   3. Tolstoy, "War and Peace"
   4. Bellamy, "Looking Backward"
   5. Spengler, "Decline of the West"

5. An essentially good-hearted man who made a fortune in the rackets sets up a fabulous estate on Long Island, waiting for an old flame to appear once again.
   1. Ibsen, "A Doll's House"
   2. Wolfe, "Look Homeward Angel"
   3. Fitzgerald, "The Great Gatsby"
   4. Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"
   5. Greene, "The Heart of the Matter"

6. An old fellow with all sorts of romantic nonsense in his head about chivalry goes off to fight the good fights, all too frequently making a great fool of himself.
   1. Shakespeare, "Henry V"
   2. Dickens, "Great Expectations"
   3. Homer, "The Iliad"
   4. Turgenev, "Fathers and Sons"
   5. Cervantes, "Don Quixote"

7. The poet takes a journey through hell, purgatory, and heaven—and returns to tell us about it.
   1. Dante, "Divine Comedy"
   2. Goethe, "Faust"
   3. Voltaire, "Candide"
   4. Poe, "Eldorado"
   5. Mann, "The Magic Mountain"

8. The poet expresses his inner tension in terms of rising and falling faith and doubt, thus directly reflecting one of the major philosophical problems of his own day.
   1. Bryant, "Thanatopsis"
   2. Arnold, "Dover Beach"
   3. Poe, "Annabel Lee"
   4. Longfellow, "Evangeline"
   5. Whitman, "Leaves of Grass"

9. The election of a college head becomes a source of political and moral tension between two major factions on the faculty.
   1. Dickens, "Bleak House"
   2. Wolfe, "The Web and the Rock"
   3. Conrad, "Lord Jim"
   4. Lewis, "Babbitt"
   5. Snow, "The Masters"

10. In the painful process of growing up, a young man undertakes a quest for "a stone, a leaf, an unfound door."
    1. Conrad, "Youth"
    2. Dickens, "Hard Times"
    3. Steinbeck, "In Dubious Battle"
    4. Fielding, "Jonathan Wild"
    5. Wolfe, "Look Homeward Angel"

11. An ordinary little clerk in Algiers gets involved in another man's folly, the story ending with his own death.
    1. Sartre, "Age of Reason"
    2. Camus, "The Stranger"
    3. Gide, "The Counterfeiters"
    4. Proust, "Swann's Way"
    5. Sagan, "Bonjour Tristesse"

12. Even amid the deteriorating values of Fascism, it is possible for the main character, a revolutionary idealist, who for a time is disguised as a priest, to retain his faith in justice.
    1. Zola, "The Downfall"
    2. Gogol, "Dead Souls"
    3. Molnar, "Liliom"
    4. Silone, "Bread and Wine"
    5. Greene, "The Power and the Glory"

13. A poem, or series of poems, this is a brilliant but erratic work by one of the most experimental and controversial of modern poets.
    1. T. S. Eliot, "Murder in the Cathedral"
    2. Jeffers, "Roan Stallion"
    3. Sandburg, "American Songbag"
    4. Pound, "Pisan Cantos"
    5. MacLeish, "J.B."

14. A great scholar reaches the limit of human knowledge and is tempted by the devil to go into the beyond, at the peril of his soul.
    1. Goethe, "Faust"
    2. Dante, "Inferno"
    3. Homer, "The Odyssey"
    4. Virgil, "The Aeneid"
    5. Voltaire, "Candide"

15. A great warrior takes a ten-year journey to get back home, only to find that his palace is occupied by suitors for his wife's hand.
    1. Huxley, "Brave New World"
    2. Homer, "The Odyssey"
    3. Steinbeck, "Grapes of Wrath"
    4. Aeschylus, "Prometheus Bound"
    5. Hemingway, "The Old Man and the Sea"

16. A man sacrifices everything for his two children, completely debasing himself for them and heeding only their welfare, even though they repay none of his kindness.
    1. Turgenev, "Fathers and Sons"
    2. Strindberg, "The Father"
    3. Dostoevsky, "The Idiot"
    4. Balzac, "Father Goriot"
    5. Galsworthy, "The Forsyte Saga"

17. In this play the frivolous and shallow manners of the times are held up to caustic ridicule, leading the major character to renounce society forever.
    1. Hardy, "Far from the Madding Crowd"
    2. Aeschylus, "The House of Atreus"
    3. Maupassant, "Bel-Ami"
    4. Moliere, "The Misanthrope"
    5. Hugo, "Les Miserables"

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THE FUTURE OF NEGRO COLLEGES

By BENJAMIN E. MAYS, *president of Morehouse College in Atlanta and former president of the United Negro College Fund.*

—*Morehouse College.*

"The encouragement and motivation they need to make them aspire nobly must come mainly from teachers who themselves have experienced what it means to be a Negro."

THE 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the public schools made the Negro colleges shockingly aware of the fact that they will soon be in open competition with white institutions. What will happen then to the predominantly Negro college? Does it have a future? Will it be needed? What role will it play in American education? And what will become of Negro professors?

Some people have assumed that when integration comes into full force these colleges will not be needed because Negro students will flock to white institutions. I believe that this assumption is false.

College enrollments will double in the next decade, and this fact alone will assure the need for all existing institutions plus additional ones. But quite apart from the enrollment increase, it would be unrealistic to expect the white colleges in the South, when they open their doors to Negroes, to recruit and welcome them in large numbers. They will continue to select them very carefully and the great majority of Negro students in the South must continue to look to the desegregated "Negro colleges" for their education. If these colleges do not perform the task it will not be done.

Negro colleges, however, can adapt themselves to integration more easily than white colleges because they have no prejudices to overcome and no fears to subdue. They are not bound by the customs and traditions of yesteryear. They are free to become experimental centers for democratic education and living in the heart of the South, and if Negro colleges do not play this role it will not be performed any time in the near future.

Certain centers of Negro education will become the main source of interracial, intercultural, and international education in the South, with a faculty and student body composed of teachers and students from all over the world, representing every culture, race, religion, and nationality. Atlanta, for example, might well be one of these centers. The six institutions—Atlanta, Clark, the interdenominational Theological Center, Morehouse, Morris Brown, and Spelman—that make up the Atlanta University Center, are by practice and tradition a natural for developing this kind of education. For decades these colleges have been building bridges of interracial understanding and good will.

A score or more of interracial gatherings meet on these campuses annually, and this has been true for decades. It cannot happen anywhere else in Atlanta on such a wide scale. The faculties have been integrated from the beginning. Speakers of all races and cultures have always been free to speak to students and faculties of these colleges. White people are not segregated when they attend cultural and educational programs.

It seems clear that Negroes are not rushing to attend the formerly all-white colleges that have desegregated. Some of these were open to Negroes long before 1954. Berea, which began as a college open to students of all races and later became segregated, opened its doors to Negroes for the second time in 1950. Thirty Negroes are enrolled in Berea this semester. St. John's College in Maryland began admitting Negroes in 1948 but only one is now enrolled. The University of Virginia began accepting Negroes as undergraduates in 1950 but only six are enrolled today. Meanwhile the Negro colleges in these same areas are crowded with students.

Recently we wrote to a large number of white colleges that have been reported to have desegregated since the Supreme Court decision of 1954, asking two questions: "What year did your college decide to admit Negroes to your undergraduate college?" and "How many are now enrolled?" We received replies from 127. Of this number, thirty-three colleges keep no records on the race of students and sixteen accept Negroes but have none enrolled. Eight said they do not accept Negroes.

The remaining institutions reported that they enrolled 1,738 Negroes in the second semester of the academic year 1960-61. This is a start toward desegregation but the total number is small in proportion to the thousands of Negro students desiring higher education. I believe that for some time to come the Negro enrollment in the white colleges will be relatively small. Negroes will not go to an institution merely because it was formerly all white—they will seek good institutions.

We also sent questionnaires to the

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presidents of the thirty-three colleges that make up the United Negro College Fund and the presidents of the ten largest tax-supported colleges for Negroes. The dominant question was: "What effect did the May 17, 1954, decision of the United States Supreme Court have upon your college?"

Of the thirty-eight that replied, twenty-nine said the Court's decision did not cause a change in their charters. Many said, in effect, "Our charter has always forbidden discrimination based upon race." Three said their charters had been revised to permit integration prior to 1954. Six institutions reported, however, that the Court's decision did result in a revision of their charters to make it possible for them to admit students irrespective of race.

We also asked about the enrollment of white students in these colleges both before and after May 17, 1954. We found that nine of them had enrolled a total of twenty-seven white students immediately prior to that date and that since then twenty of the thirty-eight colleges have enrolled a total of 294 in six years. Sixty of these white students have graduated. These Negro colleges expect more white students in the future but so far the numbers are not impressive. These figures, however, do not include Howard University, which has a long record of admitting and graduating white students, or Lincoln University in Missouri, where hundreds have enrolled since 1954.

—*Livingstone College.*

"Negroes are not rushing to attend the formerly all-white colleges that have desegrated."

In many of the colleges for Negro students the faculties have been integrated for a long time. White colleges, however, will accept Negro students more readily than they will hire Negro professors and for a long time faculty integration in Southern white colleges will be token. Of the many Southern colleges and universities that have token integration in the student body, I do not know a single one that has added Negro professors. Even the few that have gone beyond token integration have no Negro professors.

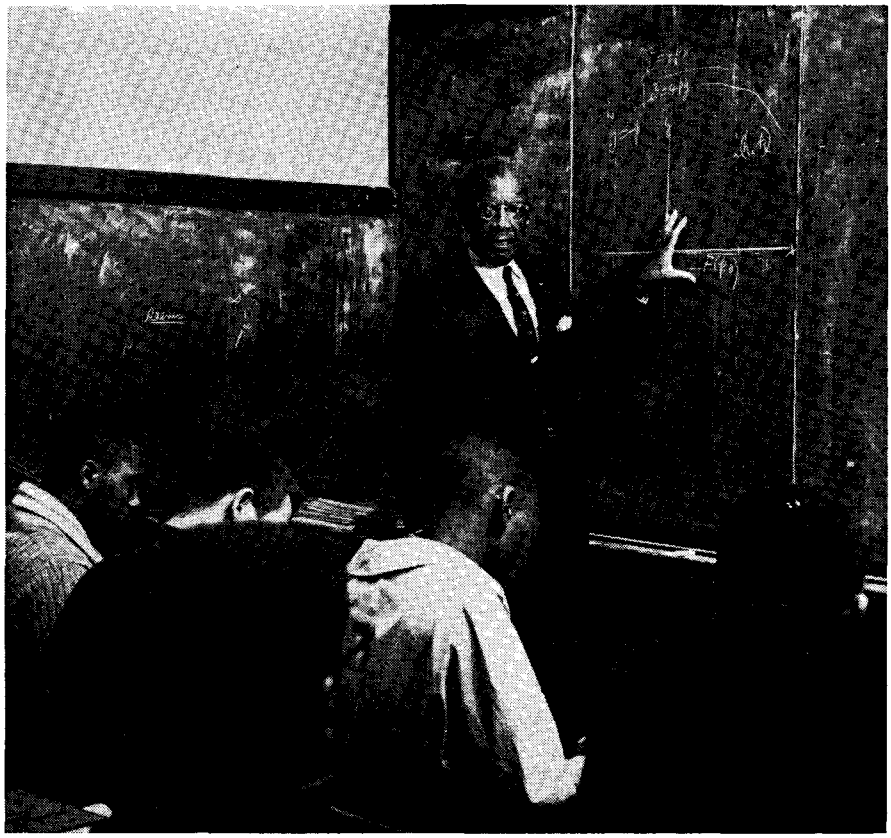
I believe that the institutions now designated "Negro colleges" will become colleges without designation—colleges serving all the people—but they will not go out of existence. Their enrollments will grow. If their future is precarious it will not be because of desegregation but because of difficulty in financing their programs. If, for some reason, all Negro colleges were abolished at the end of this academic year, I believe that 80 per cent of all Negro students now in college would have nowhere to go and the number entering college in the immediate future would be greatly reduced.

It will take a long time for most Negroes to overcome the disabilities imposed upon them by 342 years of slavery and segregation. Regardless of his inherent ability, a child cannot escape being handicapped if he is born and reared in an environment of semipoverty and semiliteracy, and in homes and communities where he is culturally restricted. Such an environment is the lot of the vast majority of Negro boys and girls now enrolled in our schools.

The encouragement and motivation they need to make them aspire nobly must come mainly from teachers who themselves have experienced what it means to be a Negro. In an integrated situation, where Negro and white teachers work side by side, the needs of the Negro student are more likely to be understood than in one where the student body is integrated but all the professors are white.

No college, whatever its origin, has a right to survive unless it is needed and unless it is willing to strive for educational excellence. But many of the Negro colleges are better than some white ones and the best Negro colleges compare favorably with the best white colleges in their areas. These will compete and will survive.

Colleges with a long tradition of providing higher education for Negroes can play two unique and necessary roles: they can administer to the spiritual, social, economic, and cultural needs of the majority of Negro students and they can, at the same time, provide a truly integrated education that rises above the barriers of race, culture, nationality, and faith.



—*A. R. Simons.*

"No college has a right to survive unless it is needed and unless it is willing to strive for educational excellence."

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INSIDE THE TEACHING MACHINE

Although the teaching machine was invented more than thirty years ago, by Sidney L. Pressey of Ohio State University, it is only recently that extended efforts have been made to develop the programing essential to its proper use. Already conflicts have developed among those holding different views regarding the form the program should take and in future issues SR's Education Supplement hopes to present a variety of approaches to this problem. Dr. Susan Meyer Markle is Director of Programing for The Center for Programed Instruction, Inc.

By SUSAN MEYER MARKLE

MACHINES play passable chess, prove geometry theorems, translate Russian into decipherable though not idiomatic English, and have even shown a capacity to learn from experience. And now there are teaching machines. The label "teaching machine" is the most unfortunate misnomer imaginable. It conjures up visions of unsmiling robots brainwashing unthinking students who cannot argue with the all-knowing monster. To many people, the reality when first confronted is rather disappointing. How can a cardboard or plastic box with two windows in it, and a few knobs or pushbuttons here and there, threaten anyone? How can it even teach? Unlike the chrome and tailfins on oversold automobiles, the much touted teaching machine has not even an esthetic value. To find anything of any interest, the buyer must look under the hood. Here, insightful humorists have beat me to the punchline with cartoons of large "teaching machines" which, when opened, reveal a teacher. Inside most present-day teaching machines one does not find a flesh-and-blood teacher, but one does find a product designed by a teacher. This product, a program of instruction, is the revolutionary aspect of the "teaching machine," or better, the "teaching text" movement.

Teaching, which has always been an art, is on its way to becoming a science as well. In the laboratory, scientists create a controlled environment and observe what happens. They make changes in the controlled conditions and again observe what happens. The "basic" scientist repeats this process until he establishes satisfying relationships between what he does and what he observes. The "applied" scientist repeats the process until he achieves the result he wants—the better mousetrap the world is waiting for.

The better mousetrap in education is the teaching text, known as the program. It is the controlled environment in which learning is to take place. Every step that the student is to go through is there, on paper or on tape. The teacher-programer knows exactly what is happening to the student. The students' responses to these conditions are the events which the programer observes. A program gives information to the student and gets from his responses at each step indicating that he has understood this information. If he does not answer questions correctly, the teacher knows that something has gone wrong in the communication process. On the basis of what went wrong and where it went wrong, a change in the controlled environment can be made. The new conditions are then tested for their effect on students. In a sense, the result is an applied science of textbook writing, in which the texts are tested sentence by sentence by the students for whom they are designed. The applied scientists, the programers, vary and revise and reshape the program until it produces the desired result—learning.

How does a program teach? It teaches by age-old methods of telling the student what he should know or carefully leading him through the steps of discovery. Textbooks and teachers have always done this. It teaches by fractionating the subject matter into small digestible parts, forward steps that the student can take. Those readers who immediately object to this principle should be reminded that what is an impossible leap for a first-grader is a small step for a college student. The methodology of programing does not require that high school or college students take steps of a size beneath their dignity. These steps are arranged in some sort of logical order, as teachers and textbooks would do. It teaches by asking the student to put his new knowledge to work immediately, to finish the sentence, do a problem, answer a question—not at the end of the chapter or the end of the unit or the end of the semester, but at the moment of acquisition. A textbook cannot do this, and a teacher can do this for only one of the students at a time, the student who is called on. It teaches by compelling each student to take each step on his own. He cannot depend on his brighter classmates, nor raise his hand when he happens to know the answer.

PROGRAMS teach by letting the student know immediately after he responds that he has been correct or, unhappily, in error. The correct answer is revealed by mechanical means or by turning a page or moving a masking device. Few teachers do this for test papers, and for homework papers they can't. It teaches each student at a pace suited to his rate of reading and thinking, since the student controls the time he spends on each step. The three-track classroom which some skillful teachers achieve can become the thirty-track classroom.

—Duette Photographers.

"Each step that the student is to go through is there, on paper or on tape."

At each point in this teaching sequence, the programer is rewarded

(*Continued on page* 66)

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CHARLES H. BOEHM: Bold Innovator

By PETER BINZEN, *of the Philadelphia Bulletin, who is currently on leave as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University.*

IN PENNSYLVANIA this fall, 35,000 high school students are getting a taste of astronomy, geology, meteorology, oceanography and physical geography, all blended into a single course known as "earth and space science." This curricular package was prepared by the State Department of Public Instruction on orders of the state superintendent, Charles H. Boehm.

Dr. Boehm put his science specialists to work on the course several years ago when it became evident that earth and space technology soon would be pivotal areas of cold war concern. The new course is regarded as part of a four-year sequence of secondary school science.

While it is still rather early to gauge the course's effectiveness, the U.S. Air Force Association, to name one group impressed by the innovation, has hailed it as a "successful pilot program for schools throughout the country." The Association has elected Dr. Boehm to its board of trustees.

That Superintendent Boehm was the driving force behind the new earth-space science course should not have surprised Pennsylvanians. Its inclusion in the curriculums of 400 secondary schools this term merely marked another step in Dr. Boehm's campaign to revamp the state's system of public education from kindergarten through college.

In five years as education chief for Pennsylvania's 2,000,000 public school pupils, Charles Harold Boehm has not only carried out sweeping changes in curriculum, but has also fought for consolidated school districts, fewer school directors, a longer school year, less emphasis on athletics, better English teaching, stiffer teacher certification standards, more school libraries, and a planetarium for every teachers college. He has, in short, been lighting small fires under his educator colleagues.

In the process, he has made many friends and some enemies. Critics have charged that school reforms should spring from the grass roots rather than being decreed from on high. Some educators have been stung by Dr. Boehm's persistent demands, with their implications or past malfeasance or nonfeasance. But none of this has slowed down the state superintendent.

Pennsylvania Superintendent Boehm

The school system that Boehm heads is not really a system at all. It is, in the words of U.S. Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, "the worst can of worms." Pennsylvania has 12,000 school directors, more than any other state, and it has the most confusing school board organization to be found anywhere. (The state's largest joint school board, covering sixteen districts in an area of 290 square miles, elects a thundering herd of eighty-two school directors.)

Among more than 2,100 school districts in Pennsylvania are some tax paradises with no schools at all and one district with just a single pupil. This district's sole reason for existence is to collect a state subsidy. The lone pupil's father gets $65 a month to drive him from his mountaintop home in northeastern Pennsylvania to the nearest bus stop. All told, the district gets enough money from the state each year to send the boy to Harvard.

Pennsylvania still has approximately 100 one-room schools and it has taxpayers who believe these quaint little buildings are better than big modern schools. Forty per cent of the state's high schools graduate fewer than 100 pupils a year. Only one high school in eight offers third-year French or Spanish. A number of high schools in the anthracite areas of the state lack accreditation and some of these are shockingly run. Pennsylvania teachers' salaries, while just above the national norm, average below those in neighboring New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland.

Pennyslvania's legislature is dominated by rural areas that welcome education subsidies from the state but jealously guard local control of their schools. Any "meddling" by the state in local school affairs is fiercely resisted. But no superintendent before Boehm has shown any inclination to meddle. Heretofore, the Department of Public Instruction has routinely mailed out the increasingly big subsidy checks. It has certified teachers and licensed beauticians, undertakers, barbers, and engineers but has not shown much educational leadership because it did not believe this was a proper function of the state.

Like other states, Pennsylvania was spurred to action by the pressure of international events. Beyond that, it became clear that the Commonwealth couldn't afford to pass out $400 million a year in school subsidies with no control, or very little control, over spending.

Dr. Boehm, who is now fifty-eight, was named superintendent of public instruction in 1956 by Governor George M. Leader. The Governor, who is now a mortgage banker, recalls that he first approached a couple of nationally known educators about taking the state superintendency. But they weren't interested. "We couldn't get anyone," Leader said. "The department of public instruction had a bad reputation for productivity and the job only paid $15,000 a year."

FAILING to get a "big name," Leader asked his advisors to suggest a Pennsylvanian for the job. Their choice was Boehm, who was then Bucks County superintendent of schools. Boehm had just steered the county safely through a classroom shortage resulting from construction of the huge real estate development known as Pennsylvania Levittown, which attracted thousands of young families with lots of children.

The eighth-generation descendant of a German missionary who helped found the German Reformed Church of Pennsylvania, Boehm was considered a vigorous educational leader and a bold innovator. These were the qualities the Governor was looking for.

In accepting the state appointment, Dr. Boehm, rather than resigning his Bucks County post, simply took a leave of absence. Apparently he wasn't sure how well he, a Republican, would fare in Governor Leader's Democratic ad-

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ministration. However, the two hit it off famously and the Governor now doubts that he could have found a better man for the job anywhere in the country. (Boehm was reappointed to a second four-year term by Governor Leader's successor, Democrat David Lawrence, and, with his salary raised to $20,000 a year, he has finally given up his Bucks County leave of absence.)

One of Dr. Boehm's first acts on taking office was to begin publication of a Department of Public Instruction newsletter. This is mailed monthly to 21,000 school directors, administrators, and others. Through it, the state superintendent announces new education directives and policies. Out in the districts, school officials soon learned to snatch the newsletter the minute it arrived, to discover what Boehm was up to next. The first word of a new state edict requiring all seventh and eighth-graders to take special instruction in reading was carried in Boehm's newsletter. In similar fashion, school officials learned three years ago that the state was forcing all high school students, even the slow learners, to take at least one year of science and one year of mathematics.

Last July's issue of the newsletter announced that Boehm had asked the State Council of Education, which sets policy and generally does the superintendent's bidding, to require thirty-six hours of instruction in economics as part of secondary school social studies.

Dr. Boehm's curriculum policies have drawn fire from superintendents who charge he doesn't recognize their special problems. Philadelphia, for example, found it impossible to give regular doses of math and science to its dullest high school pupils. To meet the state requirements, officials were forced hastily to draft a new, simplified biology curriculum, with emphasis on the human body and personal hygiene. This course is now given to thousands of slow-learning tenth-graders. (One-third of Philadelphia's pupils are officially listed as "culturally deprived slow learners.")

Complaining about Boehm's required high school course on "world cultures," which stresses life in Asia and Africa, one school man said, "It's all very well to make every high school in Pennsylvania offer such a course. But where do we fit it into our curriculum? Something must come out. And, frankly, we don't want to sacrifice music or art or physical education."

To such criticism, Dr. Boehm patiently rejoins that Pennsylvania's schools must somehow find ways to keep pace with today's—and tomorrow's—world. One way to do this, he believes, is to lengthen the 180-day school year. He would prefer 200 days or more. But to date he has not been able to drum up much enthusiasm for this idea from either teachers, pupils, or parents.

Many of his other proposals, however, have been widely endorsed. Under Boehm, the state raised its teacher certification requirements for the first time in thirty years. The basic requirement of eighteen semester-hours has been increased to twenty-four hours for physics, math, and foreign language teachers, and to thirty, thirty-six, and forty hours for English, social studies, and general science teachers respectively. Foreign language teachers in Pennsylvania schools are now required to pass a test in their ability to speak the language they teach.

AMONG all state superintendents in the United States, Dr. Boehm was first in line to receive federal aid for science, math, and modern foreign language teaching equipment, as provided by the National Defense Education Act. Twelve thousand science and math teachers in the state have taken refresher courses to catch up with developments in their fields since their college days. (Boehm, in one of his more outspoken generalities, has estimated that one-third of Pennsylvania's science teachers are unfit to teach modern science.)

The superintendent has taken a special interest in improving the fourteen state colleges. Long neglected, their faculties still woefully underpaid (the scale is $4,500 to $9,000), these institutions are now being converted into "dual purpose" colleges that will admit liberal arts degree candidates as well as future teachers. Boehm wants to set up a television network for these colleges so that master teachers can lecture to students at all fourteen schools at one time.

He is quietly pushing another significant change at the state colleges. Until this fall, thirteen of the fourteen had never had a full-time Negro faculty member. The remaining one had a predominantly Negro faculty and student body. Dr. Boehm named a Philadelphia Negro minister to his staff to encourage racial integration of the state college faculties. Two of the thirteen previously all-white faculties have now been integrated. Four other state colleges are negotiating for Negro professors.

In the months ahead, one of Dr. Boehm's major tasks will be to help implement a new state law aimed at giving Pennsylvania a true state school system, instead of a "can of worms." Enacted by the Legislature late in August, the law compels the school districts to consolidate into 4,000-pupil units by 1965. (A loophole makes 2,500-pupil districts permissible in certain cases.) Compulsory consolidation of school districts has long been regarded as a vital first step for improving public education in Pennsylvania. A special committee appointed by Governor Lawrence early in 1960 studied the state's education problems for a solid year and reported that school district consolidation was absolutely essential.

Politics permeates all departments of government in Pennsylvania, and it may be to Dr. Boehm's credit that, at different times, Republicans and Democrats have attacked him with equal fervor. State Senate Republicans accused him of hiring costly educational consultants at $100 a day. They launched an investigation of his office that fizzled. Philadelphia Democrats angrily criticized Boehm two years ago for failing to embrace their plan to give Philadelphia $10,000,000 more in state school aid by counting all pupils, not just public school pupils, in computing each district's subsidy. This storm also blew over, and when Governor Lawrence renamed Boehm last year not a voice was raised in protest.

Boehm's associates consider him a superb and tireless idea man but a less than adequate administrator. At first, he tried to administer his office as well as to produce countless new ideas. Soon he turned over most of the administrative chores to capable deputies. It is generally agreed that he has recruited an extremely able staff with more fire and imagination than has been seen in the State Department of Education in years.

Earnest, energetic Charles Boehm has an encyclopedic knowledge of Pennsylvania education. He peels off facts, figures, and statistics at such speed that reporters find it next to impossible to take notes while he's speaking. He is totally engrossed in his work. He drives his subordinates hard and not infrequently dresses them down. He is, said one staff member, a hard man to work for. But Boehm is no less demanding of himself. After five years, he still lives in Bucks County and boards in Harrisburg during the week. In 1956, few Pennsylvanians had heard of him. Now most of them have. And many even know how to pronounce his name. It rhymes with fame.

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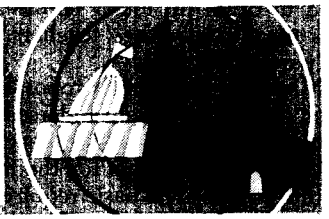
While School Keeps



SHARED TIME is attracting increasing attention as a possible solution to the growing pressure for public funds for parochial schools. The plan envisions parochial school students attending public schools, at public expense, for part of each day or week—for instruction in all subjects that have no direct religious significance. Subjects with religious implications would continue to be taught in parochial schools supported by private funds. Representatives of the major religious faiths have been discussing the possibility for the past several months with growing interest.

A top legal authority in the field of church-state relations sees no federal constitutional bar to part-time attendance at public schools by parochial students. Protestant and Jewish leaders see in the plan a way to avoid a bitter dispute over the issue of public funds for parochial schools. Some also see in it a means for providing more effective religious training for children of their own faiths without assuming the enormous expense of setting up complete parochial school systems. Roman Catholic leaders are equally anxious to avoid a bitterly divisive fight over the issue and see in the plan a possible way to extend the essentials of parochial school training to all Catholic youth without placing an impossible financial burden on the Catholic community.

Some Catholic leaders, at least, are willing to go so far as to retain for the parochial schools instruction only in religion, literature, and the social studies. They would be willing to have science, math, foreign languages, English composition, vocational education, and physical education taught in the public schools. Others would be less willing to let the teaching of biology, European literature, and perhaps some other subjects pass out of the hands of nuns and Christian brothers.

Many problems remain. Not least is a generally accepted definition of what the plan involves. Federal constitutional problems may not exist, but certainly legal problems will arise in some states. Scheduling will, initially, demand ingenuity of a high order from public and parochial schoolmen alike. There is the question whether such a plan can work at the elementary as well as the high school level. And, would it be possible to incorporate parochial school students into the life of the public school when they attend only part time, or would they be set apart as strangers in a foreign land? It is possible that the time is rapidly approaching when these and other basic questions should be answered by a limited number of carefully designed pilot programs in individual communities.

If the shared time plan is to be explored further, there are two other basic considerations that will demand careful scrutiny. First is the willingness of parochial school educators to give up the vision of a complete church-sponsored school system to which they have been committed for so many years. Second is the influence on public school policy and teaching that might result from such a close cooperative venture.

OVERSEAS (*The Magazine of Educational Exchange*) is a new venture of the Institute of International Education (800 Second Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.). The new publication will, in the words of the Institute's president, Kenneth Holland, "report current developments in the traditional scholarly and cultural exchanges between countries, . . . record the exciting and imaginative new programs designed to contribute to the educational, social and economic growth of emerging nations, . . . be a platform for the constructive presentation of the pros and cons of significant questions of policy, technique, and accomplishments."

In the first issue *Overseas* lives up to its promise with articles by Secretary of State Dean Rusk and former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge. Among other informative pieces is the especially interesting "Fifty Thousand Foreign Students to Advise," by James M. Davis, 1960-61 president of the National Association of Foreign Student Advisors. An attractive, informative, sometimes excitingly illustrated publication, *Overseas* is issued monthly from September through May at an annual subscription rate of $2.

WRITING ABILITY for professional men is usually expected to develop as a result of a freshman composition course and, sometimes, a later introduction to report writing. Too often the expected fails to materialize. Case Institute of Technology is therefore experimenting with a project that uses a staff of experts to grade the writing quality of student papers in non-composition courses in science, engineering, and management. Accuracy in grammar, punctuation, and spelling are checked, but, more important, emphasis is placed on precision, clarity, and organization.

Two years ago the project began in sixteen courses covering 340 of Case's 1,500 undergraduates. Last year it was expanded to eighteen courses and more than a third of the students. This fall it will be expanded further to include the entire sophomore class in the required physics laboratory course.

Experience indicates that the service is especially effective in improving the writing of those students who are already fairly skilful, but all benefit from the training in writing clear, concise sentences. It has also been helpful in alerting students to the special writing problems inherent in their professional fields.

U. S. TEACHERS are less than wholehearted in their endorsement of ETV as the Midwest Program on Airborne Television Instruction gets off the ground this fall, but a majority believe that technological advances of this kind offer real promise for improving education. According to the National Education Association's most recent Teacher Opinion Poll, about 54 per cent of the nation's teachers see improvement coming from such ventures, 28 per cent see little if any advance resulting, and 18 per cent have no opinion. They are pretty well agreed, however, that improvement will come only if present class size is maintained. Only about one in five believes that larger classes will be possible, even with ETV and similar technological aids, without sacrificing quality. It would be interesting to know how many of the teachers polled have had any experience with experiments that have combined varied class size and the new classroom aids.

DROPOUTS AND DELINQUENTS are by no means synonymous terms, but neither are they unrelated. Dropouts usually come from lower socio-economic groups and often from non-white minorities. The dropout rate nationally is about 40 per cent, but in many depressed urban areas it runs as high as

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six or eight of every ten. Unemployment dogs the youthful, unskilled dropouts and their delinquency rate is many times higher than among teen-agers who complete high school. Dr. James B. Conant recently described the large numbers of unschooled, unskilled, and unemployed youths in the slums of our large cities as "social dynamite" and "a serious threat to our free society." They are, in addition, tangible evidence of one serious failure of our affluent, democratic society.

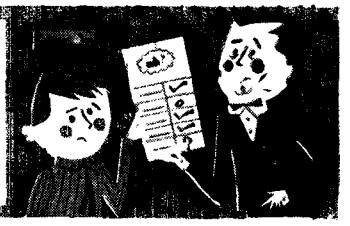
The Ford Foundation is attempting to attack the problem on a number of fronts. Recent grants to Detroit, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Richmond, California are designed to stimulate broad experimental programs in the schools, with the cooperation of parents, police, and other community agencies. In New York City, a grant to the Board of Education will finance a five-year program under which part-time jobs in departments of the city government will be offered to qualified teen-agers who are in danger of dropping out of school. In the first year, 276 potential dropouts, each attending school half time and working half time, will share 138 civil service jobs. By the fourth year, the city plans to have 1,000 students sharing 500 jobs.

UNDER still another grant from the foundation, the National Education Association is initiating a new program aimed at reducing the number of dropouts and also seeking to determine the appropriate role of the schools in serving the unemployed, out-of-school youth between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

The NEA will operate a national clearinghouse of current information on efforts to deal with the problem. It will provide consulting services for schools and community agencies, prepare publications, and also sponsor a variety of study conferences.

The NEA sees an analogy between its new undertaking and the Project on the Academically Talented Student it has been sponsoring for some years. The analogy highlights the oft-forgotten fact that the college-bound student receives many services from the high school both before and after graduation—guidance and counseling on college selection, help with applications, transcripts of grades, and a variety of follow-up contacts during his college career. But the non-college-bound student, and more especially the dropout, is likely to receive little more than a casual wave of the hand as he leaves. Perhaps more aid and comfort to our less fortunate students both before and after they leave school would be a prudent social investment. —JAMES CASS.

Report Card



BETTER THAN WEBSTER. A fifth-grade teacher in Chicago makes it a practice to ask her students to look up in the dictionary words they encounter in their reading, and to write their own definition. One day recently the word to look up was "sweater." A girl in the class handed in this definition: "Someone who overworks and gets underpaid." (*Contributed by Ann Elcrat, Kosciuszko School, Chicago.*)

SPELLING LESSON, Chapter II. In Nashville, Tennessee, a first-grade student asked his teacher the inevitable question—how to spell "rat." Hiding her impatience, she gently spelled it for him. Fixing her with a look of scorn he replied: "I don't mean mousey rat. Anybody knows how to spell that. What I mean is like in 'Do it rat now.'" (*Contributed by Mrs. Jessie B. Walker.*)

EXCUSES, EXCUSES! Chapter II. In its September 29 issue, the Educational Supplement of the *Times* of London published without comment the following absence note from the father of a Cornish grammar school boy who was arrested in the recent nuclear disarmament demonstration in Trafalgar Square: "I am sorry that my son was absent from school on Monday and Tuesday, but he was unavoidably detained."

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. A third-grade teacher in Buffalo, New York, recently assigned her students to write a brief essay on something they had learned. From one of her girls came this classic: "If you want to get out of going to school, you had better give up. There's a lot of things you can try: stomach aches, colds, headaches, foot hurts, stiff neck, and a lot more. But there's a catch to it someplace. Yes sir! The doctor will come and—oh boy!—he will put you to bed, test your heart, put the stick in your mouth, [and] give you some medicine that you won't like. So give up, buddy—you can't get out of going to school!"

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES . . ." Chapter II. A proud grandfather who happens to be a well-known educator and a vice president of one of the nation's largest foundations, recently received this "story" from his granddaughter, a first-grader in a California public school (the spelling is hers): "A apple is red and a cat is any colors and a dog is any colors too. But an elepnant is not any colors but grey."

MEMO TO HOMER AND SHAKESPEARE. McGuffey's Readers, second only to the Bible on the all-time U.S. best-seller list (more than 120,000,000 copies sold to date and still being bought at the rate of 30,000 copies a year), were recently banned "either as basic textbooks or as supplemental readers" by the state superintendent of schools in Wisconsin. In a letter to the Twin Lakes school board he said: "I have no objections to your using the readers as reference to show how different textbooks were in 1879." But the subject matter, he added, is "almost totally unrelated to modern living." (The superintendent under pressure later lifted the ban.)

FAIR WARNING. When Ohio State University recently sent out the usual alumni questionnaire, it received this reply in the box inquiring whether the respondent was married: "No, but watch this space."

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE IRISH. Pope John XXIII, who speaks several languages, is trying hard to learn English. Just about everybody is getting into the act of teaching him. One high church official recently recommended that he read American comic books, because the language in the blurbs is "conversational, self-explanatory, and modernissimo." However, the Pope's English teacher frowned on the suggestion. He is Monsignor Thomas Ryan of Tipperary, who is teaching John to speak English with an Irish brogue.

HISTORY LESSON. The South Carolina State Development Board recently received a letter from a California schoolboy who wanted some information about the Civil War. "Could you tell me," the letter inquired, "what South Carolina took in the war?" A state official gave the question careful consideration and then replied, somewhat ruefully: "A beating."

ALL-AROUND EXCELLENCE. Michigan State University, which has one of the nation's top-ranking college football teams, is taking no chances regarding possible embarrassment in the stands. Defensive Line Coach Hank Bullough has been assigned to teach interested coeds the fundamentals of the game.

—JOHN SCANLON

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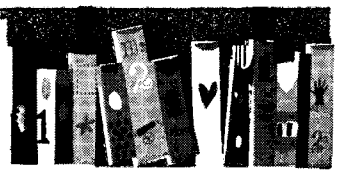
the Editor's Bookshelf



WHEN A NEW YORK executive takes his daily trek from his home in Scarsdale to his office on Madison Avenue his commuter train takes him through the slums of Harlem. He rarely looks out of the window but he should, for he has been warned by a distinguished educator that "we are allowing social dynamite to accumulate in our large cities"—and the dynamite hidden in these slums is not far below the surface.

In **"Slums And Suburbs,"** (McGraw-Hill. 147 pp. $1.95 paperbound, $3.95 hardbound) James B. Conant takes a look at both Scarsdale and Harlem and their counterparts in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and other cities. He is shocked and angered by what he sees, and although his emotion is well controlled it gives this volume a persuasive power that will make it one of Conant's most important contributions to the literature on American education.

Sharp contrasts between the life of the rich and that of the poor are not new to American life but the contrasts between the public schools of Scarsdale and those of Harlem are much too great to be tolerated by a nation dedicated to equality of educational opportunity.

The solution is not to make the slum school a copy of the suburban school. It must take the slum child from where he is to where he wants to be and deserves to be; for the majority this will not be accomplished by offering the college-preparatory course appropriate for the upper-middle-class suburban child.

In "The American High School Today," which appeared two years ago, Conant gave strong support to the comprehensive high schools he had seen in small independent cities that are not part of a metropolitan complex. Now, after taking a close look at urban schools, he says, "Much as I admire the comprehensive high school in the town with one high school and see it as an instrument of democracy, it seems impossible for school authorities in a large city to create artificially a series of such schools. If a policy were to be adopted that, as an ideal, every neighborhood school should have a widely heterogeneous school population represented by all socio-economic backgrounds, school administrators would be forced to move children about as though they were pawns on a chessboard." (Conant's recommendations for both slum and suburban schools appear on page 61.)

It is an ironic fact that, after thirty years of large-scale slum clearance projects the slums still are with us, and that after a generation of supervised playgrounds and youth centers, delinquency rates continue to rise. It now appears that these worthy efforts do not strike at the heart of the problem: the lack of opportunity to participate fully in the best of American life. The present slum dweller, who in many cases was born in the rural south or in Puerto Rico and has not yet adapted himself to urban life, finds that landlords, employers, and labor unions have set up barriers against him. Conant cites areas in which half the boys under twenty-one, although out of school for several years, have never been employed and have little prospect of employment. Their dreams of a better life are frustrated and frustration breeds aggression. They join gangs because in a gang they can feel important, but this fact makes the gang no less vicious.

To call this an educational problem is to oversimplify it, as Conant would be the first to admit. It is a problem for employers, labor unions, landlords, civic leaders, and state and federal governments. It will not be solved merely by providing or requiring more years of schooling, but educators, with the support of city administrators and taxpayers, can do much more than they have been doing in most cities. If they read "Slums and Suburbs," and share Conant's sense of urgency, they will do it without waiting for the dynamite to explode.

THE IVY LEAGUE is an athletic association made up of eight undergraduate men's colleges that have little in common except that all are located in the Northeast corner of the United States. Some are parts of universities while some are not. Most of them are relatively old, as American colleges go, but one was founded more recently than many colleges in the Middle West. Some stress a traditional curriculum, others are more experimental, and one is a land-grant university complete with such non-Ivy appurtenances as cow barns and pig pens.

"The Ivy League Today," by Frederick A. Birmingham (Crowell. 257 pp. $4.50), is a readable and often amusing account of this oddly assorted collection of institutions. Birmingham gives Stanley Woodward, sportswriter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, credit for naming the league. When he first used the term "Ivy" in one of his columns in the early 1930s Woodward did not intend it as a symbol of excellence; he lightheartedly pointed out that some varieties of ivy are poison while others are frequently potted. But the word caught on and in 1954 was adopted as the League's official title.

During the 1950s "Ivy" took on a special kind of éclat that extended to dress as well as to education. "Ivy fashions," says Birmingham, "became an absolute uniform among the college students of the nation. It was also adopted by nightclub comics, prizefighters, delivery boys, and gangsters appearing before Senate committees. . . ."

Birmingham thinks that Henry Morton Robinson, a Columbia alumnus, may have had his tongue in cheek when he wrote a blast in a national magazine in the late Fifties declaring the Ivy League to be impregnably superior to state universities (which he described as "educational rabbit warrens") and referred to all non-Ivy schools as the "outer mediocrity." But the notion that Ivy stands for educational purity as well as social distinction has been widely accepted, with the result that these colleges now have many more applicants than they can accept. This has made it possible for them to raise admission standards to a point so high that the sons of many distinguished alumni now find themselves relegated to the "outer mediocrity." College officials, with good reasons, are worried about the effect this will have on future endowments because the sons of millionaires do not always excel on college board examinations.

Today the prestige of Ivy is well established but it is doubtful that many people living west of Buffalo could name all the eight colleges that make up the league. Harvard, Yale and Princeton, of course, but what are the other five? Is Amherst on the list? Is Brown, or Williams? The uncertainty suggests that the Ivy League is better known than some of the individual schools that comprise it. —P.W.

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THE CONANT RECOMMENDATIONS

(From "Slums and Suburbs")

"The dramatic contrasts between schools in the slums and schools in the suburbs illustrate the impossibility of discussing education without specifying the kinds of homes from which the pupils come. Many of the criticisms of the public schools which we have heard in the last few years have ignored this fact. Furthermore, they have been expressed often in terms too general to be constructive. To speak eloquently about raising standards is of little help unless one specifies what kinds of schools one is considering and defines accurately what is meant by the words 'academic standards.'"

For the Well-to-do Suburbs

1. The main problem in wealthy suburban schools is to guide the parent whose college ambitions outrun his child's abilities toward a realistic picture of the kind of college his child is suited for.

2. Expert guidance must begin very early in the suburban schools in this process of educating both parent and child in the realities of college admission.

3. The prestige colleges should be seen as institutions for very bright students, the majority of whom will go to graduate school for advanced degrees. Many will enter the professions.

4. The California pattern of higher education, which includes two-year junior colleges, should be examined with care by citizens interested in solving college problems within many states.

5. The place to begin to set standards in American education is at the last rung of the educational ladder—the graduate level. Requirements for admission to law and medical schools and to graduate schools of arts and sciences should include evidence by examination of a wide and solid academic education. The requirements might be as follows: the ability to write a competent essay; a good reading, writing, and speaking knowledge of at least one modern foreign language; a knowledge of mathematics through the calculus; a knowledge of physics, chemistry, and biology at the freshman level of our most rigorous colleges; at the same level of competence, knowledge of American history and political institutions and English and American literature. The implementation of this recommendation might well have a salutary effect upon the education of bright students in both schools and colleges by bringing about what is called for in recommendation 6.

6. All high schools should try to create a climate of opinion that will encourage bright students to elect the kind of wide program that is required of students in the Bronx High School of Science. Such a program means five rather than the traditional four academic subjects a year.

7. Every high school ought to strive for participation in the Advanced Placement Program.

For Large-city Slums

1. The contrast in the money spent per pupil in wealthy suburban schools and in slum schools of the large cities challenges the concept of equality of opportunity in American public education. More money is needed in slum schools.

2. Social dynamite is building up in our large cities in the form of unemployed out-of-school youth, especially in the Negro slums. We need accurate and frank information neighborhood by neighborhood.

3. The schools should be given the responsibility for educational and vocational guidance of youth after they leave school until age twenty-one. This will require more money.

4. Increased attention ought to be paid in both slums and suburbs to developing meaningful courses for pupils with less than average abilities. To this end consideration should be given by every school and community to the expansion of work-study programs for slow students, and to the provision of at least an auto mechanics shop for boys in every high school in metropolitan areas.

5. Employment opportunities in the large cities must be promptly opened on a nondiscriminatory basis. Because of the attitude of management and labor this can be done only through the use of federal funds.

6. The answer to improving Negro education in the large Northern cities is to spend more money and to upgrade Negro schools, many of which are in slums, rather than to effect token integration by transporting pupils across attendance lines. Fully integrated teaching staffs are a necessity as well.

7. More teachers and perhaps more pay for teachers are necessary for schools in the slums than in either the high-income districts of the large cities or the wealthy suburbs. Special training programs for teachers in slum schools are needed.

8. No effort should be spared in slum areas to enlist the support of parents in the education of their children. To this end, adult education programs should be improved and expanded.

9. Big cities need decentralized administration in order to bring the schools closer to the needs of the people in each neighborhood and to make each school fit the local situation.

10. Nonpolitical, honest school boards composed of high-minded citizens who can differentiate between policy-making and administration are essential. An aroused public opinion is needed to correct the situation in those cities where such school boards do not exist.

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Most Important Books on Education 1960-61

AT THE beginning of this school year the editors of the Education Supplement asked a panel of distinguished educators, education editors, and others whose work makes it necessary for them to read widely in the field, to name the five most important books on education published since September 1, 1960. The names of those making the selection appear in the box at the right.

The inclusion of a book does not mean that panel members agree with the position taken by the author but only that they consider the book a contribution to public understanding of educational problems—one that should be read by educational leaders, teachers, parents, school board members, and others concerned about the schools and colleges.

Although more than 150 new books on education appeared during the year (not counting textbooks, handbooks, guides, and reprints) there was a considerable amount of agreement among the panel members about the first five that appear below. (Comments following each title are selected from the review that appeared in *SR*'s Education Supplement.)

FOURTEEN VOTES

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE SCHOOL. By Lawrence A. Cremin. Knopf. $5.50.

"The first definitive history of the Progressive Education Movement and one of the most important books on education in many years."

THIRTEEN VOTES

EXCELLENCE. By John W. Gardner, Harper. $3.95.

". . . provides an intellectual basis for action on many fronts [and] a balanced, informed, and positive statement of democratic belief by a man who in temperament, experience, and performance has shown himself to be a gifted educator."

TEN VOTES

THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION. By Jerome Bruner. Harvard University Press. $3.

". . . useful, satisfying, and exciting . . . It may fall short of someone's idea of perfection, but like an industrial diamond it is a working gem."

THE SCHOOLS. By Martin Mayer. Harper. $4.95.

"An excellent description of American schools. A wayfarer's guide and a sweeping survey of educational institutions. . . . Mayer has read more widely, covered more ground, seen more schools, and talked to more people than many professional educators do in a lifetime."

SIX VOTES

THE EDUCATION OF NATIONS. By Robert Ulich. Harvard University Press. $6.75.

". . . a book that shows scholarship and broad vision of educational issues, that is replete with penetrating observations and sound conclusions, and that is, at the same time, readable and well organized. . . ."

FOUR VOTES

EDUCATION IN THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL YEARS. By James B. Conant, Educational Testing Service Princeton, N.J. 50¢.

THREE VOTES

GRADUATE EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Bernard Berelson. McGraw-Hill, $6.95.

THE ADOLESCENT SOCIETY. By James S. Coleman. Free Press. $6.95.

OTHER SELECTIONS

EDUCATION IN THE FORMING OF AMERICAN SOCIETY. By Bernard Bailyn, University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

THE ECONOMICS OF PUBLIC EDUCATION. By Charles S. Benson, Houghton Mifflin. $7.

EDUCATION FOR THE EMERGING AGE: Newer Ends and Stronger Means. By Theodore Brameld. Harper. $5.

TELEVISION TEACHING TODAY. By Henry H. Cassirer. UNESCO, Columbia University Press. $3.00.

THE CRISIS OF WESTERN EDUCATION. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed and Ward. $3.95.

WHAT PRIORITY FOR EDUCATION? THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MUST SOON DECIDE. BY David D. Henry. University of Illinois Press. $2.50.

TEACHING MACHINES AND PROGRAMMED LEARNING—A RESOURCE BOOK. By A. A. Lumsdaine & Robert Glaser. Department of Audio-Visual Instruction, NEA, Washington, D.C. $7.50.

SUMMERHILL: A RADICAL APPROACH TO CHILD REARING. By A. S. Neill. Hart Publishing Co., N.Y. $5.75.

THE SCHOOL BUS LAW. By Theodore Powell. Wesleyan University Press, Conn. $5.

EDUCATION AND INCOME INEQUALITIES IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By Patricia Cayo Sexton. Viking. $6.

EDUCATION FOR PRIVACY. By Marten Ten Hoor, University of Alabama Press. $4.

EDUCATION AND THE HUMAN QUEST. By Herbert A. Thelen. Harper. $4.75.

The selection of the MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS ON EDUCATION *was made by the following educators and editors:*

WILLIAM W. BRICKMAN, Editor, *School and Society*
MARY E. BUCHANAN, Editor, *Parents' Magazine*
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℞ for Better Schools

"Focus on Change: Guide to Better Schools" by J. Lloyd Trump and Dorsey Baynham *(Rand McNally. 147 pp. $1.25), is a report of the Commission on the Experimental Study of the Utilization of the Staff in the Secondary School, appointed by the National Association of Secondary School Principals. Edward J. Anderson is superintendent of schools in Wayland, Massachusetts.*

By Edward J. Anderson

ARE drastic changes needed in the American high school? J. Lloyd Trump is convinced that they are and that the needed improvements will be made only if educators focus on change rather than on maintaining the *status quo*. His book is addressed to a large audience because Trump is convinced that the pressure for change must come from the community as well as from educators.

Trump violates many sacred concepts of education that have developed over the years, including the belief that a teacher should meet a given group of students for a given period of time for five days each week and 180 days each year. In the Trump school, students will meet in large groups of 100 or more for part of the day for instruction from the most capable and experienced teachers, and from outside specialists. At other times they will meet in small groups of about fifteen where they will examine ideas and learn the technique of effective discussion. Flexible scheduling will permit classes to meet at different times during the day and for varying amounts of time during the week to participate in different kinds of learning situations. The present classrooms, designed for classes of twenty-five or thirty, will give way to buildings providing for more flexible use of space and provision for technological aids such as teaching machines and television will be made.

Teachers will waste less time on nonprofessional tasks that can be done better by teacher aides and will have more time for curriculum planning and for cooperative planning with other teachers including those in other disciplines.

"Focus on Change" is a little book of major importance to every person interested in education, especially educators and school board members, but it cannot offer a pat recipe to develop the new school. It does offer to thoughtful, imaginative people the stimulus for innovation in education and ideas on which competent educators and lay people can build sound educational programs. In communities where such techniques have been used, education has become a stimulating way of life to teachers, pupils, and parents.

There seems to be little doubt that major changes need to be wrought in the schools of America but there also seems to be a reluctance on the part of many communities even to consider, much less engage in, the processes of change. Those schools that have become involved in the process of change for the purpose of providing better educational opportunities for students have found the task to be one requiring an unusual expenditure of energy on the part of teachers, students, and school boards. It is important that all people who have any interest in education become familiar with the basic philosophy underlying the operation of schools and to understand the potential of boys and girls to engage in intellectual pursuits. Certainly the work of Trump, and those working with him in the process of examining concepts of change, are having, and will have, a profound effect on the American secondary school in the coming decade.

Soviet vs. American Schools

"What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't," by Arthur S. Trace, Jr. *(Random House. 213 pp. $3.95), is a comparison of Soviet and American education based upon an analysis of textbooks. William W. Brickman, who reviews the book, is professor of educational history and comparative education at New York University, editor of School and Society, and co-author of "The Changing Soviet School."*

By William W. Brickman

DURING the past six years or so there has appeared an increasing number of books and articles on education in the Soviet Union. These vary in style and content from the thorough and the authoritative to the sensational and superficial. Of the former we have had too few; of the latter, too many. At first glance, Trace's "What Ivan Knows that Johnny Doesn't" seems to fall into the category of the type of literature calculated to catch the eye and inflame the passion.

But first appearances are not safe as sources of reliable conclusions. The book under review is an angry one written by an irate but experienced and scholarly professor of English at John Carroll University. A writer who did his own translation from the Russian, Dr. Trace examined Soviet and American textbooks in reading, literature, foreign languages, history, and geography side by side and came up with startling results. At least they were startling to him, as they are likely to be to any reader whose background in reading about Soviet and American educational problems is limited to the generalities and the banalities in the mass media.

Convinced that the "vast disparity" in mathematics and basic science teaching between the Soviet and American schools is "more than a little terrifying," Trace proceeds to provide evidence that should destroy the impression that, in the humanities at least, American elementary and secondary schools do better than their Soviet counterparts. His evidence consists of an analysis of the tables of contents and specimen passages of selected Soviet and American textbooks, as well as of a few extracts from the *programmi srednei shkoli* (courses of study of secondary schools). After his presentation he concludes that "the curriculum and the textbooks of the Soviet school system provide Soviet students with a vastly greater knowledge of literature, foreign languages, history, and geography than the American school system provides our students."

Professor Trace advances several fundamental reasons to explain the "enormous advantage" enjoyed by Soviet children and youth: more school time and more continuity in studying the subject matter; efficient and effective teaching of reading in the lower classes as a firm foundation for the

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study of literature, foreign languages, history, and geography from the fifth grade on; and the careful writing of Soviet textbooks by "competent scholars." On the other hand, American curricula, textbooks, and teaching practices exhibit the reverse tendencies. As a result, American pupils "are deprived of a solid knowledge of literature, foreign languages, history, and geography."

Now the author is by no means unaware of the basic differences between the Soviet and the American school systems. Nor is he blind to the significance of the indoctrination of Communism in the Soviet schools.

On the face of it, this book does well to expose American weakness vis-à-vis Soviet strength in an area of education where we have fancied ourselves to be effective if not superior. It is also reassuring to note the author's genuine concern with elevating the level and standards of American education by offering many suggestions that make sense and are worthy of serious consideration.

Yet for all Professor Trace's ability and good will, his book falls far short of its objective and it might well become a source of confusion to many who seek enlightenment. This is most unfortunate, since Trace was in a position to make use of his scholarly competence and linguistic ability to produce a solid contribution toward a better understanding of both the Soviet and the American systems of education. What he has done is to offer a random and unreliable comparison which adds up to conclusions that appear to have been biased to begin with.

For some four decades or more, leading American scholars and educators have concentrated criticism on the weak spots of curriculum, methodology, and teacher preparation in the primary and secondary schools. Bagley and Kandel, among the Essentialists, and Bestor and the Council for Basic Education at a later date, have attacked the lack of system and sequence in instruction and have urged the widespread teaching of the fundamental, essential subjects. Consequently, Trace beats the drum for what has been made familiar to the discerning American.

So far as Soviet education is concerned, he shows no evidence that he had studied the subject with the same degree of scholarship that he doubtless lavishes upon his research work in Renaissance literature and literary criticism. His basic errors are too many to be cited in this review but let some be mentioned at least.

The Soviet sources, as we have already observed, are a few textbooks, and a fewer number of passages in *one* course of study in the Russian language for grades five to seven. No courses of study were used for the other subjects, nor does Trace inform the reader of the great amount of Soviet self-criticism in such educational journals as *Russkii yazik v shkole* (Russian Language in School), *Inostrannie yaziki v shkole* (Foreign Languages in School), *Prepadovanie istorii v shkole* (Teaching of History in School), and other specialized and general periodicals. Nowhere can be found a hint of such statements as the following by Sergei G. Shapovalenko of the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences: "We are not satisfied with the teaching of foreign languages because pupils who complete the course have trouble expressing their thoughts and reading rather simple matter in special fields."

If Trace had analyzed fully the textbooks he selected, instead of quoting passages and translating tables of contents, he would have given the reader a more accurate picture of what is taught. In any event, it is still unscholarly and misleading to extrapolate from excessively few instances and to claim that teaching must be superior because textbook content is better. Many of Trace's conclusions on Soviet teaching rest on no data that he has adduced in his book. In the case of his judgment regarding the "competent scholars" who write the Soviet texts, this must be proved by a complicated process of research. The quality of teaching, furthermore, can be assessed only on the basis of a thorough analysis of representative textbooks, courses of study, pertinent educational literature, *and* repeated classroom visits by foreign specialists in all types of schools.

The reviewer is convinced of Professor Trace's good intentions and competent equipment. But more and better labor is necessary in the area of Soviet education before the author can prove what he sets out to do, even for a general audience. A scholar must approach a subject with objectivity, detachment, and the techniques of scholarly research, all the more so when writing for laymen. This the author has failed to do, and consequently his book cannot be considered a contribution to the public knowledge. The scholar's responsibility to the nonspecialist is greater than to his fellow scholars.

If it has been demonstrated that "Johnny Doesn't" know, and some are not sure of this, then there is little proof in this book of "What Ivan Knows."

Howlers Anonymous

TEACHERS THE WORLD OVER are constantly struck by the ingenuity their students display in answering examination questions. A recent issue of the Educational Supplement of *The Times* of London devoted two columns to some of the unusual responses to a British test given to sixteen-year-olds for the General Certificate of Education. Following is a sampling:

Shakespeare

- Hamlet's love for his father was his Oedipus Complex.
- The events in "King Lear" are those which happen many times every day to many families.
- Lear dies every inch a king; almost his last words were, "Undo this button"—a truly kingly command.
- Edgar leads his father to the requested cliff and then collects him at the bottom.
- Shakespeare was a Romanticist and Elizabethan, Jonson a Classicist and Jacobite. Jonson, unlike Shakespeare, wrote with his head.

Chaucer

- When she had finished her meal, the Prioress gave a subdued, delicate but elegant burp. ("After her meat she raughte.")
- Chaucer commends the Prioress for her figure which should have been covered.
- The Wife of Bath wore red stockings, which was a sure sign to the men.
- The Prioress had a brooch which said, *Amor Vincit Omnia.* This means, "Kiss Me Quick."

Milton

- When Dalila discovered that Samson's strength lay in his hair she reported him to the authorities.
- Dalila is dressed in fine silk when she comes to tempt Samson. He at once sees through this.

Wordsworth

- Wordsworth fraternized with the beauties around him.
- Wordsworth believed at one time in his life in procreation.
- In his youth Wordsworth took advantage of all the beauties of the Lake District.

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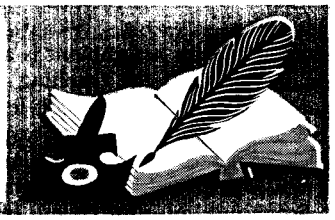
New Books



SLUMS AND SUBURBS. A Commentary on Schools in Metropolitan Areas. *By James B. Conant. McGraw-Hill.* 147 *pp. Hardcover,* $3.95. *Paperback,* $1.95. (See EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF.)

THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS. Conflict and Consensus. *By B. K. Hodenfield and T. M. Stinnett. Prentice-Hall.* 177 *pp. Cloth,* $3.95. *Paperback,* $1.95. Behind-the-scenes coverage of three national conferences on teacher education by two experienced observers.

AMERICAN HIGHER EDUCATION. A Documentary History. *By Richard Hofstadter and Wilson Smith.* 2 *vols. University of Chicago Press. Vol. I* 474 *pp. Vol. II.* 1,016 *pp.* $15 *for set.* Documents presenting a review of the major trends in the history of the undergraduate colleges and universities of America.

RELIGION, GOVERNMENT, AND EDUCATION. *By William W. Brickman and Stanley Lehrer. Society for the Advancement of Education* (1834 *Broadway, New York* 23). 288 *pp.* $5.25. Church-state-school relations traced from biblical times to the present.

THE ONE-TEACHER SCHOOL. *Publication No.* 228. *International Documents Service. UNESCO.* 256 *pp. Paperback,* $3. (*Available from Columbia University Press.*) Comparative study on the organization of the one-teacher school, its special needs, its advantages and disadvantages in sixty-nine countries.

INTERNATIONAL YEARBOOK OF EDUCATION. *Vol.* 22. 1960. *UNESCO.* 516 *pp. Paperback,* $5.50. (*Available from Columbia University Press.*) Comparative study of educational development in 1959-60 with individual reports on educational progress in seventy-seven nations.

CAREERS IN WORLD AFFAIRS: AT HOME AND ABROAD. *Foreign Policy Association—World Affairs Center. Doubleday.* 140 *pp. Paperback,* $1.75. A comprehensive guide to jobs and training opportunities in the Americas, Africa, the Far East, and Europe.

LEISURE AND THE SCHOOLS. *American Association for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington* 6, *D.C.*) 186 *pp.* $3.75. A proposal that schools assume the responsibility of teaching how to use leisure time creatively.

TOMORROW'S ILLITERATES. The State of Reading Instruction Today. *Edited by Charles C. Walcutt. With an introduction by Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown and Co.* 168 *pp.* $3.95. Seven essays discussing "the growing illiteracy of American children" and the methods of reading instruction used to combat this problem.

NEW HORIZONS IN EDUCATION. The Benefits of Study Abroad. *Edited by George Gardner and Stanley Washburn, Jr. Pan American Airways* (28-19 *Bridge Plaza North, Long Island City* 1, *N.Y.*) 526 *pp.* $2. A guide to the principal universities around the world that accept American students.

THE NATION'S CHILDREN. *By Eli Ginzberg. Columbia University Press.* 242 *pp.* $4.50. A useful collection of reports of the 1960 White House Conference.

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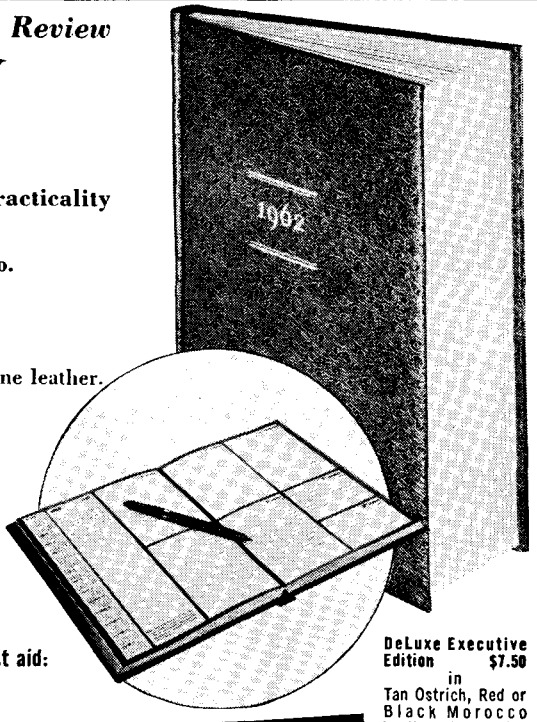

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Teaching Machine

Continued from page 55

or punished for his teaching by the responses of his students. If an explanation is unclear, students will err. If a step forward is too large, students will err. If a concept needs more examples, a problem-solving technique more practice, students will err. In the code of the programer, the student is not in error, only badly taught. Having undertaken to direct the learning process, the programer cannot claim that the student was lazy and did not do the assignment, or asleep when an important point was mentioned. The programer has laid the assignment out for all to see. The student's record of completing this assignment is also there for all to see. If the teaching is insufficient, the student will not learn. The "buck" is unpassable. The applied scientist must repeat his experiment with a new set of teaching conditions.

Providing an illustration of a program is always a problem. A few items cannot do justice even to a poor program. The sample opposite is taken from a junior high school vocabulary program teaching a subject that many English teachers and students will recognize—the Latin contribution to English vocabulary. These few frames are part of more than 2,000. The sequence, including the omitted items, represents about ten minutes of the student's time and can hardly be considered a large step forward in his learning. This sequence starts, as do most, with material the student already knows, either from common experience or from previous sections of the program, and leads him to look at and respond to new ways of talking about the material. Instruction in this minor subpoint of a complex subject is not completed in these few items, and will not be until the student can apply this knowledge to a new word with no help. To allow the reader to judge the techniques of long-term teaching involved in a program of this sort would require presentation of at least a whole *Saturday Review* full of the program. Acquisition of a discipline takes time. Students working through a program such as this one are using their time as efficiently as the programer can arrange. If these students do not achieve the goal of understanding, then the programer must rearrange the students' use of time. The subject matter determines what shall be taught, but the students coach their teacher step by step in how it can be taught.

Designing a program is a grueling task. It is an exercise in logic, psychology, subject-matter expertise, and sheer patience. No profession has cornered the market on the qualities required to write a good program, although the psychologists had a head

Teaching Machine Age

BY LILYN E. CARLTON

In the good old-fashioned school days,
Days of the golden rule,
Teacher said, "Good morning, class,"
And so she started school.

Alas! how different things are now,
The school day can't begin
Till someone finds the socket
And plugs the teacher in.

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"If there's a shortage of teachers, I haven't noticed it."

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start. Few full-length programs are in existence and none is perfect. Textbook writers have not done the sequencing necessary, nor the division of the subject into digestible parts. Nor would their editors have allowed it. Textbooks have always been designed for studying, for rereading, and for cross-reference page flipping. The programer must anticipate the student's need for restatement and review of earlier material, for comparison and cross-reference, and build these into the program. Programing is a new kind of communication between teacher and student. There is as yet no formula according to which a field of knowledge can be fitted and transformed by magic or rule into a program. Certain oversimplified "rules" are available to new programers; already trained programmers can prevent some glaring errors in program construction; but the major apprenticeship of the new programer is in the classroom. If the lack of a manual on how to program doubles the work, it also doubles the chances of novel solutions to the difficult problems of this new communication technique. Programs can be as personal and idiosyncratic as an individual teacher's lecture and as effective as a team of experts. Like textbooks, a program represents a teacher's style of writing, thinking, and teaching. (Like books and teachers, programs can be dull or wrong!) Unlike the lesson that works in his own private castle, his classroom, the program captures the master teacher's methods and records these methods for others to see and to learn from. Unlike problems with a textbook, the flaws and difficulties in an otherwise excellent presentation can be precisely located and repaired or removed.

As with all sciences, it can be hoped

Sample of Programed Instruction

Excerpt from a program—junior high English vocabularly. (The student writes the answer to each question before the next question appears.)

121. A person says, "That was a *terrific* movie!" Does he mean that the movie was very good or that it was very bad? Very .....

122. A person says, "Her typing is *terrible!*" To most people, does this mean that she types very well or very badly? Very .....

123. We use "terrific" to mean "very good" and we use "terrible" to mean "very bad." *Good* and *bad* are opposites. So *terrific* and *terrible* are .....s when used this way.

124. A *terrified* person is very very fearful or afraid. ("Scared stiff" is a good definition.) A feeling of *terror* is a very strong feeling of ..... (As many words as you want.)

125. Do all terrific movies scare you? .....

126. Does someone's terrible typing or terrible piano playing scare you? .....

128. The words "terror," "terrific," and "terrible" have the same root. The root is ... ...

131. Many English words come from the Latin language of long ago. The Latin word for "frighten" was *terrere*. So our words "*terror*" and "*terrific*" came from a ..... word meaning "frighten."

134. Many many years ago, an English person would *not* have used the word "terrific" when he meant "very good." It meant only "very frightening." "Terrific" is an old word and "very frightening" is its ..... meaning.

135. Nowadays when we call something "terrific," we seldom mean that we are scared. "Terrific" is an old word, but it has a ..... meaning "very good."

137. When we give a definition of the parts of the word "terrible," we get the definition "able to frighten." This definition tells you the (old) (new) meaning of the word "terrible." .....

140. A terrible tiger is certainly one that can scare a person. The definition "can scare" is the (new) (old) definition. .....

141. A "terrible tiger" might be a tiger which didn't act like a real tiger! You might say that someone's pet tiger would make a "terrible tiger." In this very unusual case, you would mean that it was a (frightening) (very bad) tiger. .....

(*Advertisement*)

Take Time for Poetry

by

MAY HILL ARBUTHNOT

Doctor of Humane Letters, Western Reserve University. Author, Children and Books; compiler, Time for Poetry, anthology, and Poetry Time, record album, to accompany The New Basic Readers; Time for Fairy Tales, Time for True Tales, The Arbuthnot Anthology.

Using poetry with children as it should be used—for their refreshment, for merriment, for stimulation, for quiet reassurance—can lead to times of unequaled pleasure for children and for adults, whether teachers or parents.

With children, the success of a poem depends in part on the mood and setting in which the poem is read, and in part on the way it is presented.

Get the children close to you for poetry; relax, let them relax, and let it be known that this is a time for enjoyment.

Children will enjoy poetry more if they are comfortable with the words. They need not know the meaning of every word in a poem in advance—many they can deduce from the context. Savoring the full flavor of unusual words in poetry is part of the pleasure it gives. Key words and phrases, however, may need explaining before teacher or parent reads a poem—*chanticleer*, perhaps, and his *comb*, or *the strong withered horse.*

With poetry as with music, some listeners will like certain selections better than others. When you finish reading a poem, wait for children's questions or comments. Don't ask, "Did you like the poem?" Pause long enough for them to make an honest, if hesitant, comment. If nothing comes, go on to another poem and don't worry. A poem, like a piece of music, often needs to be heard more than once to strike home, so try again later and see if a response comes on a second or third reading.

Many times children tell you without words whether or not they like a poem—with smiles, chuckles, or a quick change of mood.

Poetry time can be a time to lift young spirits and give them something to grow on—

"Loveliness that dies when I forget
Comes alive when I remember."

And children remember poetry.

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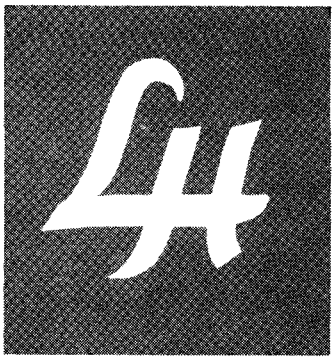
that what is learned about communicating subject matter in one discipline can be applied to teaching other disciplines. Most programers assume that they are studying how to teach, not how to teach some particular subject matter. What they learn about the communication of knowledge can be applied to other teaching techniques—lectures, television, *et al.* Few programers and no reasonable programers believe that all of education will be or should be programed, in the sense that students will do all their learning this way. Many of us feel, however, that the attempt to program every field can lead to useful insights into just what is being taught, what the difficulties are in communicating the material, and what methods hold promise in leading students to succeed with the subject.

Teachers rarely feel themselves in competition with a textbook, although textbooks are designed to teach. A scientifically designed text is a more efficient teaching aid. When the problems and practice exercises are self-correcting, eliminating batches of thirty identical (except for errors) papers to grade, the teaching text becomes an aid to the teacher's efficiency. The tools available to the teaching profession are expanding rapidly. Programed instruction is only one of them, and one still in its infancy. Its place in the overall guidance of learning has not yet been determined empirically. Assertions that programed instruction makes teachers obsolete and counterassertions that it is useless are equally unsupported by fact. Education can be an empirically based discipline because it rests on demonstrable results: either students learn or they don't. We already know that students do learn from well-constructed programs. With time, careful research can discover how this new teaching tool can be best used by teachers to further their purposes.

This is the message that programers would have the teachers, parents, students, and public understand. A program is a teaching aid, constructed by teachers, tested by students. A teacher who doubts the effectiveness of the new tool may ask for evidence. What students with what background and abilities learned what from the particular program? Those who market the new tool must provide the evidence. In the competitive market place, the early programs will be replaced by better programs, not merely new ones but more effective and efficient ones. If the programer does not produce the better mousetrap, he must try again. When he succeeds, he can say "Scientific laboratory tests prove . . ." and mean it. In education, this is a step forward.



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Bolman

Continued from page 51

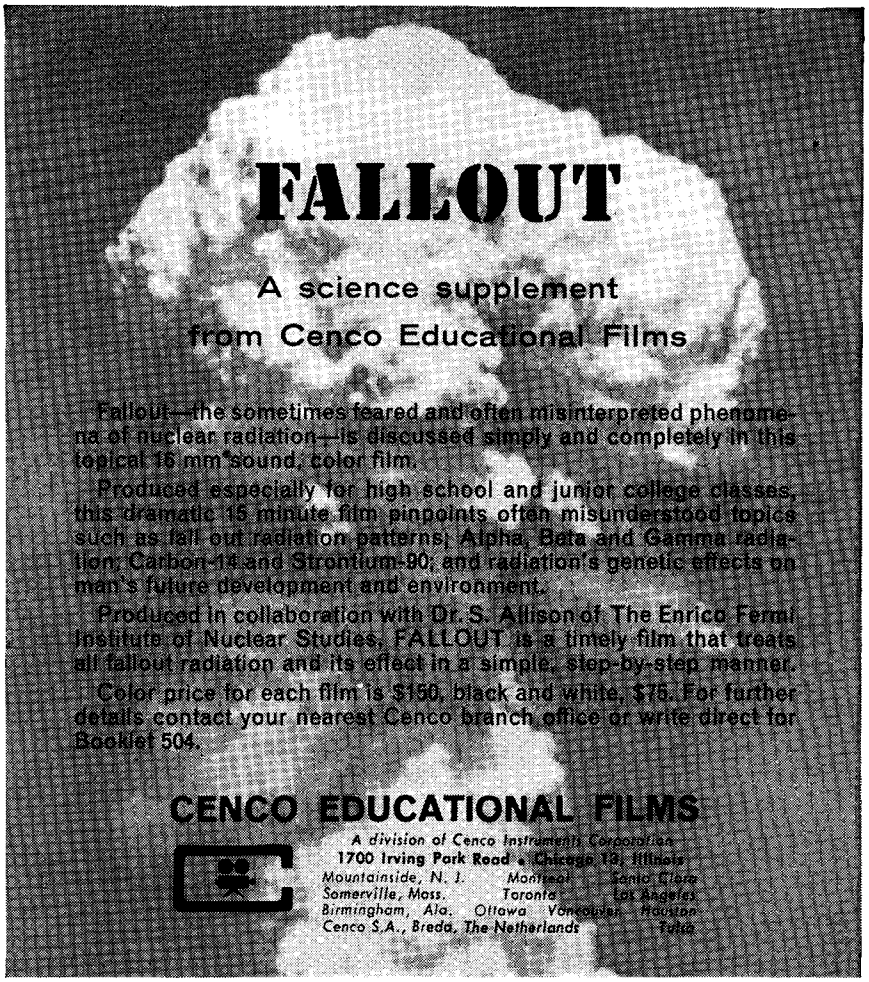
and on the way their reading has complemented work in specific course areas. If, in the instructor's opinion, they have read well and thoroughly, they are given some small academic credit for the work completed. They have found, at Wilson, that the girls tend to read the classics in this program. For instance, a year ago forty-eight freshmen and twenty-eight sophomores participated for credit. Sixteen of them read the "Odyssey," seventeen read Dante, fifteen read "Anna Karenina," and others chose a variety of books from the "Song of Roland" and the "Nibelungenlied" to Goethe and Thackeray.

There are ways of interesting students in reading beyond their classroom assignments. Few of them are dramatic and no single solution works equally well for all students. But from each of them some students learn to

love and value reading for its own sake. On college campuses we know that reading could become a lost art among the electronic gadgets and the constant emphasis on educational hardware. But we also know that Sir Winston Churchill was right when he said, in the midst of London's blitz, that "books in all their variety are often the means by which civilization may be carried triumphantly forward." Any college that does not use its effort, imagination, and resources to cultivate a love of books among its students is simply not doing its job.

ANSWERS TO READING TEST ON PAGE 52

1)	3	10)	5
2)	1	11)	2
3)	5	12)	4
4)	3	13)	4
5)	3	14)	1
6)	5	15)	2
7)	1	16)	4
8)	2	17)	4
9)	5		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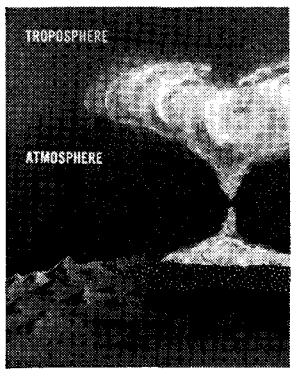

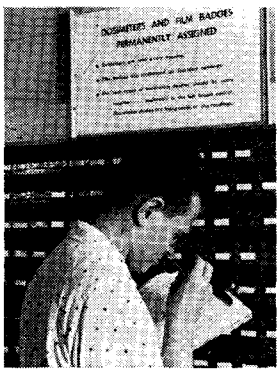

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Arden

Continued from page 51

2. Shakespeare, "Hamlet"
3. Dumas, "Camille"
4. O'Neill, "Beyond the Horizon"
5. Proust, "Swann's Way"

Fifty such items as these were arranged in a quiz designed to show, by specially programmed scores, what the students knew about the literature of various periods, of various genres, and of various national origins. The same quiz was given to lower freshmen, upper sophomores, and graduating seniors, in a group totalling eighty, not a large enough number to provide conclusive results, but quite large enough to suggest a pattern worth checking independently at some dozen or fifteen other colleges across the country.

Samples from the quiz, given on May 11, 1961, at C. W. Post College, Greenvale, Long Island, appear on page 52. The results, as tabulated by this writer and three research assistants, suggest the following hypotheses:

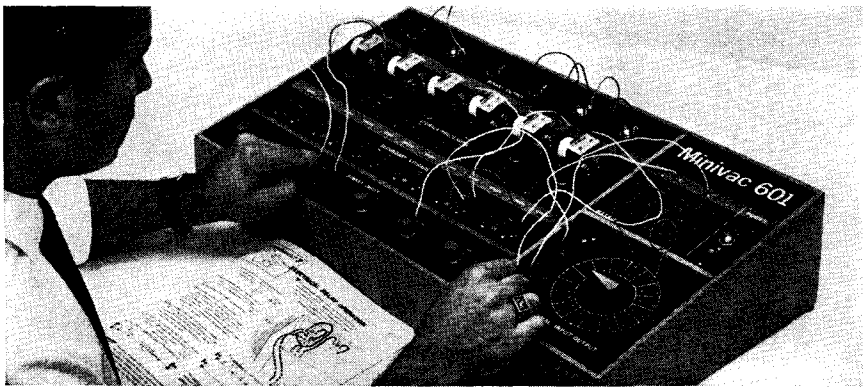
1. The entering freshman's average score of 38 per cent is low, but by no means abysmal. There are, presumably to no one's great surprise, many gaps in what these eighteen-year-olds know about the literature of the past 2,500 years. Their principal weakness seems to be in Continental literature, where they averaged 33.9 per cent, as against 42.1 per cent in Anglo-American works. These results make perfectly good sense, for in high school and in their own reading they are exposed to (and apparently retain) more literature in their native tongue than foreign works read in translation. What is highly encouraging and to their credit is that by the midpoint in college the average score jumps to 51.4 per cent, and that by the senior year, for those students who have elected an advanced course in English, the average score jumps again to 65.5 per cent. Even this last score measures respectably against the average of 77.3 per cent made on this quiz by a small control group of nine graduate students.

In all groups the results were higher in Anglo-American works than in the Continental, though it is interesting that the gap closes in each of the undergraduate groups, from an 8.2 per cent differential among the freshmen, to 4.3 per cent among the sophomores, to an inconsequential 0.4 per cent among the seniors. One sees, therefore, that as the students mature, as their horizons of interest widen, as the curriculum takes them further and further away from home, the early "provincialism" in their reading seems to diminish. Whether college is the best time for these horizons to be widened, or whether the problem of provincialism can be attacked earlier in the school system, perhaps in the eleventh and twelfth grades of senior high school, would be a worth-while subject for another inquiry.

2. The results of questions based on the novel as compared to those based on poetry would tend to confirm one popular suspicion and deny another. The scores are consistently, even spectacularly, higher on the novel than on poetry. Much is said about how poorly poetry is taught in the high schools and how little effect poetry has on the high school student. But these quiz scores would suggest that the college teacher is no more successful than his predecessor, for the differential in favor of the novel over poetry is not significantly narrowed in college. The spread is 26.4 per cent in favor of the novel among the freshmen, 21.9 per cent among the sophomores, and then back up to 25.6 per cent among the seniors. It may be that something vital is lacking in the teaching of poetry on the college level as well as in the high schools; or else we might have to concede that this is simply not a genre with mass appeal, no matter how well or how poorly taught. In this connection it is interesting to note that among as specialized a group as graduate students of English, the difference between poetry and fiction disappears entirely in the quiz results.

3. The poorest scores of all were made on twentieth-century literature, a result which is symmetrically matched by the highest scores of all having been made on *pre*-twentieth century literature. The explanation seems clear enough; the college student is usually so involved in his "traditional" studies, that if he has time to read at all, it is likely to be in established standard works related to his courses, with only rare excursions into the serious creative literature of his own day. This is, in a way, a depressing loss, and at certain colleges, including C. W. Post, one of the required semesters of English now emphasizes modern literature, and for students majoring in English a choice of electives in modern literature has recently been prescribed.

But the concern for modern literature should not blind us to our larger obligations. Higher education *means* bringing the past into the present, for only the savage believes that the world started when he was born. A sense of history, a feeling for civilized tradition, would suggest that even if the students know less than they should about contemporary literature, the general emphasis on the past is well-placed. If, after all, our accumulated culture were to be ignored by the academies, what might we expect from the market places?



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Men of Principle

Continued from page 49

and rewards more richly than the aims sought by many in our time. First, education for principle is more universal, less provincial, than education for citizenship. Where the schools and colleges have considered it their task to educate for citizenship, this has often meant education for support of the regime in power, the Nazis in Germany, segregationist governors in the deep South. Contrarywise, education for principle provides judgment for the legitimacy of power, the efficacy of political organization, and the worthiness of its ends. Principles of citizenship are more reliable than the specific pattern of citizenship a student so often is urged to adopt.

In the second place, education for principle carries more objectivity than education for adjustment and release of native interests. Education for adjustment too often assumes the uneducated child to be maladjusted. Education in this view is therapy, not cultivation of the mind. Adjustment, furthermore, may be dated and suited to local conditions, leaving the student in permanent need of the therapy a school can provide. Such gentle cultivation of personality remains a weak substitute for the rigorous training of the intellect, which alone will solve the largest problems.

Again education for principle is more inclusive and thus more relevant to every man than education for leadership. Education for leadership set forth by those who believe history is made by great men, e.g., Carlyle, Emerson, Hitler, have not read Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Defeat of Napoleon, and of Hitler in our time, before Moscow, has been the action of masses in Russia. The common man in Africa, Asia, and Europe, and the working man all over the world, is making history, claiming his rights as he goes. Education for the followers as well as the leaders must provide them with the principles that can order the conglomeration of fragments otherwise the lot of their fumbling minds.

In addition, education for principle is more maneuverable, circumspect, and ultimately more timely than education for a specific vocation. Education in college that is explicitly vocational emphasizes specifics too soon and too exclusively. In medieval times a youth was bound to a master at an early age as an economic and social necessity. Since we have now largely escaped the necessity for such early vocational choice, why should the privileges of breadth in choice be given up? To rush

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into the adult obligations of a profession before the principles are found that undergird all professions and the society in which each profession functions, invites an early boredom with the concrete problems of occupational life.

While we know nothing of any schools of engineering in Caesar's time, we do know a great deal about the schools of law and rhetoric. Yet without schools of engineering, roads and aqueducts were built that would still be in use if broader highways and pure water were not available. These public facilities were successfully built, though education was not vocational, but largely concerned with matters of principle.

Scholarship at a liberal arts college should have much to say of citizenship, adjustment, leadership, vocation, but these are not its chief aims. Its chief aim is to yield men and women of principle. The great books an educated man should know were not written for the specialist, but by a writer passionately concerned to break through the minute particulars to the general principles. The true scholar should know these books. He shall have depth in his learning because he has sewn together the fragments of knowledge by underlying principles.

A man or woman of principle has developed guides for his thought, but they are at the same time regulations of his actions. By persisting in a course of thought toward a meaningful end, the man of principle has obligated himself to seek truth and to accept it when he finds it. This persistence in pursuit of a valuable end and the acceptance of obligation are traits of character essential to scholarship. Scholarship is also an evidence of integrity, for the latter means interrelation of all experience to principles. Persistence, acceptance of duty to know more, and integrity are the character requirements of scholarship. Can a man be a true scholar and not also a moral man at the same time?

A high I.Q. alone does not make a scholar, though it permits one to become a scholar. Studies on record show that the most creative work in scholarship has not come from those who possess the highest I.Q.s. It has come rather from those of the soundest character. It comes, in short, from those with the greatest persistence, sense of duty, and standard of integrity. This observation does not counsel a return to the Socratic doctrine that "virtue is knowledge." It means rather that virtue makes knowledge possible. A man cannot be wise until he is at first moral. His possession of knowledge presupposes that he has already mustered the virtues of persistence, acceptance of duty, and integrity.

If learning in its profoundest reaches stems from a man's character, a college has a prime duty to look to the character of its faculty, as well as of its students. A professor who loses, or has never owned, a passionate persistence toward meaningful principles; or who has lost, or never owned, a duty to know more and to accept the truth when he finds it; or who has lost, or never possessed, a yearning for integrity among all the fragments of knowledge, can make no claim to be a scholar. It is the man of principle who makes the profoundest teacher.

A student makes good as a scholar also only if he qualifies in character. True qualification for admission to college and retention in college stems from persistence, the sense of duty to pursue and accept truth, and from facility in accomplishment of integrity. Scholarship necessary for success in college will follow from these virtues.

The church-related college, eager to turn out men and women of character and intellect, often seeks these ends as if they were separate and independent. Rigid regulations of conduct, strict and extensive requirements for worship, and close personal supervision are often taken as assurances of character growth. But such aids-to-character are external and suggestive rather than definitive.

THERE is grandeur that pervades the man of principle, because something greater stands above him to order his life. He participates in something noble and enduring. There emerges something timeless amid his timely pronouncements. The frustrated and despairing character of Ben in Arthur Miller's "The Death of a Salesman" excites our pity because he is a victim of himself. He had nothing to give himself to, so suicide was the only answer. Glendon Swarthout, in his novel "Where the Boys Are," has a youthful character speak for his generation: "We have pimples but no suffering, money but no wealth . . . delinquency but no evil, television but no insight . . . I.Q.s but no intellects. We have everything but the one thing without which human beings cannot live . . . something for which to die slightly."

This groping for something greater than themselves is what drives the student to his studies, and what will eventually save him from himself. As the William Pitts and Winston Churchills in England, the John Quincy Adamses and Woodrow Wilsons in America, have thrilled the world by their political principles, so the true scholar may thrill his generation by being a man of intellectual, and thereby a man necessarily of moral, principle. He will participate in the grandeur of truths that are greater than himself.

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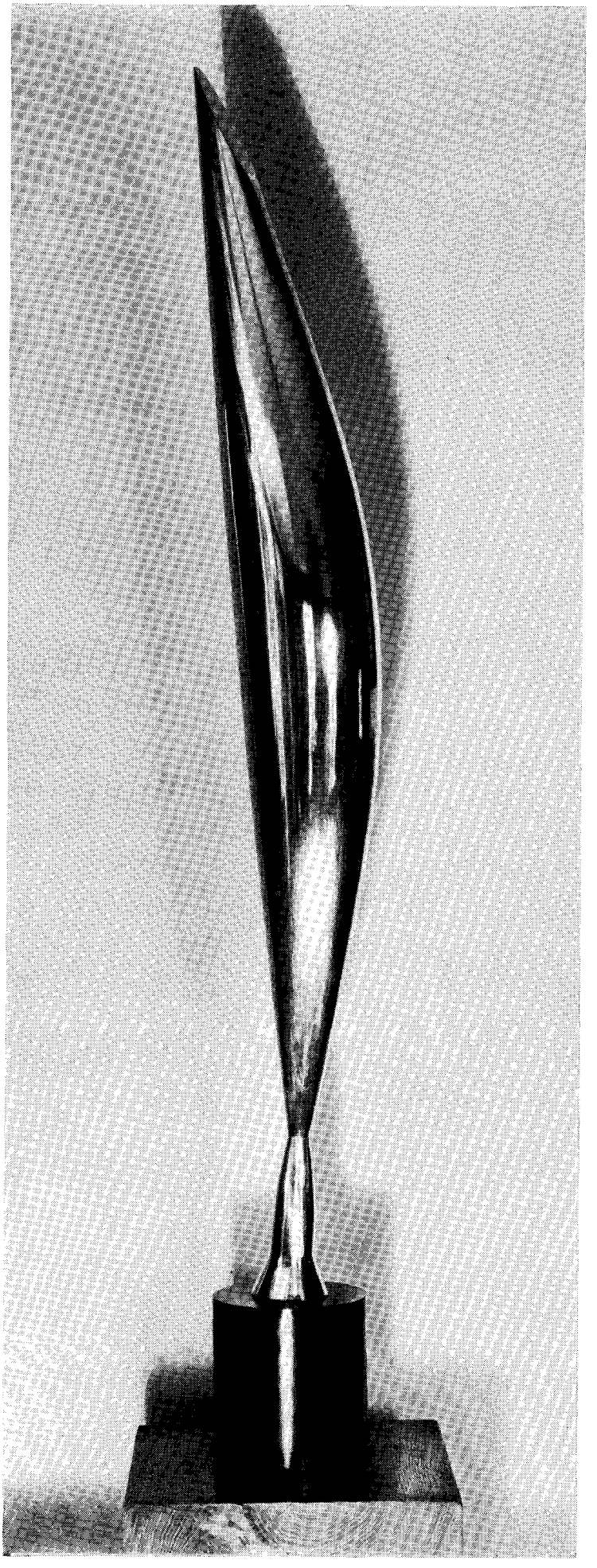

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"Bird in Space," by Constantin Brancusi, 1925. —*Philadelphia Museum of Art (Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection).*

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

METAPHOR AND PARLOR GAMES: My fabulous friend, the late Fletcher Pratt, once came up with an idea that has stayed with me and done a bit of fermenting on its own (for which he need share no responsibility). In one of his volumes on Napoleon, Fletcher described how the Austrian heavy infantry marched into battle in parade formation and was chewed to pieces when Napoleon, from his inferior forces, sent seemingly random clouds of skirmishers against the parade ranks. The parade, designed to be impregnable against a counter-parade, was confused into a rout by the whirling and skipping tactics of the French.

Those skirmishers, as Fletcher saw it (they had approximate antecedents in the American Revolutionists), struck the blow that was to be the death both of parade-rank warfare and of the kind of society that produced it. In a brilliant insight, Fletcher pointed out the same sort of breaking of patterns on other levels of Western life and society. The flashing and improvised Napoleonic tactics were to the Austrian parade ranks, he argued, as the reeling metric of "Kubla Khan" was to the courtly measures of the "Essay on Criticism," and as the impassionate movement of the mature Beethoven was to the stateliness of Mozart. The flaring of a new, wild impromptu sense could be felt everywhere in Europe.

It was an irresistible sort of master metaphor and we chewed away a happy night guessing out various ways of taking it. Metaphor, to be sure, proves nothing. But neither, to work in another metaphor, does a seed. Both, however, can grow and flower. And this one kept growing and flowering toward the possibility of a true insight into one of our history's most enormous times of change.

The change was there, but what was the change? A change of rhythm, I suggested. "No more than that?" Fletcher asked. "As much as that," I said. Fletcher thought a minute and then nodded. "For that," he said pouring, "you get a drink."

As always when Fletcher poured, it was a good drink. But neither of us was entirely satisfied with letting it go as a change of rhythm, though rhythm was much of it. My clue came sometime later. I was browsing one night through something titled, as I recall, "An Encyclopedia of the Dance," when I came on a definition of the waltz as "a dance in which two figures rotate about their own axis." An odd definition, I thought, but then instantly it brought that other evening's talk to mind. The change we had been trying to identify was essentially the change from the minuet to the waltz. The minuet, of course, is a dance in which every dancer keeps himself in strict relation to a larger inclosing pattern.

I had my metaphor. Let no lawyer apply for admission to it. The joy of good metaphor is not juridical. It is the joy of guessing out analogies. Call it a parlor game if you like, but I mean to live in that parlor. That change from the metaphoric minuet to the metaphoric waltz, already well underway in 1800, was to produce more changes in Western man in the course of the next 100 years than had been brought about in the total history of civilization.

The master metaphor of any social order is, of course, government, and it was government that underwent the most drastic changes in the new waltz-time. The minuet of the old monarchies was breaking up in a revolutionary collision with the waltzers of the new democracies until the few surviving kings and queens were to remain as little more than national heirlooms. What is the force of monarchical theory if not that every man takes his place in relation to an overriding and divinely sanctioned order? And what is the force of democratic theory if not that every man is more or less free to rotate around his own axis?

AS FOR government, so for all social organization. At the same time the thrones were being shaken by the democrats, the old agrarian estates were being shaken by the Industrial Revolution.

Money rather than land was to become the basis of social standing.

As for the economics of life, so in time for the tenor of that life and its ideas. In philosophy, the pre-established orders of Leibnitz that had provided so much of the rationale of eighteenth-century thinking and that had drawn so much from that rationale, were falling before the radical individualism of Rousseau and of the Transcendentalists with their leaning toward Oriental teachings. In literature, the bastions of "taste" (the product, of course, of a selective and academic education based on the observance of approved precedents) had crumbled almost at a touch, and on the ruined parapets a dark Byronic figure labeled "genius" was reaching for guidance into his own inspired madness, dancing to the waltz of his own impulses.

What was genius? I believe it was the Frenchman Boileau who first called it a *"je ne sais quoi."* What can a *"je ne sais quoi"* have to do with social pattern and selected precedents? It has no choice but to waltz around itself.

Impractical perhaps, but in an area as practical as physics, Michael Faraday, born in 1791, was to find himself fooling around with a *je ne sais quoi* that ran along wires and was called electricity. How does a practical man make firmly patterned sense of an invisible-undefinable that is nevertheless there and that can be shown to make a bit of metal rotate when placed between magnets?

If the physicist was to have his eighteenth-century foundations waltzed out from under him, what was the theologian who believed the world dated precisely from biblical times to do with the new heresy called geology? What were his firm notions of divine origin to do with an impostor named Charles Robert Darwin? What was his son, who became a banker, to do with a madman named Karl Marx who argued that money was not money but only hours of work? What was any proper man of the mid-century to do with the madness of those Frenchmen and the blotches they painted?

IF THERE was any part of Western culture that did not stop minueting and begin waltzing in the wake of that basic change, I'm blessed if I can think what it might be. Try it for yourself in your own parlor. There is no need to prove anything. Everyman, by the grace of metaphor, his own social historian.

And then try another game. If the minuet is the basic rhythm of the eighteenth century, and if the waltz is the basic rhythm of the nineteenth century—what is the basic rhythm of ours? There will be no parlor answer to that one. If we produce a monumentally great poet in this century, he will be the one to find that rhythm and its pattern for us. And once he has found it, less perceptive men will be able to recognize it.

For that matter, we all know what some of the parts will be. Jazz has some parts of it. So have the newer composers. You can hear it for yourself in the sound of the highways, at airports, in subways, and in the way we speak because of our lives on highways, in the air, and underground. The seeds of that rhythm and pattern are in everything we do. In how we move. In how our machinery moves around us. In our dread that it may stop moving around and start moving over and through us. But what we lack until some great poet gives it to us is the synthesis. When we hear the whole—if we ever do—we shall know more about ourselves.

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What You Can Do

Continued from page 18

ity and see what ideas you can germinate. They will be better than any idea that I or any other person can give you.

And don't feel impotent because you are one lone individual who sees no way to disseminate such ideas as come to you. A story is relevant here.

In 1938 five playwrights formed their own company and the following season began to produce their own plays. One day the attorney for the company dropped into the office of his new client and found a playwright putting the finishing touches, not to a play, but to an advertisement. It was headed "Stop Hitler Now" and was a moving plea to the American people to awake to their own danger. The playwright didn't know what to do with his literary effort; he had written it solely because he felt a compulsion to do so. The attorney didn't know, either; advertisements of that type were then practically unknown. Finally, he put a copy in his pocket and went out and began asking people for money to publish it; to his own amazement, in less than two hours he had raised enough.

THE publication inspired the playwright to further action. To cut the story short, it touched off a train of events that resulted in the formation of the "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies." This organization, which became nationwide, was a powerful force behind the President's program for preparedness, lend lease, and selective service (saved by *one* vote), without which Pearl Harbor would have been not only a disaster but a prelude to a West Coast invasion.

I am positive that neither the playwright, when he sat down by himself to write that advertisement, nor the attorney, when he set out alone to seek for funds, had the slightest idea that their individual actions would bring such results. I can make this statement with assurance, for the playwright was my friend Robert Sherwood, and the attorney was myself.

I hope and believe that there will spring up a nationwide Committee to Support the President's Peace Program. I believe it will come from the individual acts of hundreds of thousands of Americans who have looked facts in the face, have found faith in the whole human race, and are then prepared to act in accordance with the ideas which they themselves have germinated. And the greatest of these is faith. You need not agree with St. Paul that faith can remove mountains; you must only believe it can move the hearts of men.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion 55¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 47¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 49¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 51¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 53¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

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TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1443

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. The dog's tail as the center of attraction.

B. Orbital point farthest from the central body; now properly used only of the moon.

C. Medical word for a callus.

D. Amer. Negro composer (esp. "St. Louis Blues;" 1873-1958).

E. Moving about; shifting.

F. Diminutive; also, boorish.

G. Treating diseases by anointing and friction.

H. Whom the jolly miller cares for.

I. Instances of belief in what is untrue.

J. The spinal cord.

K. Till recently the one most tiresomely repeated word of approval on TV.

L. What even our favorite TV programs give us in the summer.

M. Expressive of command; when categorical, specifying Kant's famous maxim.

N. Indoor athlete.

WORDS

79 67 163 8 100 39 192 199

191 35 195 64 189 49

132 124 201 47 106 57

118 205 18 154 119

65 115 184 121 51 26 63 44

99 148 30 202 134

74 144 196 137 23 165 36 89 9 203 117

156 113 55 120 61 76

131 95 141 77 149 86

22 190 167 42 94 48

178 2 82 93 101 133 164 152 13

111 136 123 182 168 158

60 130 176 207 145 34 169 155 139 41

31 142 204 81 159 21 75

DEFINITIONS

O. Having a covering of down when hatched.

P. Exhaustively.

Q. Famous aria for barytone from "Faust".

R. Performed a divine service.

S. Followed by "Town", nickname for London.

T. As one departs. (4 wds.).

U. Little stream.

V. Beat (others) in a race.

W. Apparent worth (2 wds.).

X. By traditional values, this establishment should be next door to a house of worship.

Y. Something better than any facsimile, however "reasonable".

Z. One of the frightened gardeners who fell on his face at the Queen of Hearts' garden party (comp.).

Z¹. To refine with labor and study.

WORDS

143 85 128 109 112 72 91 43 174 97 116

147

71 28 105 180 92 200 157 188 172 138

4 69 16 173 206 62 126 45

129 103 73 52 87 170 125 122 193 14

183 166 127 19

59 66 84 198 54 114 107 56 151 78 38

70 3 153 7 110 46

83 11 197 150 50 104

181 171 37 140 58 80 24 98 15

102 88 185 6 146 40 1

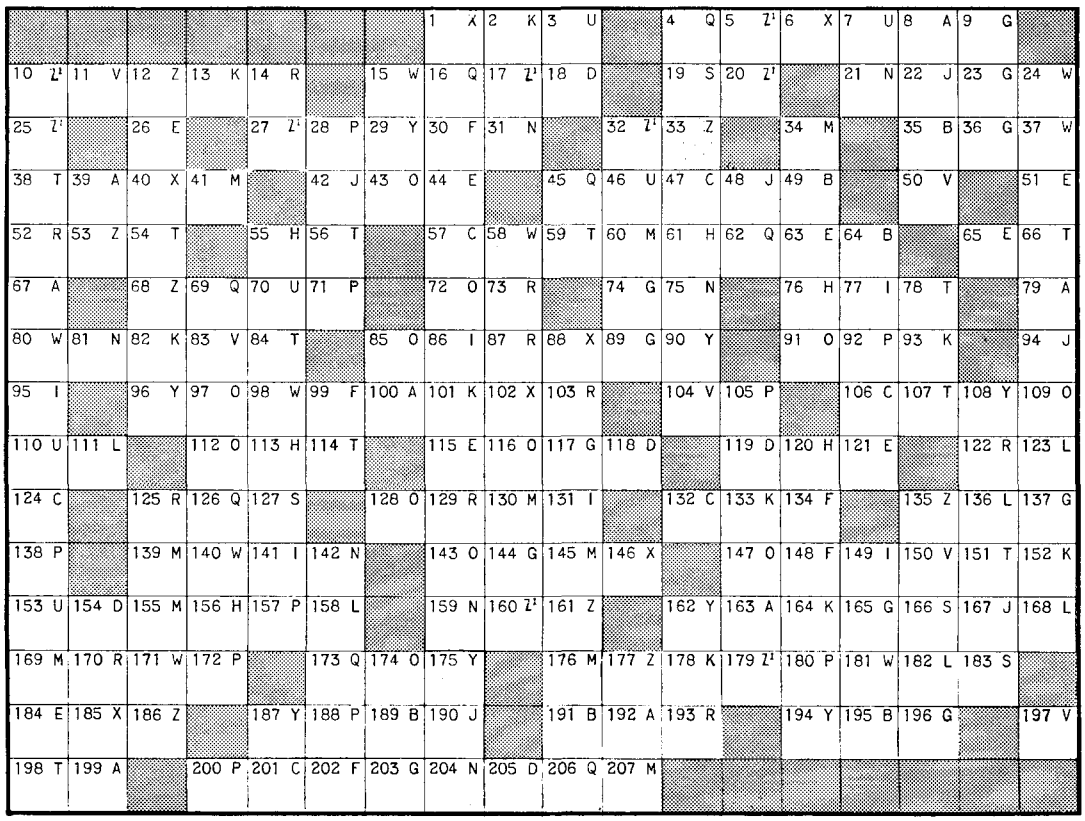
162 175 90 194 187 29 108 96

53 12 135 161 33 68 177 186

179 25 5 10 20 160 32 27 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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B&G PRESENTS

THE FOUR PRINCES

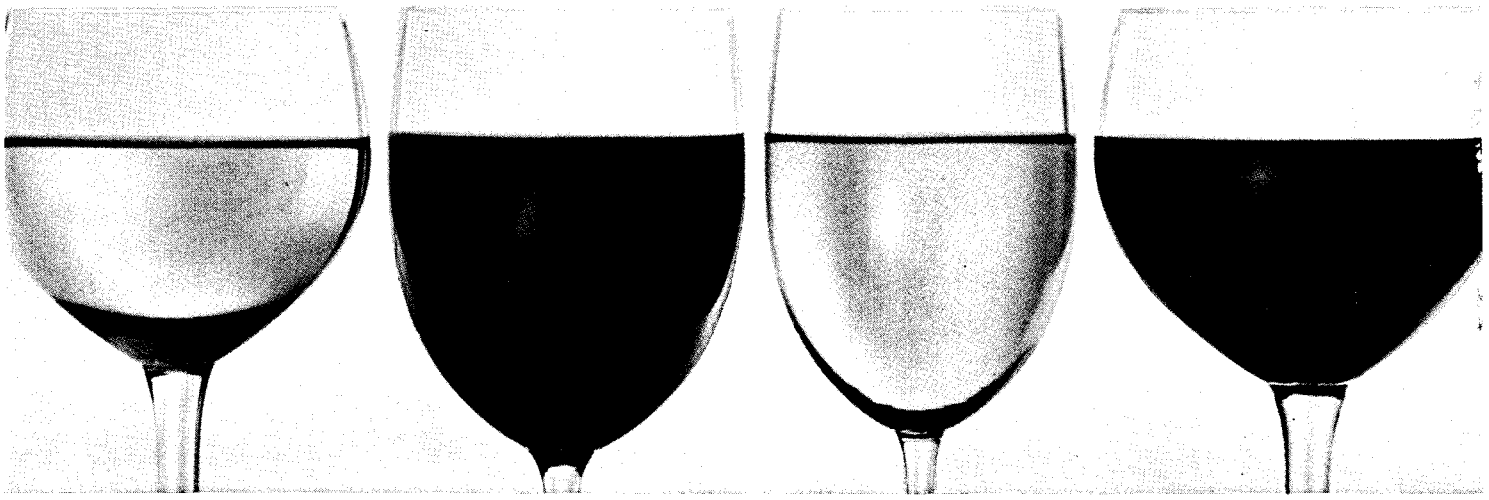
Four French regional wines of birth and breeding

Prince D'Argent from Burgundy

Prince Noir from Bordeaux

Prince Blanc from Bordeaux

Prince Rouge from Burgundy



These *Four Princes* are here as Ambassadors from France, bringing good news to the wine lovers of America. Each *Prince* bears the best possible credentials — the "B & G" initials on the label, which mark it as a Barton & Guestier selection. And each is living proof that you need no longer pay a king's ransom for a genuine Bordeaux or Burgundy.

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